February 27, 1932

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FEB. 27, 1932

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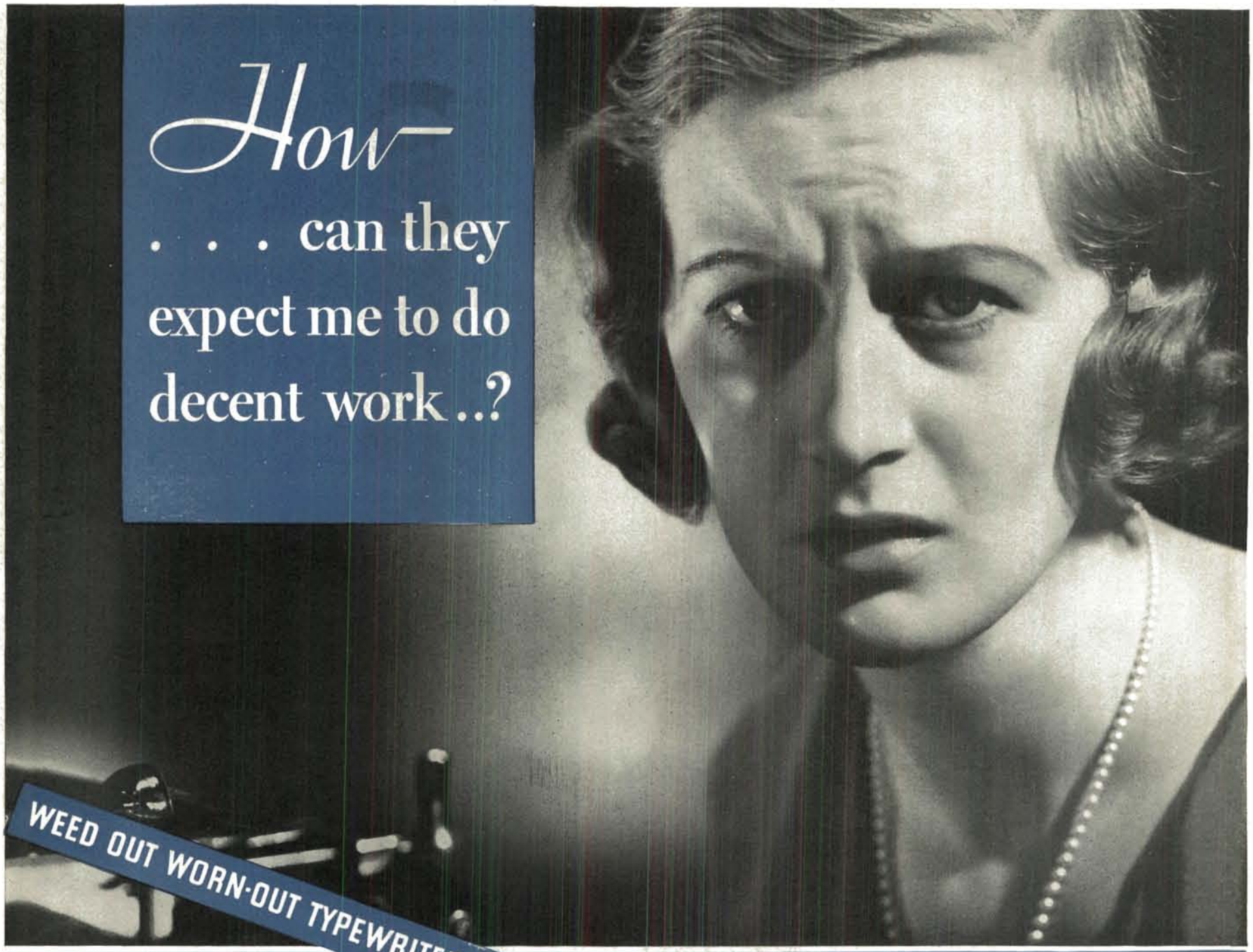

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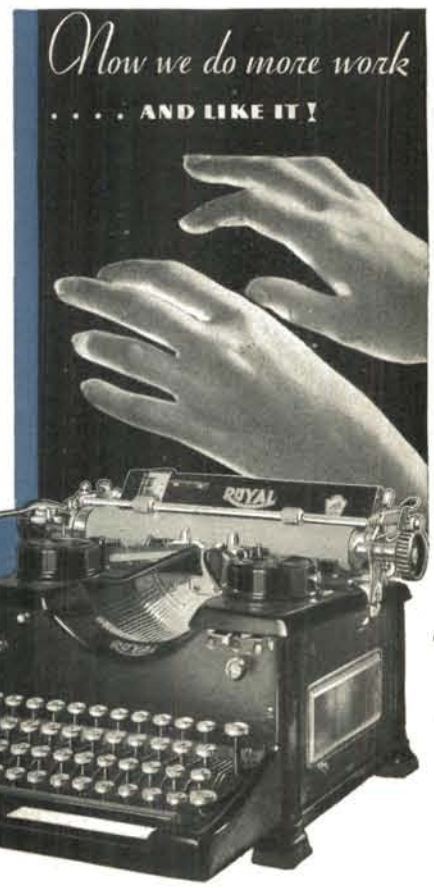

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

JOHN J. RASKOB is, as everyone knows, a rich man who left business for public life. He advises other men who have succeeded in commercial affairs to follow his example. The rewards, he thinks, outweigh the disappointments, although he doesn't minimize the latter. "A man who enters politics," says Mr. Raskob, "especially a man of reputed wealth, must come in prepared to read a great many astonishing things about himself, some of them errors in fact, some of them attributed motives. But, fortunately, the truth usually prevails in the long run and even before it does prevail the misconceptions are not real bars to effective and pleasant work."

Why he entered politics, what he found there, his views on prohibition, campaign costs, politicians, personal criticism, are all frankly told by Mr. Raskob in an article which will be widely discussed: "Rich Men in Politics."

—

YOUNG Stuart Douglas Montgomery Bromilow grew up in the rarefied atmosphere of suburban Greenglades and in due time went away to Dunscombe, which is the oldest preparatory school in the country and the hardest to get into. He was a very refined little boy and through an elaborate system of subterfuge his mother had kept from him the shameful fact which lay as a blight on their lives. His father was a clown! Oh, the horror of it!

But no matter how ceaselessly you guard a secret like that, it's bound to come out, and what happened when Stuart discovered that his father was really the great and only Toby will delight your justice-loving heart. It's admirably told by Richard Connell in "Don't Tell the Boy."

WE CAN remember when we thought dodderers who had reached the age of thirty ought to sit in the chimney corner and mumble. Now we know that delightful age is merely the first flush of youth and we take it almost as a personal affront when such a woman as Naomi Wheelwright plays around with callow Jamie Norwood because she thinks she's getting her "youth" back. Going against Providence is what we call it and we're mean enough to wish it hadn't turned out as happily as it did in Stephen Morehouse Avery's love story, "Kisses Are Different."

—

GENE TUNNEY tells about the beginning of the relentless feud with Harry Greb which carried him through five gory battles. Gene continues to rise in the pugilistic world and discovers some of the penalties of prominence.

—

ARTHUR TRAIN, Laurence Stallings, Arthur Somers Roche, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work and others are present in a brilliant setting of attractive and expensive pictures. A few kind words and we stop at nothing.

THIS WEEK

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WITH BREAKERS AHEAD: Wear ship!

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: To be taken once a week.

Page 57—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Our non-stop tournament.

Page 58—Editorials

Any Week

IF FOR any reason you should go to Boston do not waste your time telephoning the Massachusetts State Republican Committee. According to Mr. Bernard P. Gilfroy its phone has been cut off. The Committee is broke.

"Lieutenant Governor Youngman offered to pay the bill and have the phone hooked up again," writes Mr. Gilfroy, "but Amos Taylor, the chairman, told him it wouldn't do any good. All he was getting through it anyway was bad news and a lot of back talk. And the Democrats ain't much better off either."

WE'RE not quite sure why, but Mr. Charles F. Taylor, Jr., the popular Bowling Green, Kentucky, druggist, sends us a memorial signed by thirty-three of his customers. It sets forth briefly their conviction that "No man knows anything about government."

—

AND Mrs. Cora M. Ogden of Pasadena, California, thinking perhaps that a bit of information wouldn't hurt us, writes: "There is nothing duller than a Communist rally except an anti-Communist one."

—

BUT Mr. Jacob Lundin of Lackawanna, New York, did not write. He came in to tell us that we don't get our money's worth out of state and Federal governments.

"Listen," complains Mr. Lundin, "we pay governors and congressmen and such good wages and even their carfare, thinking maybe they would get together and think up something we ain't already tired of. But after going into a huddle all they come out with is a raise in taxes. Gosh, you and I could think up that for nothing and pay our own carfare."

—

MR. BILL MATCHES sends us a clipping from the Savannah, Georgia, Morning News, wherein a local gentlewoman writes that she "would be bitterly opposed to prohibition repeal even if 2,000,000 men could get jobs thereby." Leaving nothing to say except to hope that the lady enjoys her dinner.

—

MR. H. M. KEELING of Dallas, Texas, mails us a severe beating for the use in these pages of the word glamorous, accusing us of going Hollywood. Having read entirely too many stories about female movie stars, Mr. Keeling confesses, he has arrived at the conclusion that glamorous means "several thousand feet of inarticulate mugging before the camera with an occasional guttural 'Yes' and 'No' in strong German or Swedish accents."

—

"WOULDN'T it be a scream," asks Mrs. Theodore Kelly of Denver, Colorado, "if after Congress gets over its indignation about conditions in Honolulu and cleans the place up it should do the same here at home?"

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Toes Straight Ahead

LEFT foot! Right foot! Up hill and down dale—over hard pavements and country roads as well as indoors, they have carried you millions of steps. If you want them to carry you several more millions of steps in comfort, a little time will be well spent considering that marvelous bit of anatomic engineering, your own foot.

And those healthy little feet of your children—keep them strong as they are now by giving your boys and girls the right kind of shoes and by teaching them to walk softly like an Indian—with toes straight ahead.

Unless all of the twenty-six bones in the foot are kept in their proper places, the long arch which extends from heel to great toe, or the short arch across the ball of the foot, may weaken, sag or fall. Pain in the foot, leg or other parts of the body will follow pressure of displaced bones against sensitive nerves.

Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorders, neuritis, rheumatism or pain often mistaken for kidney trouble may have their origin in the feet.

Kept strong and well, neither tilted out of proper position nor cramped by ill-fitting shoes, your foot is a sturdy support. But even if it has been badly used, a foot specialist may, by prescribing foot exercises or scientifically constructed shoes, restore it to a full measure of usefulness.

Misuse (walking with toes out)
Disuse (lack of daily exercise)
Abuse (wearing improperly fitted shoes)—cause temporary foot miseries, fallen arches and other serious injuries.

Do you stand and put your full weight first on one foot, then on the other when buying new shoes? Your foot is longer when you are standing than when you are sitting.

Shoes should have a straight inner edge and should be large enough to permit the toes to lie flat. And most important—the sole of the shoe, under the ball of your foot, should not round down in the center or bend up at the sides. If it does, the short arch may be forced down and flattened by your weight. Feel the inside of the shoe to make sure that the sole is not lower in the middle than at the sides.

When a foot is unable to carry its load uncomplainingly, knees, hips and spine suffer the consequences. A straight body, having good posture, is rarely found above weakened or distorted feet.

Send for the booklet "Standing Up to Life" which tells how to overcome many foot troubles by means of intelligent corrective foot exercises. Address Booklet Dept. 332-C.

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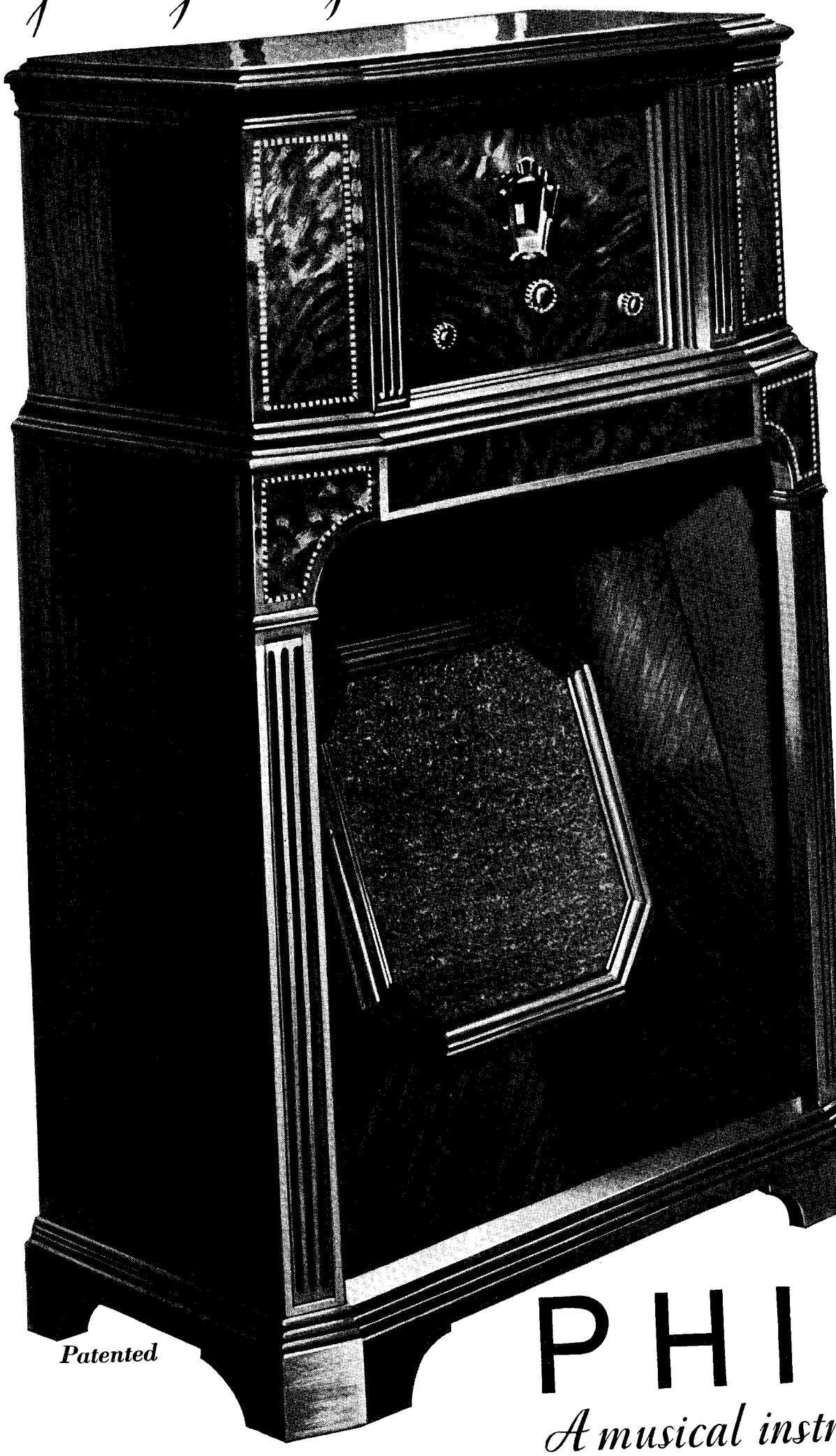

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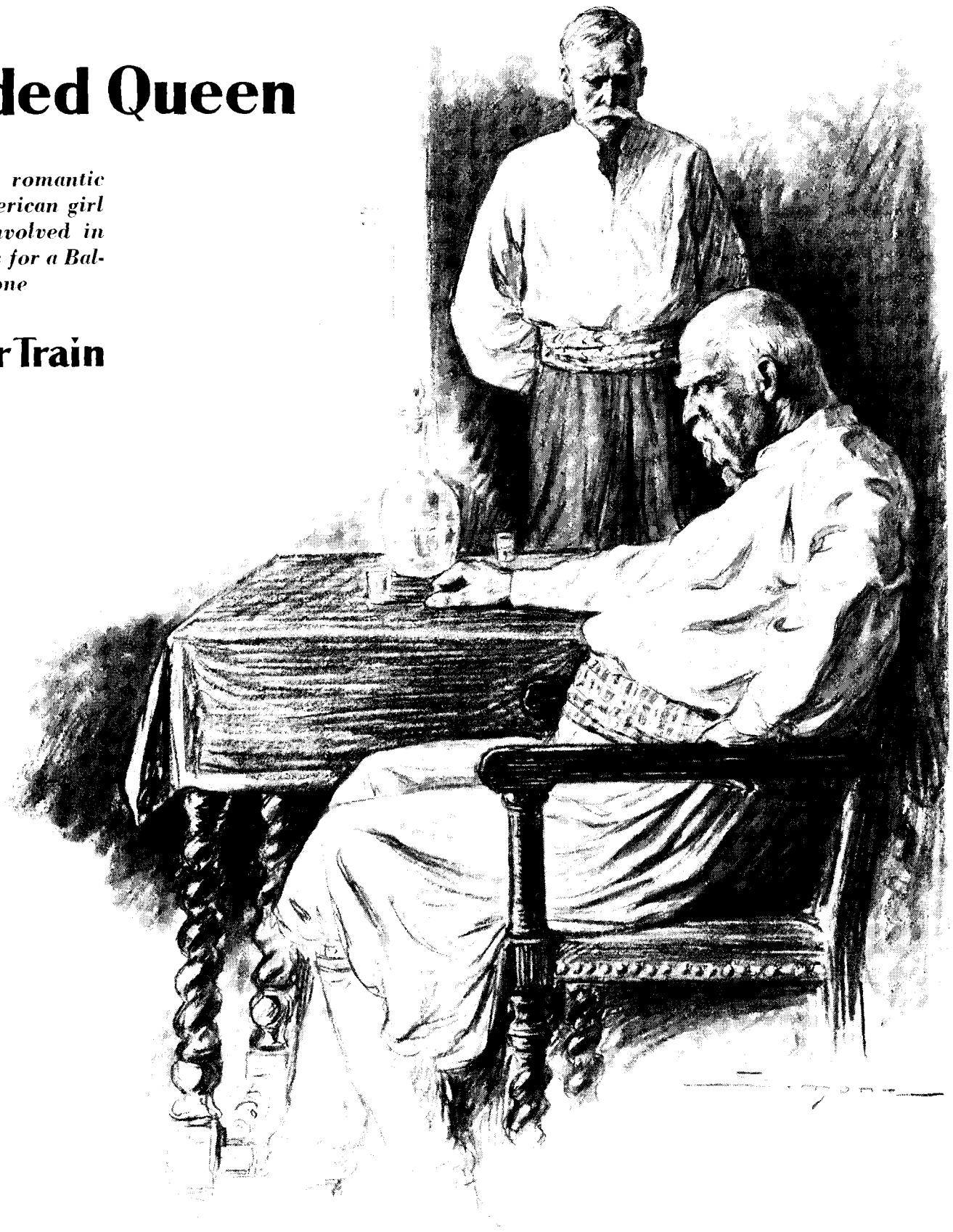
The Unguarded Queen

Beginning the romantic story of an American girl who became involved in the conspiracies for a Balkan throne

By Arthur Train



"If Dushan had only lived!" "If he only had," echoed Kosovo

STEPHAN STEPHANOVITCH, absolute monarch of Illyria, one of the smaller Balkan kingdoms, sat by an open window in the Royal Palace at Zeta playing a game of chess with his prime minister, General Michael Kosovo. It was mid-afternoon and very hot. Both were in their shirt sleeves.

Through the window they could look out upon a broad, stone-flagged square, bordered by arcaded Venetian-Gothic buildings of unpolished marble.

It was market day and the square was crowded with the small, portable awnings and temporary booths of hucksters, with farmers noisily offering sheep, chickens and produce for sale. In front of the palace stood an enormously tall flagpole from which drooped the Illyrian colors of blue and yellow, while directly opposite a great flight of steps led up to the bronze doors of the Cathedral of St. Blaise, the capital's patron saint, at the foot of which sat a row of old women selling lace.

The room in which the two men sat oblivious to the hubbub outside was on the second floor of the palace wing reserved for the King's personal use. It was small and simply furnished. Behind it was his bedroom, which overlooked the garden and the famous "Beech of Justice," where Stephan gave personal audience to his subjects on Thursday mornings, listened to their complaints and summarily settled disputes.

To the right an overhead viaduct, modeled upon the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, communicated with the royal telegraph and telephone office in the Department of State. A microphone for broadcasting stood in the corner, since Stephan gave a half hour's radio talk on political topics every Monday evening, less for the benefit of his subjects than for that of neighboring rulers. The Balkans are still "the cockpit of Europe."

Over the fireplace between the windows hung a badly done portrait of Stephan the Great by Korlinovitch, and beneath it a rack of elaborately embossed rifles, *pishtoly*, swords, daggers, and yataghans, carried by the hero-ancestor in his famous battles against the Turks, five hundred of whose mutilated heads he had once mounted upon pikes along Zeta's outer walls.

The remainder of the Royal Palace was open to the public as a museum. There was, in truth, little in it to interest a visitor save as an example of the tardy progress of civilization. Nevertheless it was usually filled with a stream of tourists and peasants, gaping at the great stack of Turkish halberds, pikes, scimitars and standards in the corner of the drawing-room, and at the gargantuan portrait of Stephan's second wife, the late Queen Valeria, which, having been painted at Zagorye during a summer sojourn, was found to be too high for the ceiling and, in consequence, had been merely tilted against the wall so that, while her deceased Majesty's crown rested on the cornice, the royal feet projected a couple of yards into the middle of the room.

THE chief attraction, however, was the royal bathtub, which occupied a position of solitary grandeur in a salon fifty feet square directly above the drawing-room. It was famous all over the Balkans as the first bathtub ever installed in Illyria, having been brought up from the coast by muleback in 1878 and connected with real water pipes ten years later. It had been made in Pittsburgh, and a certain Macedonian archimandrite had actually ridden four hundred miles to see it.

Nikola Sankovitch, the King's valet, acted as cicerone and collected what tips he could from the sight-seers. In his native Illyrian costume of red pill-box cap, shiny black boots, baggy trousers, embroidered waistcoat and plaid cummerbund stuck full of daggers and pistols, Nikola was really more of a show than the palace itself.

In the room below lounged the officers of the guard, hangers-on of the court, and those who had business with Stephan—visiting archimandrites, secretaries of legation, grand *zupans* from outlying districts, oil agents, reporters, and Americans who wanted to shake hands with a real king before it was too late.

STEPHAN STEPHANOVITCH was a gigantic old man, big-beaked and big-barreled, with such sinewy arms and legs that, until the Great War, when he had been weakened by the flu, he had been able to throw any man in Illyria "catch-as-catch-can." But that had been seventeen years ago, and he was now seventy-six years old and slowly dying from diabetes. Bushy white eyebrows and scimitar-like mustaches, sprouting fro a hawk's face so tanned and leathe as at first glance to seem almost bl gave him an expression of fierc

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tempered by the softness of his eyes and the benevolence of his occasional smile. His huge feet, swathed in heavy woolen *charapa*, or socks, were thrust into leathern sandals tied with thongs in a complicated fashion above the ankles. Into the waistband of his trousers was stuffed a fine white shirt the open collar of which disclosed his bull-like neck. A royal old oak was Stephan Stephanovitch—massive, gnarled, deep-rooted, blackened by age and lightning.

THE General was a tall man, too, although he was a half head shorter than the King, but, while his features were even narrower and his nose more aquiline, his expression was milder and his manner more conciliating. There was also some black in his mustache, for he was fifteen years younger and might have passed for Stephan's younger brother or eldest son. As commander-in-chief of the Illyrian armies throughout the Great War he had marched alongside the Serbs from Kralyevo in the terrible retreat through Scutari to the coast in 1915. Next to Stephan he was the most popular man in the country, the leader of the Pan-Illyrian party, and now held the portfolios of both State and War. Incorruptible, a great patriot, he was universally called "Uncle Michael."

The mustaches of both men were stained with nicotine and each, as he studied the shabby board, smoked one cheap Macedonian cigarette after another. On a table beside them stood a couple of glasses and a decanter of *slivovitch*, or plum brandy, the national drink.

"Checkmate!" said the King. "Five dinars, please, Michael."

The General counted out a few small coins and His Majesty, having also counted them, put them in his trousers pocket.

At that moment, with a fusillade of backfiring, there roared into the other end of the piazza a sight-seeing bus filled with tourists from the Adriatic seaport of Tokar, twenty miles away.

"The daily circus is going to begin!" growled Kosovo, as a man on the front seat began gesticulating at the cathedral and shouting through a megaphone first in Italian and then in German. After a minute the bus started again and snorted around the square, hesitating in front of the Jockey Club, the Hotel l'Orient, the London Hairdresser's, the Opera House, the Imperial Café, the Café d'Ilirye, the Turk's Head Café, the Crown Café, the Dominican Convent, the Law Courts, the Chamber of Nobles, and finally the Palace itself. The two Tsernagoran sentries in their barber-pole boxes paid no attention to the evacuated load of foreigners.

"THIS," shouted the guide, waving his megaphone, "is the Royal Palace of King Stephan. No tickets are required. You will be accompanied throughout by an officer of the royal household. I will await you outside."

General Kosovo grunted.

"That's carrying democracy too far!"

The King shrugged and took a sip of slivovitch.

"It saves me paying Nikola wages. It's an easy way to turn an honest penny, and there are few pennies being turned in Illyria just now that could be called honest, Michael! The way these foreign oil companies are spilling money around is scandalous. I'm told my Council of Nobles is becoming a chamber of millionaires."

The General pulled his mustache.

"Yes, all the crooks are lining their pockets. It's the same way with my staff officers. I hardly know whom to trust any longer."

There was a knock on the door and a short, ruddy man with a round head, close-cropped brown mustache and shrewd blue eyes entered and stood at salute. An ex-officer of the English Army, Colin Drintyre, after serving in Egypt, Jerusalem, Damascus and Constantinople, was now in command of the Royal Illyrian Secret Service and head of the gendarmerie.

"Well, Drintyre, what is it?"

"Bad news, Majesty. Crown Prince Milan—"

"What in hell has he been up to now?" interrupted Stephan.

"Running amuck again, sir. And this time it came near being serious. He might have killed someone. As it was, he only shot a horse!"

"A horse!"

"He's been hitting it up for the last three days. He's apt to do so when his girl goes away. God knows she needs to now and then! He got drunk at the Jockey Club last night and they carried him into the Hotel l'Orient and put him to bed. But even before breakfast he started drinking again, and about ten minutes ago came reeling out hardly able to stand. There was a horse standing before the door and because it was in his way he shot it dead rather than try to walk around it. The gendarmes had to take charge of him."

King Stephan knocked over the chess table with a blow of his fist.

"The *kuchkin sin!*" he roared. "I'm through with that ——. Drintyre, put him in a padded cell at the hospital until he comes to himself! And see that the owner is properly compensated for the loss of his horse."

"Yes, Majesty." Drintyre turned to go. The General leaned forward, his shaggy brows drawn together. "Did I hear you aright, Stephan? Did I hear you use the words *kuchkin sin?*"

The King's head was sunk on his breast.

"Yes, Michael. No one could have used them heretofore and remained alive, but now that Queen Valeria is dead—well, the fact is I have reason to suspect Milan's paternity. I've told nobody but Drintyre. Have you found out anything yet, Captain?"

"I've run down a witness who, I think, can help us," answered Drintyre. "As soon as I get in touch with her I shall of course report to Your Majesty."

The King sat staring at the overturned chess table.

"To think that such a *magarats* may be the next King of Illyria! If Dushan had only lived!"

"If he only had!" echoed Kosovo.

Tears came into the King's eyes. He got up and, going to where an ikon hung upon the wall, kissed it and crossed himself.

"My little Dushan! My first-born!" he said in a choked voice. "May God rest his soul! How many times has he stood in that very window there feeding corn to the pigeons! To think that I never saw him after he renounced his claim to the throne in order to marry that American woman! That I have never even visited his grave!"

"STEPHAN," said Kosovo, "I have a plan to save the country. Dushan's only child—your granddaughter—a direct descendant of Stephan the Great—is of age by now. Drintyre has been keeping track of her and from what he tells me she is a fine young woman, worthy of her father and of yourself—a true Stephanovitch. Her maternal grandfather, with whom she has been living, died a year or so ago and she has been left alone. Why not invite her to visit you here and see for yourself what she is like? She is unmarried. If you find that she is the right sort, you can by royal ukase recognize her as next in succession in place of Milan. Thus, when your death—which God delay!—eventually comes, Milan will be automatically excluded from the throne. To cinch the matter you might even marry her to Prince Marko and choke off his pretensions as well. Get 'em coming and going!"

"Michael! It's not a bad idea!" exclaimed Stephan, sitting erect. "What does this granddaughter of mine call herself? What does she look like?"

Kosovo took a wallet from his tunic and extracted a folded paper.

"I cut this out of a New York newspaper a couple of weeks ago," he said, spreading on the table before the King a rotogravure reproduction of a young woman holding a tennis racquet. Graceful and athletically built, she was looking the camera straight in the eye and smiling. Beneath was printed:

> Miss Helen Stevens, one of the leading contestants in the Women's Interstate Tennis Championship, at Forest Hills.

"She's a fine figure of a girl!" said Stephan, peering at the picture. "She looks like Dushan, and also like his mother."

He fumbled in the table drawer; then, having found what he was looking for, he pinned the picture on the wall between the windows.

General Kosovo put on his jacket and buttoned it up with Nikola's assistance.

"If you decide to adopt my plan you'd better make sure she isn't tied up matrimonially in any way, in case you want to marry her to someone."

"That's right!" nodded Stephan. "They have fantastic ideas about love in America. Now when I was a young man I—"

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

Already she felt at home with this tall, grave foreigner. Did Balkan blood call

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"Don't forget the parade at five o'clock, Stephan," interrupted the General, who was familiar with the chronicle of his royal master's amorous adventures. "I'll meet you there!" He went out. The King continued to study the rotogravure on the wall.

"So that's my granddaughter!" he repeated. "Well! She looks like a Stephanovitch. She might make a queen!"

"BRUSH you off, Miss Stevens?" The colored porter on the 4:53 bent deferentially, almost reverently, over the only parlor-car passenger on the Bradford Express, a tall girl with corn-colored hair and coal-black eyes.

"No, thanks! Just help me off with my bags and—those." She pointed to a square box done up after the characteristic fashion of silversmiths and jewelers, and a bundle of four tennis racquets.

"You sho' done clean 'em out! We're mighty proud of you, Miss Stevens!" he congratulated her, lifting down the coonskin coat hanging beside her and helping her into it.

The train stopped and Len Smith, her pet taxi driver, took possession of herself and belongings. Seven minutes later she was running up the stone steps of the old white house on its three green terraces where she had lived since she was twelve years old. It was getting dusk, and the long, unlighted windows of the front parlor stared out blankly at the street. She tried to persuade herself that she was really glad to be home again. But was she? Bradford was only a backwater. She had no family left—in America at least—and, although she had plenty of friends both here and in other places, nothing had filled the gap in her life made by the death of her grandfather Rand two years before.

Poor grandfather! How proud he had been of her! A bitter, vindictive old man in some ways, though, in spite of his affection for her. An old-fashioned jingo, a "one-hundred-per-cent American," he detested Europeans, had never forgiven her mother for marrying a foreigner; wouldn't even let her keep her husband's name after she had come home a widow from Budapest; and had insisted on her child's name being changed—she had been baptized Helena Stephanie Stephanovitch — to Helen Stevens.

Helen knew only the bare outline of the story. How her mother, much against her parents' wishes, had gone as a young woman to Vienna to study for the operatic stage and had met young Prince Dushan of Illyria at a studio party; how they had fallen desperately in love with each other and he had defied the royal command and renounced his claim to the throne in order to marry her; how he had died suddenly of pneumonia when their child was but a few months old; and how her mother after ten years' wandering through the capitals of Europe had brought her back to America and died herself within a year.

Since the death of her grandfather, Helen had made but one change in the house and that was to bring down the portrait of her father, in his Tsernagoran uniform, from the attic where it had been stored and hang it over the fireplace in the library.

Her resemblance to him was striking. Only the color of her hair—which she had inherited from her mother—was different—ash blond. The picture was her only tangible link with that colorful, tragic and almost improbable past of which her grandfather had always refused to speak, but it was a vivid one.

Balkan blood? "It is strange never to have seen one's grandfather!" she said

SHE rang the bell and Stella, the angular local spinster who acted as general servant under the august title of housekeeper, opened the door.

"Hello, Stella," said Helen. "How've you been?"

"Hello, Miss Stevens," rasped Stella. "Everything's fine. Glad you won your match. I read about it in the papers. Tea's all ready for you."

Helen threw off her coat and picked up the pile of accumulated mail on the hall table. There was a lot, and she ran through it for anything that looked interesting. One, a heavy, square, blue-tinted envelope, attracted her attention on account of the superscription:

Miss Helena Stephanie Stephanovitch.

It had evidently been missent, for across the corner were stamped the words: "Unknown" and "Undelivered," while beneath was written in a blue scrawl: "Try Stevens on Forest Avenue." It gave her the sensation of having a dual personality. Nobody ever called her Stephanovitch, although legally, of course, that was her proper name. Could the letter have come from abroad? It might be an appeal for Serbian or Macedonian relief, perhaps. No, it bore an ordinary American two-cent stamp. She opened it.

Illyrian Legation
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Stephanovitch:

His Excellency, the Illyrian Minister, Mr. A. Mitrovitch, has instructed me to inform you that His Majesty, the King of Illyria, wishes him to communicate with you in person upon a matter of importance. His Excellency will therefore wait upon you at your residence at such time as you may designate as most convenient. Awaiting your reply and with assurances of my highest respect and regard,

TIHOMIR PETROVITCH
Secretary to the Illyrian Minister.

"His Majesty"—"matter of importance!" What could it be? Why should the King, her grandfather, whom she had never seen, wish to communicate with the child of the son whom he had disowned over twenty years before?

INVOLUNTARILY she raised her eyes to her father's picture. How handsome he looked in his pale blue uniform. He must have loved her mother very much to have surrendered a kingdom for her sake! All that she had ever dreamed about Illyria came back to her.

The letter obviously demanded an immediate reply and she went over to her desk and selected a sheet of her best writing paper. How did one address a foreign minister? As "Honorable" or "His Excellency," or simply as "Mister"? No use pulling a boner. She would have to ask someone who knew about such things. Where was that book on etiquette? She remembered that someone had borrowed it. Well, the answer could certainly wait until next morning. She laid the letter from the legation aside, ran through the rest of her mail and was just about to take away the tea things when the do

(Continued on page 38)

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Get Away

Acme

A machine-gun unit of National Guard troops on quarantine duty at Tipton, Iowa. Right, a farmers' demonstration against the state's compulsory tuberculin-testing laws

By Walter

Hostilities started on the farm of Mr. William Butterbrodt in Cedar County, Iowa. In the course of the campaign a battalion of National Guards and twice that number of embattled

IN THE years to come, when today's children in southeastern Iowa feel called upon to tell their grandchildren about the good old days, Sam Krotter's calf will have taken its place in fireside history. Perhaps its likeness will be struck off to appear on the stationery of the Farmers' Union and the Sons and Daughters of the Cow War will wear tiny golden effigies of it on their coats. Anyway it will have joined such legendary animals as Mrs. O'Leary's Chicago cow and the Jabberwock and be an even better story than it is now.

This calf, born of a popeyed Jersey that had been tuberculin-tested by the state veterinarians (with the help of two companies of militia), was a trial to its mother from the very beginning, coming into this harassed world equipped with two perfectly developed horns and spurs like a fighting chicken. Unhappily Mr. Krotter, a dues-paying and speech-making member of the Farmers' Protective Association of Iowa, was so flabbergasted that he forgot to have the creature's picture taken.

It was so small that the flies missed it and it had to be belled so that it might be located when visitors arrived. It is not easy to name the worst of its unfavorable features and characteristics although Mr. Krotter leans toward the beast's voice. Day and night without ceasing, he assured me, it "bellered like a hard-runnin' congressman" and the dominant note in that awful wail was concentrated anguish. Four preachers looked and listened and declared unhesitatingly that Satan had insinuated himself into that calf's immediate family.

There were other curious features, some of the most interesting of which may not be set down here owing to their delicate nature; but we may record that it had teeth like a shark with which it had chewed a sizable chunk out of the leg of Mrs. Krotter and sheared an ear off the Krotter dog.

"Another thing," said Mr. Krotter. "It was an idiot. No sense at all."

"And what became of it?" I asked.

"Oh nothing much," he sighed. "It just naturally joined the National Guard."

Gravely Mr. Krotter consulted his enormous watch, being one of the few farmers who still had watches, and warned me that it was time to be going on down the street if I proposed to attend the meeting with him. As we walked he explained that the meeting, held in Muscatine, Iowa, had been called more or less unofficially by members of the Farmers' Protective Association and the Farmers' Union with a scattering of members of other farm alliances.

The Most Hopeful Animal

The object of the meeting was not specifically mentioned in the call; not that it was necessary. Any gathering of farmers in Iowa could be expected to produce floods of hot oratory about the Cow War and the government.

"You will find that the speakers are very indignant," said Mr. Krotter. "But you will also find that outside of everybody agreeing that we ought to carry our indignation to the polls and get rid of all officeholders who won't agree with us that tuberculin tests are unreliable, dangerous and a darned nuisance, we will do nothing but disagree. And you will find out why the politicians can go on kidding us farmers from election to election and get away with it. The farmer is always hoping. He's the most hopeful animal in the world. He hopes for everything from weather on to crops. He hopes the market will hold up and he hopes the politicians are telling the truth. If he finds that the market breaks down he hopes it will do better next year. And if the politicians don't make good he hopes they will later. Just the hopingest man you ever saw.

"Matter of fact, about all the farmer's got is hope. For years they've been telling him he is the backbone of our country and for a while he believed it. But it's got so now that he just hopes he is. Corn, wheat, hogs, cows and hay fall down on us but the old hope field gets bigger and bigger until it's our biggest crop. Got paper and pencil? All right, get them out and take down a few very indignant hopes."

And Mr. Krotter's summation of what the meeting would produce was exactly right. I heard the Cow War reviewed from its first rumblings to its whistling climax and left the hall more than ever convinced that the most incurable of all individualists, the most difficult to organize, the most defenseless against the political and commercial exploiter is the farmer, the natural lone-hander.

But it was a grand review of the Cow War, reminding you of army reunions.

About two or three years ago the state of Iowa decided to go into cattle inspection in a big way, particularly regarding the tuberculin test for milk cows. The state law is much the same as the Federal law of 1906. Before that the inspection of cows for tuberculosis was more or less perfunctory; for political reasons (the Iowa farmer representing a great preponderance of the state's vote) the farmer wasn't pressed too hard.

A Poor Time for Purity

But a certain alarm began to fasten itself upon the farmer himself when it was observed that an increasing number of cattle slaughtered for beef were being rejected by government inspectors as unfit for food. Out of this growing concern came the somewhat belated decision of the state authorities—the Iowa Department of Agriculture—to inspect all the cattle in the state and learn just how healthy or unhealthy they were. The United States Bureau of Animal Industry, too, had been urging a drive, to say nothing of a constant fire from the medical associations who were crying that from twenty-five to thirty per cent of all tuberculosis in children was traceable directly to milk from infected cows.

Unhappily this drive had to be under-

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from those

Davenport

farmers were engaged. Salvos of laughter took the place of gunfire—even the cows contributing. The point at issue was the desirability of the tuberculin test. But somehow that got sidetracked

Iowa National Guardsmen called out to protect state veterinarians testing cattle for tuberculosis. Right, Norman Harvey, owner of a cancer-cure hospital and radio station, who championed the cause of the farmers

taken at a time when the farmer's morale was ebbing. Hard times were upon him. So-called relief legislation either had not appeared or had lost whatever potency it may have had by the time it reached the farm. The Farm Board's efforts to stabilize prices had come to naught; about the only thing pegged was the despondency of the farmer. And now the confused man was to have his cattle inspected and perhaps condemned by strangers whom he did not trust and in whose tricks of science he had no faith. A fine time to invade the barnyard.

Nevertheless the business of locating tuberculosis in the cows went on rather smoothly during all of 1930. There were protests and grumblings to be sure, but they were the individual words of individualists. But the number of infected cattle was impressively large—17,420. Of this number 1,221 were so thoroughly diseased that they went for fertilizer or tankage. The others were destroyed, although a part of the carcasses were pronounced available for food, for which the owners received low-grade beef prices.

In that year—1930—the owners of cattle found to be tuberculous, and therefore slaughtered, received from that sort of salvage an average of $38.28 per animal. In addition to this the owner of such cattle received indemnity from the state and from the Federal government. How the sum is arrived at is simple. The animal is appraised—not without some argument, either. But once the figure is fixed, the salvage return from the packer is deducted. Then the remainder is divided three ways. One third is paid by the Federal government and one third by the state. The other third is the owner's loss.

This loss constitutes a very important cause of the Cow War. For one reason or another the return that the farmer got for a condemned animal was slowly diminishing. It may have been that the state, experiencing the same treasury cramps that had stricken other states, was paring down its evaluation scale. And it was evident too that the packers were giving less for the salvable portions of the animal. Instead of the average $38.28 they had paid in 1930, it was $28.37 in 1931.

Such, anyway, was the background early in 1931 when the state veterinarians under Dr. Peter Malcolm arrived in the southeastern part of the state with their tuberculin and syringes. It is likely that they had postponed these counties, hoping that time would make them less scornful of urban laws and more amenable to general government.

Tough Customers

A hardy lot, these southeastern Iowans. A large German influence pervades them. Well matched with the Teuton blood is the Irish. With a nice, even consistency the farmers of this part of the state—excellent farmers, whose well-kept fences, buildings and live stock proclaim their quality—have been opposed to outside influences. They resisted the draft in 1917, although those finally taken from the farms turned out to be capable soldiers. They hooted the Liberty Bond and Victory Bond barkers, not only refusing to buy but now and then chasing the would-be sellers out of the country. Just "aginners," according to Mr. Krotter. And very unsatisfactory clients for strangers with strange formulas.

Furthermore these southeastern Iowa farmers were pretty well organized—unusually well for individualists. With very few exceptions they were members of the Farmers' Protective Association or of the Farmers' Union. They condemned the tests as inaccurate and inconclusive and the veterinarians as ignorant, unsanitary and agents of the packers. They claimed that tuberculin (the injected fluid) ruined innocent cattle—drying them up, infecting those that had been clean and, if the tested cow did thereafter produce a calf, the calf was quite likely to be either a weakling or, like Mr. Krotter's curio, a monstrosity.

Nevertheless there was the law; and the state veterinarians, their feelings outraged by the unkind things the farmers had been saying about them, announced that the cows were going to be tested or the reason would be made public.

Whereupon they entered Cedar County, advancing upon the farm of Mr. William Butterbrodt, a few miles from West Branch where, fifty-seven years ago, Mr. Herbert Clark Hoover was born.

Mr. Butterbrodt objected with vehemence; his denunciation of tests, veterinarians, experts and the government being seconded vigorously by a large gathering of neighbors who had rallied to his cow barns bearing the Stars and Stripes and armed with stout sticks, brooms and, here and there, a pitchfork. Sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables, bailiffs, wardens, selectmen and a few plain cops appeared with reassuring words for Mr. Butterbrodt and his friends. If, they said, there was no resistance there would be no trouble. And Mr. Butterbrodt, being quick to turn an answer, replied that if there was no trouble there would be no resistance. And anyway he was not going to have his cows bothered.

The New War on the Plains

Whereat Mr. Butterbrodt, whose record for peace and obedience to law was as spotless as his reputation as a farmer, was arrested along with several others.

And the Cow War was on!

In the meantime, the hard-working Dan Turner, governor of Iowa, was coming down with circle-describing jitters. He announced that the law ought to be obeyed. When it became apparent that the farmers of the southeast did not agree with him, he hastened to Iowa City to confer with members of the Protective Association. After much loud talking he returned home saying that the law simply had to be obeyed.

(Continued on page 44)

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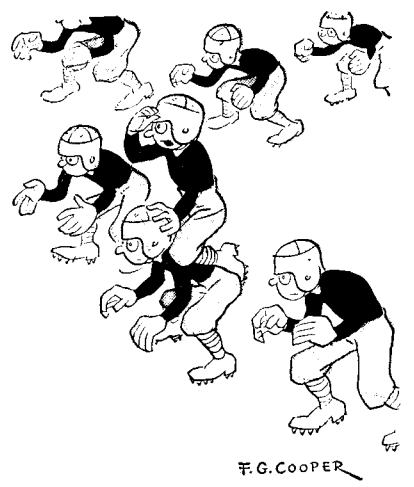
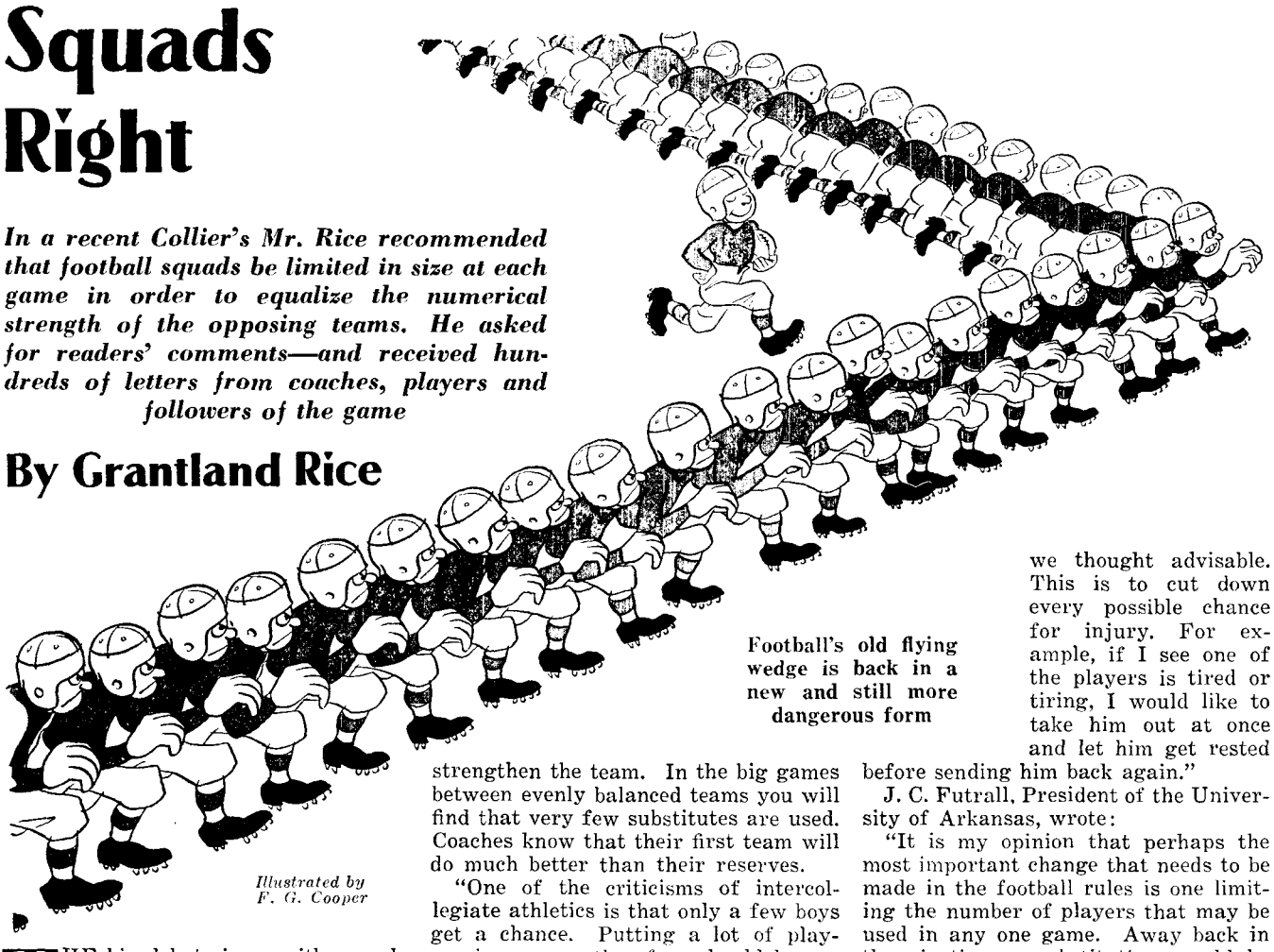
Squads Right



In a recent Collier's Mr. Rice recommended that football squads be limited in size at each game in order to equalize the numerical strength of the opposing teams. He asked for readers' comments—and received hundreds of letters from coaches, players and followers of the game

By Grantland Rice



Football's old flying wedge is back in a new and still more dangerous form

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

THE big debate is on with a rush. Should football squads, eligible for action on a certain day, be limited to twenty-two or twenty-four men, or should squads be unlimited in numerical strength? Is it fair for one university to have sixty or seventy football players ready for service against a rival that may have only twenty or twenty-five?

These two questions were asked by Collier's recently and the answering barrage has been extremely heavy. Replies have come in from college presidents, coaches, trainers, graduate managers and old-time players. And at least seventy-five per cent of these correspondents favor limiting the squad for any one game to twenty-two or twenty-four men.

Here are some of the comments, representing both sides. The first is from Pop Warner, Stanford's famous coach:

"Evidently you and many other sports writers think that throwing a large number of players into a game is an advantage, and that teams with smaller squads are overpowered by numbers. If that is true, why did not West Point use more players against Notre Dame? You state that they only used twelve until late in the fourth quarter. Undoubtedly those beside the twelve best men were put in when the West Point coaches felt they had the game on ice, in order to give some deserving players a chance to get experience, not to strengthen the team. In the big games between evenly balanced teams you will find that very few substitutes are used. Coaches know that their first team will do much better than their reserves.

"One of the criticisms of intercollegiate athletics is that only a few boys get a chance. Putting a lot of players in a game therefore should be encouraged. I could turn out a much better team next fall if I cut my varsity squad to twenty-five men, but what about the following year? We have to think of the future and keep developing players.

"Another thing: if you were limited to twenty-two players—two men for each position—suppose a man is injured in the first quarter. Perhaps he should be taken out, and he would be if you had three or four men for his position but, having only one substitute, you would hate to take him out because if the substitute became injured you would be in a big hole, not having another to take his place. It would result in injured players being left in the game."—*Glenn S. Warner, Stanford University.*

Giving Everyone a Chance

"In the first place I think it is entirely proper and sporting, when playing smaller colleges, for the bigger universities either to limit their squads to the size of the smaller squads, or else give the smaller squads the right of unlimited substitution," says Mal Stevens, head coach at Yale.

"However, I would like the point brought out that at Yale in these smaller games we do not run in fresh material for the purpose of running up the score but simply to try to give everyone a chance, which it would be harder to do in one of the bigger games. I am quite in favor, where the smaller squad is outnumbered, of giving them unlimited substitutions, so that a man may be taken out and replaced at will.

"In regard to limiting the squad to twenty-two men, I would only be in favor of this in case we were allowed to take out a man and put him back at any time we thought advisable. This is to cut down every possible chance for injury. For example, if I see one of the players is tired or tiring, I would like to take him out at once and let him get rested before sending him back again."

J. C. Futrall, President of the University of Arkansas, wrote:

"It is my opinion that perhaps the most important change that needs to be made in the football rules is one limiting the number of players that may be used in any one game. Away back in the nineties no substitutions could be made in a football team unless one of the players was so badly injured that he could not continue. The principal reason for changing the rule so as to allow substitutions freely was that it was thought that the privilege would prevent coaches from keeping them in the game when they became very tired and were therefore liable to injury.

"The rule has had in recent years the opposite effect. It is nothing unusual now to see an entire eleven of fresh men, perhaps equally as good as the original eleven, thrown on a field against tiring opponents who do not have the necessary substitutes to put in."

This suggestion comes from a well-known graduate manager:

"The big university will of course always have the edge because of the material from which to select twenty-two men. But it will be more of a game for sport's sake to limit the squads, give the smaller colleges a fairer chance and stop the 'shock troops' system. It will also help to increase gate receipts in the earlier games, which may no longer be one-sided battles."

"Would there be much honor," writes J. W. M., "attached to a championship where one fighter is sent in to wear down the other man and when that has been accomplished to have a new man take his place and win with his fresh strength?"

Lack of space prohibits the use of additional comments, but the foregoing are representative of the entire group.

With all due respect to Pop Warner's opinion there are several details that he overlooks. In the first place, there would be no need to reduce his varsity squad of fifty-five or sixty men. This squad could be maintained to give all players a chance to make the team. But in the first game against a lesser opponent only twenty-two or twenty-four would be selected that day to face an equal number available on the other squad. In the next game an entirely new squad of twenty-two or twenty-four men could be picked for action from the main army. In this way the entire varsity squad could be used.

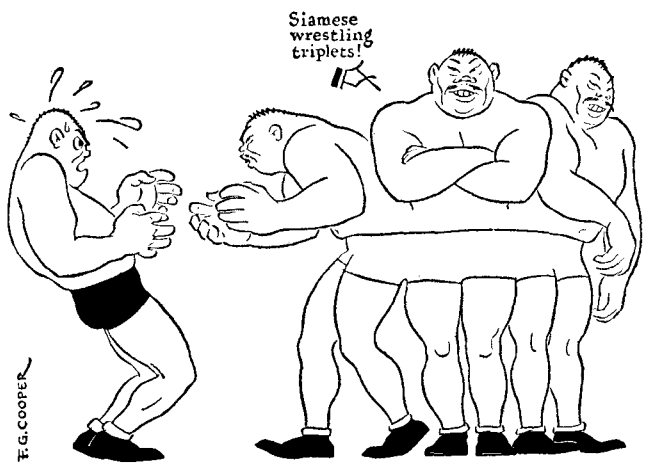
I think both Pop Warner and Mal Stevens are correct in saying that reserves are not rushed in to run up a score. But there have been times, in many university battles early in the year, when the reserves have been rushed in to save or win games. It must be admitted that rushing a varsity squad of sixty or seventy players on the field to face a squad of only twenty-two players is not exactly a sporting proposition under any circumstances.

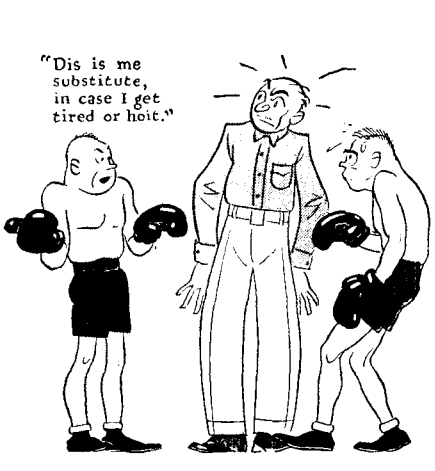
Sensible Limitations

As Pop Warner says, numerous reserves are seldom needed in the big games. But there is no reason why the limit should not be raised when the opposing universities have about the same man-power in reserve. There are times early in the year when fresh man-power can run amuck against weary smaller squads who have no such reserves.

I am not at all sure that Mal Stevens' idea of taking out a player and replacing him at will would work out favorably, but the Yale coach, who is also a physician, has decided thoughts along this line. I don't believe more than twenty-two or twenty-four men would be needed in the earlier games where smaller rivals, numerically, were on the field. Later on some increased limit could be agreed upon with rivals of equal numerical strength.

The point to be remembered is that varsity squads could be any size, to keep as many players as possible interested in the game, but with the active personnel limited game by game. This would provide the players an even greater incentive each week to become members of the selected group.





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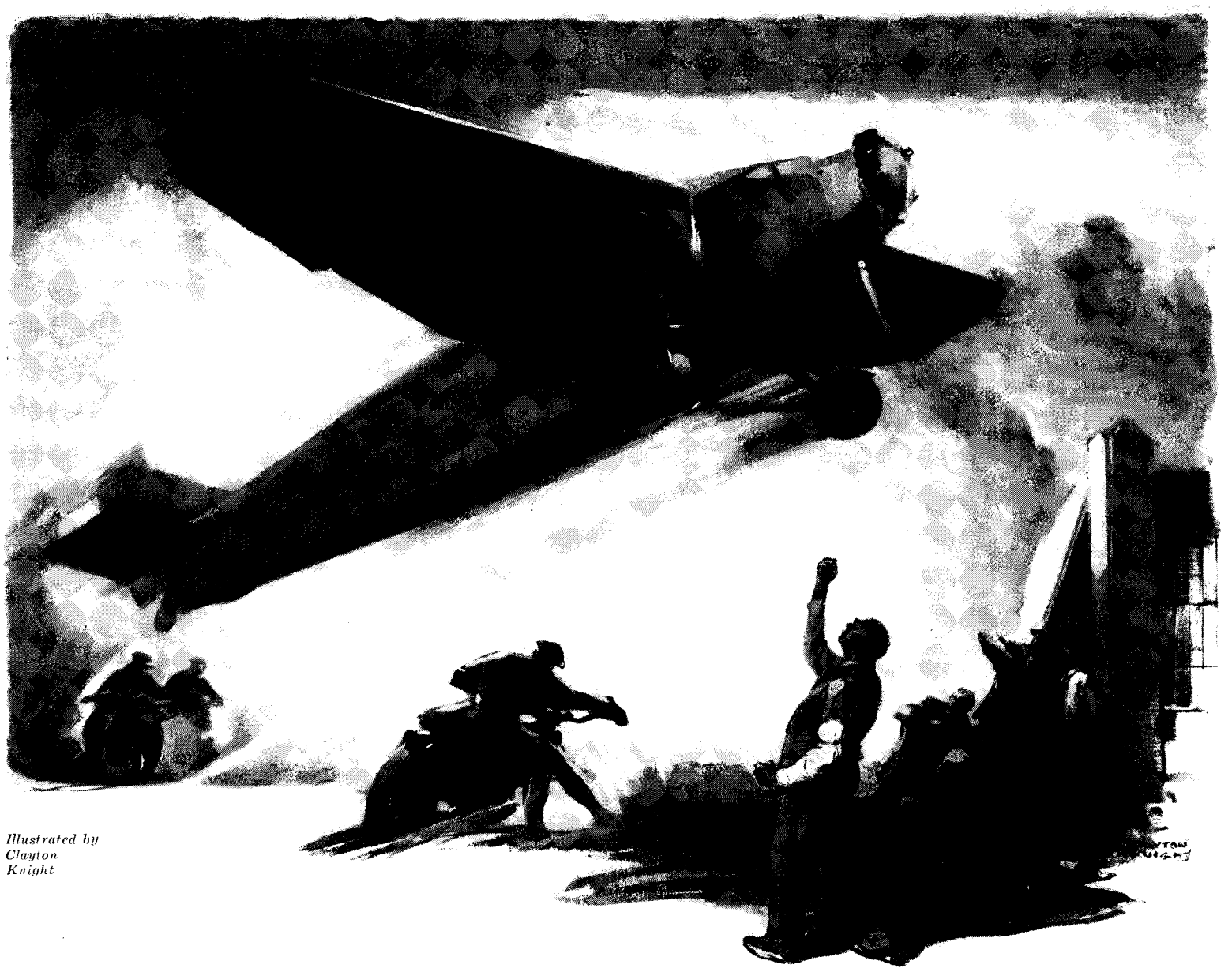

Illustrated by Clayton Knight

Red did everything to that trimotor but put her on her back, while Mac ran around foaming like a maniac

Fourth Offense

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Zeh Bouck

RED COLLINS now flies the Hump, from Santiago to Mendoza—which is more to his liking than the job he held under Bearcat MacGruder. Those Andean bumps and *mile-a-minute gales provide outlets for* the post-war exuberance that was his when I knew him.

Red is one of these natural-born flyers with technique and trouble for middle names. If a year and a half in German prison camps—Red was shot down in a dog fight behind Jerry's lines—can't tame a man, nothing will, let alone flying a nice, old-ladyish trimotor filled with passengers picking at the cotton in their ears or sipping tea served by an air-line hostess! And it's a tough job trying to alter the flying style of a pilot who has taken his degree with six years *of barnstorming and topped it with* two years of post-graduate work flying the night mail over the Alleghenies. But we have certain safe and sane rules for hauling passengers—not that Red's technique slipped up on the safety side when he was with us—and old Bearcat MacGruder, division manager on the Medina end of the route, is the boy to enforce 'em.

Red's pet violations scorned the edicts of no turns under five hundred feet, and that all landings were to be made into the wind from a straight glide from the same altitude. Poor Red simply couldn't get this into his barrel-rolling nut and, ten seconds after opening the throttles, habit and instinct overcame Mac's profane admonitions and he'd pull the old ship into as pretty a climbing turn as you'd want to see. Nothing dangerous, but the passengers would make up their minds then and there that they were going to be sick, with added duties for the co-pilot and radio operator!

And that was only half of it. Coming in, he'd kick her into a tight turn at one hundred feet and slip cross-wind to the runway with the white-faced passengers hanging on to their seats one hundred per cent sold on railroad trains.

MAC fired Red three times—the third occasion being out. Red grinned and said he'd be around in the morning for his things. That evening two planes were forced down by weather north of Joliet. One spare pilot was ferrying in a ship, and another was on the sick list. So when Red showed up for his duds, Mac repeated in detail what he thought of him, and asked him to take the crate through once more. Red's good-natured, and took off in a nice, gentle climb.

He picked up mail and passengers at Joliet, including a couple of young fellows who acted friendly-like before the take-off. One of them said he was a pilot, and showed Red a transport license. A half-hour south of Medina this chap walked up the aisle and stuck his head and shoulders into the cockpit. With a sudden movement he walloped the co-pilot over the head with the butt of a pistol, and then shoved the business end into Red's ribs.

Red looked around in time to see the radio operator double up with a trickle of blood oozing behind his ear, and the second chap holding up the steward. The bozo up forward pulled the co-pilot out of his seat, dumped him beside Sparks, *and took his place in the cockpit.*

"Listen, you," he yelled at Red. "See that big field down there—alongside of the road, where the truck's parked? Well, you're going to land this plane right there. If *you* don't do it, I'm going to drill you and land it myself. I can fly these airplanes."

If the crook had said, "Put her down," Red admits he would have done it, but "land it" didn't sound like a pilot. So Red figured he'd try him out before surrendering the mail and the personal belongings of his passengers. He cut the gun, and nosed her down for the field, with a thirty-mile-per-hour wind on the port side. He leveled off about twenty feet above the grass, as if he were going to set her down, and the guy at his right didn't blink an eyelash. Red doped it out then and there that he was phony. No pilot would sit quietly behind dual controls and let another pilot bring in the plane cross-wind without slipping her. So Red took the chance that the crook wouldn't risk killing them all by shooting him—he called his bluff and zoomed her up for Medina.

Mac and I, outside the operations office, watched Red come in that day. With gun wide open, he dived for hangar Number One, and clipped off the wind cone with his undercarriage! Mac started to gasp, then choked, with profanity gurgling in his throat. Red pulled the plane up into a chandelle, kicked her over and dived for us. Mac gave a yell and flopped to the ground as the slipstream bowled us over.

FOR five minutes Red did everything *to that trimotor but put her on her* back, while Mac ran around foaming like a maniac, collecting four Department of Commerce men, three motorcycle cops and the two state policemen stationed at the airport. Red cut grass with his low wing, slipped heck out of her to the concrete, jammed on one brake at forty miles an hour and ground-looped to a stop right in front of the welcoming committee.

The door burst open and two men jumped out, just as a woman passenger screamed "Help! Murder!—Stop them!"

We did. And with the wrestling match still going on, Red eased over to the vacant seat, slid back the window and leaned out grinning.

"Thanks, Mac," he said. "Your reaction was perfect. I even figured you' have the cops out for me!"

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Elmer discovered that he desired, witlessly, to buy the book

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

Swashbuckler

Heroism is where you find it. Consider, for example, the gallantry of Elmer Gill—a lion in the cause of love

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

AS ELMER GILL approached the bookstall in the tube terminal a large sign informed him that Tiger of the Seas was out today and might be purchased here for two dollars. Immediately, to his appalled astonishment, Elmer discovered that he desired, witlessly, to buy the book.

There were many reasons why this discovery should startle Elmer and displease him. The idea, in the first place, was utterly impossible. Elmer's near-leather purse contained at the moment three of the four dimes with which, as usual, his stepmother had financed him for the day, and of these dimes two were irrevocably dedicated to Elmer's noonday milk and crackers, the third being even more sacredly ear-marked for his homeward passage through the under-river tube.

In the second place, there was no need to buy the book. Already for twenty-seven days the Sea Tiger had been clinging to the rope that dangled from the high stern of the Santa Ysabela. In the next to the last paragraph of the June installment he had throttled the two swarthy, earringed sailors of the death watch and plunged overside into the midnight Caribbean, with only an easy sea-mile swim to reach the safety of Cross-Bone Cay.

In four days more, therefore, the July number of The Fireside Comrade would appear and Elmer would find out without expense just what had happened when the Sea Tiger regained the deck of the tall treasure galleon to which, as related in the final paragraph of the June installment, he had decided, idiotically, to return. To pay two dollars, even if Elmer had possessed that sum, merely to read at once what he could read for nothing next Tuesday evening would obviously have been the bargain of an imbecile even if Elmer had admired the Sea Tiger or even approved of him, which, emphatically, he did not.

Through all five installments of the story Elmer had been affronted and exasperated by everything the Sea Tiger said and did, and with the errand upon which the Sea Tiger, for twenty-seven days, had been climbing back to the tall deck of the Santa Ysabela, Elmer was particularly out of sympathy.

Elmer knew, although as yet the Sea Tiger did not, that the woman whose half-stifled sobbing had reached his ears just as he plunged overside was none other than the Lady Arabella, the same disdainful beauty who, in the very first installment, had flouted the Sea Tiger to his face for a pirate and a villain.

THE Sea Tiger did not dream that now, captive through her own headstrong folly in the hands of Don Gonzaga, she faced a fate far worse than death. He knew only that beyond the open port of Don Gonzaga's cabin there was a woman in distress, and for no better reason than this, madman that he was, he turned his back on liberty and life and toiled upward toward the shameful death that awaited him at dawn on the forlorn chance that before he dangled from the yardarm he might contrive to dry that unknown lady's tears.

Intensely as Elmer Gill disapproved of the foolhardy act itself, he still more violently disapproved of its motivation. Little as he liked the Sea Tiger, he liked the Lady Arabella less. As far as Elmer was concerned, Don Gonzaga was more than welcome to her. He did not want her to be rescued and he was pretty sure that in the next installment exactly this would happen.

It was all the sillier, therefore, to think of spending two whole dollars merely to read unwelcome news four days earlier than he would read it anyway, without spending a penny, in his stepmother's copy of the July Fireside Comrade.

And yet this was precisely what Elmer wished to do!

It was the first time in all his twenty-three years of life that anything like this had ever happened to Elmer. In a flash of understanding he saw what it meant. It meant that besides all the dangers that threatened him from without he must also face the danger of betrayal from within. Besides all the other people there were to be afraid of, he would have to be afraid, henceforward, of Elmer Gill himself.

He fled upward along the ramp, as though a man could run away from himself and his traitorous impulses. For once he almost forgot to be warily on guard against the multiple perils of the walk between the terminal and the office. For once, at street crossings, he passed incautiously near the looming figures of policemen—policemen who were likely at any moment to lay violent hands upon you, hale you off to steel-walled torture chambers and there beat cunningly upon you with a rubber hose until you confessed that it was you who had killed Arnold Rothstein or Legs Diamond.

For once, with only dim pangs of apprehension, Elmer hurried past the fruit stands where, in all probability, members of the Mafia masqueraded in the guise of petty merchants; past the Chinese laundry where inscrutable Mongolian faces peeped out at him, the faces, in all likelihood, of hatchet-men or maybe of secret emissaries in the pay of Fu Manchu. For once Elmer almost forgot that any of the trucks that lumbered past him might be laden with forbidden alcohol about which, at any moment, gangsters' machine guns might begin to quarrel deathfully.

Mechanically, though, he did his best to avoid these besetting dangers. If you are five feet from scalp to sole and weigh a hundred and eighteen pounds; if your expanded bosom measures but two and thirty inches; if your knees and elbows are larger than the muscles adjacent to them; if your hair and brows and lashes are the color of a new straw hat and your eyes have the apologetic color of the robin's fresh-laid egg; if your chin, instead of jutting forth four-squarely, dwindles meekly into a neck wherein an Adam's apple prominently wobbles—you learn, long before you are twenty-three years old, to keep out of harm's way without having to take much thought about it.

WHEREFORE, although his mind was otherwise preoccupied, Elmer's feet carried him this morning swiftly and safely to the doorway of the building in which he worked. Usually, fleeing the dangers of the streets, Elmer yearned for the safety of the office, where there were only two things to be afraid of; but this morning, as he began to climb the four flights of stairs by which it was his habit to avoid the

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In the doorway stood the sinister, foreboding figure of Don Gonzaga — no, of Mr. Ellwanger

risk of riding in the elevator, Elmer suddenly remembered the special, deadly danger that lay in wait for him at the end of the ascent. He had actually forgotten, for a little while, that today he was going to ask Mr. Ellwanger for a raise!

He knew that he was going to do it. Ghastly as it would be to stand in front of a boss like Mr. Ellwanger and boldly ask him for more money, it would be a whole lot worse to go home tonight and tell your stepmother that you hadn't done it.

Toward even the lesser danger Elmer's feet bore him so reluctantly that he was almost late. It was only twelve minutes before nine when he unlocked the office door, and he had barely finished changing his coat and sharpening his pencils when the latch clicked ominously and his heart bounced up into his throat.

It didn't matter whether the hand that turned the doorknob belonged to Mr. Ellwanger or to Miss Perrigo. Whichever of these two persons entered, Elmer knew that he would wish it had been the other. This morning it was Miss Perrigo. Elmer slid swiftly into his seat and bent low above the pages of the advertising dummy.

"Good morning, Elmer."

Miss Perrigo spoke, as usual, with the informality and friendliness of which Elmer highly disapproved, but his dominant emotion as he mumbled an answer was fear. Although he could see no reason for being afraid of Miss Perrigo, he was afraid of her—more afraid than of his stepmother, even; so afraid that a cold little shuddering shiver ran up and down between his shoulder blades.

"Gee, but I'm tired this morning, Elmer. I never got home lass night till half pass one."

Without looking up Elmer knew that Miss Perrigo had yawned. He could hear her patting her hand against her mouth. She crossed the room so that she now stood near Elmer's desk, so near that although his eyes clung tightly to the dummy they couldn't help seeing the bottom of her skirt, the extravagant silk stockings and the absurd little high-heeled shoes. Again the icy shiver trembled up and down Elmer's spine.

"I was out with my girl friend and a boy friend of hers," Miss Perrigo continued. "We went to Pleasure Park. Gee, that roller-coaster juss scares me silly. We rode on it six times."

ELMER shuddered. His disapproval of Miss Perrigo became more acute than ever. Going out of her way to do something that she knew would scare her! Spending money to do it!

"We're going again tomorrow night," she said. "Look, Elmer, howdju like to come along?"

Elmer closed his eyes in a vain effort to shut out the ghastly picture of himself flung giddily through space in the rickety chariot of that roller-coaster.

"No, thanks," he managed to say.

"Come on," Miss Perrigo wheedled.

Elmer found in her, suddenly, a likeness to the Lady Arabella. Women, he thought bitterly, were always trying to egg men into needless danger.

"Come on, Elmer," Miss Perrigo was saying. She had now half-seated herself presumptuously on a corner of Elmer's desk and he was obliged to contemplate, at closer range than ever, one of the terrifying silk stockings and high-heeled pumps.

"You'd better look out," he warned her, "or Mr. Ellwanger'll walk in and catch you sitting there."

Miss Perrigo laughed lightly. "What of it?" she demanded. "You don't mean to tell me that you're afraid of *him?*"

Elmer's ear found in her voice something of the very tone his stepmother had employed. Its injustice stung him. Even a woman ought to have sense enough to realize that you had to be careful about offending a man who could take your job away from you, and yet Miss Perrigo seemed to think there was something disgraceful about it.

Elmer's heart bounced into his throat again at the sound of footsteps in the corridor but Miss Perrigo foolhardily continued to sit on the corner of the desk. It didn't occur to her, apparently, that she was making trouble for Elmer as well as for herself, or if it did she didn't care, any more than the Lady Arabella had cared when the Sea Tiger had warned her against putting faith in Don Gonzaga.

The latch clicked and Elmer's eyes couldn't help looking up. Mr. Ellwanger stood awfully in the doorway wearing, at first, his formidable morning scowl. This gave way, as Elmer stared at him, to a thin, knife-edged smile that was far more sinister—exactly the sort of smile, Elmer fancied, that Don Gonzaga, in like circumstances, would have worn.

Without haste, now, Miss Perrigo descended from the desk, wished Mr. Ellwanger a good morning, and strolled toward her desk in the manner of one to whom typewriting and bookkeeping are but mildly amusing pastimes.

Ominously Mr. Ellwanger reserved his fire. He even echoed, sardonically, Miss Perrigo's "good morning" and moved on to his private office, where, swinging her notebook as she might have swung a tennis racket, Miss Perrigo unhurriedly followed him.

LEFT alone, Elmer stood face to face with the unescapable. He withdrew from his pocket a single page of manuscript, and although its every word was already indelibly engraved upon his memory, he read it over, hoping against hope to borrow courage from its valiant phrases.

"Mr. Ellwanger, I feel that I'm worth more money than you're paying me. I've been working here for three years without a single raise in salary, and—"

Elmer put the paper back into his pocket. Instead of heartening him it only made him more afraid than ever. Besides, he knew that he'd never get a chance to say it all. The moment Mr. Ellwanger heard the opening sentence he'd go up in the air and tell Elmer to find another job, and the mere thought of having to do that gave Elmer a gone feeling at the pit of his stomach.

Abruptly he decided that he wouldn't risk it. It would, to be sure, be almost as difficult to tell his stepmother tonight that he hadn't delivered that speech in spite of all the trouble she'd taken in writing it out for him and in hearing him recite it. That danger, however, lay ten hours away, and fixed habit moved Elmer to choose it rather than the one that faced him here and now.

A lot of things might happen before seven o'clock tonight. Mr. Ellwanger, for instance, might have a stroke during one of his red-faced, furious telephone conversations with the printer. Or, unasked, of his own accord, he might raise Elmer's salary. Or—anyway, it wouldn't do any harm to wait a while in spite of what Elmer's stepmother had said.

"You march straight into his office the minute he gets there. If you don't do it then you won't do it at all. You'll be coming home here with another string of silly excuses, and let me tell you right now, Elmer Gill, that if you do that again you'll be sorry."

THIS was true. Elmer was, in fact, already sorry, but the sounds of Mr. Ellwanger's dictation, audible through the thin partition, confirmed him in his miserable choice between evils, and presently, when Miss Perrigo emerged, the decision was vindicated again.

Her eyebrows lifted and her mouth arranged itself in the roundness of one who utters a soundless "whoo." Making a detour that brought her close to Elmer's desk, she spoke with incautious audibility.

"Watch your step, Elmer. He's eating 'em alive. The Morgenstern contract's canceled and Railley fell down on that Springfield job."

Elmer shivered. The buzzer zizzed twice and his heart bumped miserably as he obeyed its spiteful summons. Commands were barked at him. He was dismissed with a spurning movement of an irate hand and fled back to the sanctuary of his desk with a sense of eyelash escape from deadly peril.

The typewriter, presently, ceased to chatter. Elmer did not lift his eyes but his ear informed him that Miss Perrigo,

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Fearless and tenacious, Henry Morton Stanley pushed through fetid swamps, battling hostile tribes, till he conquered the mighty Congo, mapped lakes, opened the whole of the Dark Continent. A great reporter, chance made of him an explorer whose fame is lasting

Bold Pathfinder

By George Creel

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

The tattered caravan plunged into the waiting crowd that packed the street. All of the faces were black, and Stanley's heart sank

THE ACCIDENT of chance made Henry Morton Stanley an explorer. By temperament as well as profession he was a reporter. A *great* reporter! In this day of the tabloid and comic strip, when even the most favored newspaper man has no higher hope than to cover "the crime of the century" or accompany a presidential candidate on a swing around the circle, Stanley's activities and achievements take on the appearance of incredibility.

The world was his beat, for Asia, Africa, America, Europe and Australia all knew his eager step. Not alone the crowded places but every savage corner of the globe as well—Indian campaigns that swept back and forth across the Western plains; revolutions in Spain and Crete; hand-to-hand fighting in Abyssinia; bloody marches through the jungles of Ashanti; dangerous journeyings about Russia, Persia and Tibet, and then, by way of capsheaf, those tremendous plunges into the heart of Africa, opening its mysteries to the sun and adding a great free state to the nations of the world.

For twenty-four centuries the Dark Continent defied full exploration. King Necho and his sea captains fell back before its brooding menace, and of all those who followed the Phœnicians—adventurers, soldiers, scientists and missionaries—not one emerged with more than fragmentary contributions to the making of a map. It remained for Stanley, the chunky, round-headed, square-jawed newspaper man, to put together all that had been learned, and so to round it out with his own precise, authoritative findings that geographers were able to fill in the empty white space that had been Africa.

It was Stanley who established the sources of the Nile and circumnavigated Lakes Tanganyika, Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza; Stanley who discovered the mountain chain of Ruwenzori and Stanley who proved that the fabled Lualaba was neither the Nile nor the Niger but the Congo. Christopher Columbus was no greater pathfinder, nor was the voyage of the Spanish caravels across the Atlantic more heroic than the dogged reporter's conquest of Africa's mighty waterway.

The first line of the epic was written in October, 1869, when James Gordon Bennett bade Stanley quit the Spanish revolution and move to Paris for a list of new assignments. More than half a century ago! A time when there were no airplanes, fast steamers or radio, yet the orders Bennett gave make modern reporting look like the hackneyed round of a mail carrier. In crisp, matter-of-fact tones, the imperious young master of the New York Herald ordered his star reporter to attend the opening of the Suez Canal, report on the work of archæologists in Jerusalem, make a survey of conditions in Syria and Turkey, examine Russia's government of the Caucasus, cover Persia from border to border and write a series of articles on India.

"When you have finished with these assignments," Bennett concluded, "go and find Livingstone."

Just that and nothing more. "*Find Livingstone.*" For thirty years the work in Africa of this indomitable Scotch doctor-missionary-explorer had held the imagination of the civilized world.

A Story of Magnitude

Only twice in that time had he returned to England, once in 1856 and again in 1865, to beg funds to aid him in his fight against the slave trade. Hurrying back to his labors, as though fearful of his failing strength, the jungle closed behind him, and he was heard of no more. Was he dead or was he alive? Did he stagger blindly through some trackless forest, or was he the hopeless captive of some unknown tribe? Nobody knew, everybody speculated, and Bennett's keen mind saw it as a "story" of magnitude.

A prodigious assignment—this search for a man whose journeyings were

known to cover the whole of the vast space between the Cape and the equator, between the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean—but the reporter Bennett picked happened to be one whose life had been a constant struggle against odds and obstacles. Stanley was Welsh by birth, the son of a man named Rowlands. He spent his childhood in an almshouse, thanks to a callous mother; finally thrashing a harsh master, he ran away to sea as a cabin boy. He was adopted by Henry Morton Stanley, a kindly New Orleans merchant, who gave the homeless lad his name. The foster father's sudden death left the boy stranded in Arkansas. Swept into the Confederate army, he was captured at Shiloh, and knew the hardships of a Chicago prison camp—all this before he was out of his teens.

Sick, penniless, lonely, he worked his way back to Wales only to be turned away from his mother's door; after that, long cruises in Spanish, Italian and West Indian waters and then, in 1864, enlistment in the Union navy. Here it was that Stanley's genius, so long buried under a weight of misery, flamed to the surface. The young seaman's graphic accounts of Butler's campaign against Fort Fisher found their way into the press and not only won him some little reputation but decided his course in life.

Now followed wanderings in the Far West, a tramp correspondent for various papers; then a disastrous attempt to penetrate Asia as far as Tibet and,

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on his return to the United States, a job reporting General Winfield Scott Hancock's expedition against the Kiowas and Comanches in 1867. Out of this came employment by the New York Herald and an assignment to accompany a British expedition against King Theodore of Abyssinia. It was not only that the black despot had turned his country into a charnel house—he had seized British officials and missionaries, holding them in cruel and degrading captivity. Sir Robert Napier, later Lord Napier of Magdala, led 6,000 men through four hundred miles of well-nigh impenetrable jungle and at the end of three terrible months crushed Theodore, his army and his mountain stronghold. Stanley's dispatches were as brilliant as the best and, to cap it all, he scored a "beat" in reporting the fall of Magdala. First to reach a cable office, he kept other correspondents from the wires by filing some twenty pages of the Bible at the finish of his own report.

Thus having won his spurs, assignment followed assignment, each more colorful than the last. In rapid succession, Stanley reported on the building of the Suez Canal, followed the men of Crete in their rebellion against Greece, journeyed to Athens to report a royal baptism, wrote of happenings in Smyrna, Rhodes, Beirout and Egypt, and risked his life a hundred times in following the revolution that tumbled Isabella II from the throne of Spain.

This, then, was the man that Bennett picked to "go and find Livingstone." A silent man, a cold, hard man, inflexible in will and savage in his tenacities; consumed by ambition and fearing nothing on earth but failure.

A Nightmare March

It took Stanley nine months to cover his other assignments—months packed with color and excitement—and as the finish found him in Bombay, he resolved to cross the Indian Ocean and enter Africa by way of Zanzibar. Wretched little sailing ships cost him eighty days, and even when he came to the island at last, bitter disappointment awaited him. There were no letters from Bennett, no money from the Herald office. With only a verbal order, given nine months before, and less than eighty dollars in his pocket, a weaker man would have sat down to wait for instructions and funds, but that was not Stanley's way. Bennett had told him to "go and find Livingstone," and the assignment had not been canceled. A friendly American consul was induced to honor several drafts, and on March 21, 1871, the young leader set out with three white employees, thirty-one armed freemen of Zanzibar and one hundred and fifty-three porters.

Almost from the first the march had a nightmare quality, for steady rains turned the land into a fetid swamp; often a mile an hour was the limit of progress. One of the white men died of his vices, and another, before returning to Zanzibar, attempted his employer's assassination. Always there were hostile tribes that had to be bought off, bullied or evaded; famine came to scourge the staggering expedition; many died, others deserted and regularly there were ugly mutinies. Stanley, racked by fever, kept his feet by sheer force of will and, as though mastery had always been his habit, whipped thieves and laggards, cowed mutineers and faced savage chieftains with a front that never lacked calmness and assurance.

At no time did he fail in courage or falter in his decisions and only once did he make a mistake of judgment. Coming to Unyanyembi, Stanley found his advance blocked by Mirambo, chief of Uyoweh, and, as the one means of clearing the way, joined an Arab force in a war against the savage despot. An initial victory was followed by a disastrous rout and, as the result of battle losses and desertion, just thirteen men were left to Stanley's following. Several weeks of effort raised a new following of fifty-odd and, avoiding Mirambo's country by a sweep to the south, the expedition drove forward.

Not until November 3, eight months after the start, was there any word of Livingstone. At a native ferry on the Mlagarasi River, a caravan gave the news that a white man had arrived at Ujiji from a far country called Manyema—"an old man with white hair on his face and very sick." Stanley scarce dared to believe his good fortune, for Ujiji, an Arab settlement on Lake Tanganyika, was comparatively near at hand, not more than a seven-day march. Might it not be some wandering Frenchman or a German or a Portuguese?

"Dr. Livingstone, I Presume?"

An even greater worry was the uneasy fear that Livingstone did not *want* to be found. Back in Zanzibar, many queer stories were told of the Scotch doctor; how he had come to hate his own race, hurrying off into the jungle at any rumor of a white man's approach. Granted that Livingstone was indeed at Ujiji, as reported, would he remain there on receiving news of Stanley's coming? Or would the "lost" man run away and have to be pursued?

A prey to gloomy speculations, Stanley pressed forward, held back from speed by blackmailing tribes, but on November 10, the tattered caravan plunged down a wooded mountain-side and into the waiting crowd that packed Ujiji's one street. All of the faces were black, but even as Stanley's heart sank, a woolly-headed native, speaking perfect English, announced himself as Dr. Livingstone's servant. It was still impossible to credit such good fortune, and doubt persisted even when the young leader reached a broad veranda, and saw the stooped, gray-bearded man who rose to meet him.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Choked by his emotions, Stanley forgot the speeches he had planned, and could find tongue only for the formal phrase.

Livingstone, fortunately, was willing to be "found." It was not that he had ever been lost, but only that his money and supplies were exhausted. Stanley, who had a great admiration for the indomitable Scotchman, begged him to return to England but, although ravaged by hardship, suffering and diseases, Livingstone could not be induced to leave an unfinished task. He had promised his financial backers to settle various disputed matters, and held to the belief that he could succeed if furnished with men and supplies. When Stanley left on March 14, 1872, he gave a promise that this help would be forthcoming, and immediately on reaching Zanzibar, sent back fifty-seven picked men, together with everything needful for the expedition.

Quite naturally, the successful reporter expected some degree of acclaim for his accomplishment, but instead of that he found himself branded as a liar, adventurer and common swindler. English scientists refused to credit the word of an "American journalist," charging that the account of his meeting with

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The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Dean Resolve and Rita Clayborne—wife of Sam Clayborne, a conscienceless roué—meet, it is a case of love at first sight. Realizing that Rita can never be happy with her husband, Dean asks her to get a divorce and marry him.

Rita is not the kind to take divorce lightly. She asks for six months to think the matter over. Dean goes to Europe. Six months later, he returns. On the boat, a radio message reaches him: "Sweet of you, Dean, but I don't care enough for you to marry you." The message is not from his "Gracious Lady," Rita Clayborne; it is from Rita's friend—Jinny Carpenter!

Puzzled, perplexed, wondering who could have played such a cruel "practical joke," Dean goes to the Clayborne mansion, where Rita, ecstatically happy, greets him. Her decision is made: her husband has consented to the divorce—so she says.

Clayborne, in a savage mood, appears. "Before you marry my wife," he snaps at Dean, "you'd better consult your father. He owes me a million dollars."

Dean does not believe Clayborne; his reply is emphatic: "I am going to marry Rita!" Clayborne glares at him, and—"All right. If Rita leaves me and brings suit, I'll ruin your old man—and I'll bring a countersuit, naming you." Then he insults Rita—and Dean promptly knocks him down. . . .

From the lips of old Sturgis Resolve, in the office of Resolve and Company, Rita and Dean learn the truth: Due to unfortunate real estate speculations, Sam Clayborne actually does hold Sturgis Resolve's notes for nearly one million dollars!

Ruin confronts the Resolves. And Rita knows it. Ignoring Dean's frantic pleas, she returns to her home. . . . At a restaurant, where he lunches, Dean meets Jinny Carpenter; tells her of the weird "joke" played on them. . . . They speak of Rita. Then—"Dean," Jinny says, "Sam Clayborne has been pursuing me. Shouldn't something—something drastic—be done about him—and things?"

III

THE hovering waiter thrust the menu toward Dean. He managed to make a selection from the blurred items that danced before his hot eyes. The interlude gave him time to gather wits dazed by this new assault upon them.

"About him—and things?" he finally echoed Jinny's words. "Is it as bad as that, Jinny? You mean that he's—offensive?"

She laughed.

"Not quite as bad as I may have sounded, Dean," she said. "After all, a girl isn't really at the mercy of married men. I mean, I'm not *afraid* of him. But I do mean that—I love Rita, Dean. Everyone does."

He nodded gravely.

"The only reason Sam Clayborne has got along at all is because Rita is so sweet. But—even Rita can't carry a man like her husband more than so far."

"Make it clearer, Jinny," said Dean.

"Well—he makes passes. You know. Gets you alone, if he possibly can—you know."

"I know," said Dean somberly.

"And it—well, it *has* to reflect on Rita. I don't mean that anyone blames her at all. But it means that people are—well, beginning to think that if they can't have Rita without Sam—they'll have to do without Rita. If the filthy beast weren't so thick-skinned! One can be rude to him, one can insult him. But it doesn't seem to matter. Dean, how on earth did she ever marry him? But that isn't fair," she added quickly. "Any girl, at nineteen—that's all she was when she married him, Dean—any girl—I was desperately in love with Mother's chauffeur when I was seventeen. Of course, no one ever knew it, but—well, anyway, she's married to him. But it can't go on, Dean. Why don't you make her divorce him, Dean?"

"Do you think I haven't tried?" he asked bitterly.

"But she's in love with you, Dean. Is it that—she just doesn't believe in divorce?"

The waiter placed food before him and departed. He ate a slice of melon.

"He refuses to grant her one," he replied shortly.

Jinny laughed.

"But that's too ridiculous. She has cause enough—I may be *jeune fille* still, Dean, but one can't help knowing about things. Everyone knows about Sam Clayborne."

HE LOOKED at her. He felt that overpowering inclination toward confidence that man, confronted with insurmountable difficulty, feels.

"She wants a divorce, Jinny," he said. "I came back to—get her answer. And her answer—was 'yes.' We—this morning—left her house—I was going to take her to luncheon and put her on the train for Reno. Clayborne had agreed to let her go. And he came home, refused to let her go—"

"And you stood for that?" cried Jinny.

"Stood for it?" Resolve sighed. "Jinny, you know that father of mine?"

"Bless his heart, of course I do. Well?"

"When the cat's away—you know. Resolve and Company were sitting on top of the world when I sailed six months ago, Jinny. But since then Resolve and Company haven't done so well."

"Your daddy is the most charming man on earth, Dean," she said, "but you shouldn't let him play with business."

He groaned.

"Don't I know that? But it's pretty hard to tell your own father that he mustn't play with his check-book and fountain pen. After all, Resolve and Company existed long before I did. His grandfather founded it, and—"

"But everyone knows that you left college and pulled him out of trouble—"

"Dear old Dad doesn't realize that, Jinny," smiled Dean. "He saw a chance to make a lot of money. And he went into a scheme in Renssaler Place—I haven't all the details yet. But he owes Sam Clayborne about a million dollars, and it must be paid shortly—don't you see? If Rita leaves him, Clayborne will put Resolve and Company through bankruptcy."

Jinny's blue eyes were suddenly cold.

"So you gave Rita back to him—for a million dollars?"

Resolve looked at her. He deliberately ate his sole.

"I can't very well hit you, can I, Jinny?"

THE coldness left her eyes, warmed by a mist that came to them.

"I ought to be spanked," she said contritely. "It was Rita, of course."

"Of course. She won't, as she melodramatically puts it, let me be ruined because of her."

"It isn't melodramatic. And it's not nice of you to jeer—"

"At Rita? I'm not," he said bitterly. "But, Jinny, when you've been out of your mind for someone for—*years*—and it looks as though the waiting has ended—"

"I know," she said. "And Rita simply won't do it?"

"Trunks at the station, tickets bought—and she made me take her down to interview Dad. And went back home."

"Poor Dean," she said softly.

"Don't," he said quickly.

"Sorry. It *did* sound pitying, didn't it? You—saw Clayborne yourself?"

He looked down at a slightly skinned knuckle and grinned.

"I saw him," he said. "And—he may have ruined Resolve and Company, but—it was worth a million to hit him."

"You *hit* him?" she breathed.

Something in her tone made him stare curiously at her.

"Why not? I didn't like the way he talked."

"And he—didn't do anything?"

Resolve shrugged.

"Oh, he started to pull a gun—at least, it looked that way. But he thought better of it. There was a lot of cheap talk about what might happen later—I'm not worried about it. Why, what's the excitement?"

"YOU *hit* him," she said. "And Rita's gone back to him. Can't you imagine how he feels? To be hit? Before his wife? Dean, what will he do to her?"

"Nothing, if he cares for his skin," he replied grimly.

"Oh, Dean, you should never have let her go back. That kind of man—"

"Good Lord, Jinny, I did all I could! Short of kidnapping her. You don't think I'm afraid of losing money, do you? It was Rita; she talked about my father and my mother—don't scold me, Jinny. I'm damn' near mad with it all."

"I'm not scolding, Dean dear," she said softly. "I'm not blaming you. I'm only thinking—but, of course, he would *not hurt her. Then—she would leave—*"

"Why does he care?" cried Dean. "He betrays her, has other affairs—even you tell me—"

"Rita is his ticket of admission to places, to homes, that without her he could never enter," she told him. "If—if he thought he could get someone else who could do as much for him—he'd not

"I'm fifty-eight and you know it, you minx," he said. "And I never heard such obvious, crude flattery"

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feel the same about letting her go. But, Dean—are you sure that your father is as badly involved as Clayborne says?"

Dean shrugged.

"If he weren't, he'd have quickly said so," he replied. "But—I'm going down to the office now. I'll go into matters, and—oh, well, why bother you with my troubles?"

"Because I'm your friend, Dean, and am not bothered by them."

"Huh," he jeered. "A fine friend that refuses to marry me."

She giggled.

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"I *did* fall down there, didn't I? A little thing like matrimony and I balked at it. Dean, who on earth sent that cable?"

He glanced down at his right hand.

"I'm saving another knuckle for him, if I ever find out," he said.

She pushed back her chair as he paid the waiter.

"Buck up, old boy," she advised. "Maybe things aren't as bad as they seem. And, Dean, keep away from Clayborne, won't you?"

"If he keeps away from me. But I can't. I'll have to see him—why the worry about him? He won't hurt me, Jinny."

"That kind of man? You can't tell what he might do," she warned him. "I'll be seeing you soon, Dean?"

"You'll be seeing me," he said.

HE LEFT her—she had an engagement with the hairdresser in the hotel—and took a taxi to his office. And if he saw her enter a telephone booth, her action hardly registered on his consciousness.

She asked for a number and in a moment a gruff voice answered:

"Kelton speaking."

"This is Jinny," she said. "Busy?"

"Always busy," the gruff voice replied. "Good idea if you were busy, too, once in a while. Idleness rots the mind."

"But the last time I saw you, you assured me I had no mind," she retorted.

"Can't bandy words with little girls," said Kelton. "I'm a busy man. Say what you have to say and hang up."

"I dined at the Cogswells' last night," said Jinny. "Do you know what Clara Cogswell told Mother?"

"I wouldn't want to know," he grumbled.

"That's because you're so modest," Jinny purred. "She told Mother that she'd seen you recently and she couldn't believe her eyes. She said you were even handsomer than you had been twenty-five years ago."

Over the wire came a snort in which a shrewd listener might have discerned a note of gratification.

"Why be so obvious?" Kelton demanded. "Why not come right out with it and tell me what perfectly stupid thing you want me to do for you?"

"But I wouldn't ask you to do a stupid thing," Jinny protested, "because I'd know you'd be too clever to think of doing it—"

"I'm busy," he roared. "Get to the point or—"

"I want to see you. May I come down now?"

"Give you five minutes," he said, and she heard the receiver click.

SHE smiled gayly as she left the booth. There had never been a time, since her father's death, that Frederick Kelton, executor of the late James Carpenter's estate, had been anything but crudely and cruelly brusque to her. Nor had there been any time when he had not granted whatever request she made of him. The armor of rudeness which he donned to hide his gentleness had never deceived her. And she was still smiling when, twenty minutes later, she entered his office on Forty-third Street.

His own lips curled faintly as he beheld her. His gray eyes, smoldering beneath shaggy white brows, softened faintly. But his voice was as harsh as ever as he greeted her.

"Don't bother to sit down. Takes you too much time to get settled. And—don't—light—that—cigarette. What do you suppose my staff think when they come in here and find a young lady smoking?"

Jinny sat down; she struck a light and puffed placidly.

"They think you're an old roué running around with fast young girls," she replied. "How much money have I?" she demanded abruptly.

"H'm. Thought up some new damn'-foolishness, eh? I guessed as much. Young lady, you've done your bit. No more soup kitchens this winter. No more gifts to charities. Damnation, it's going to be all I can do to rake together enough to pay your income tax."

"Mother and I were talking the other day," she said, as though not hearing his words. "She said it was positively unbelievable that, with everyone else suffering, our income was more than twice as large as it was when Father died."

"Huh. You both got sense enough to realize that, eh? Well, then, why haven't you sense enough to keep away from me, and not bother me with demands?"

BUT he set his tie a little straighter and glanced down at his cuffs. Old Fred Kelton was merely human after all, and praise and admiration were as pleasant to him as to the next man.

"Is Renssaler Place a good buy?" she asked.

"Aren't you satisfied with my investing?" he demanded.

She smiled meltingly on him. Fred Kelton was going to be a bit difficult today.

"Why haven't you ever married?" she asked. "I don't see how you've kept out of the women's clutches all these years. Not that the years can be very many, either. You're forty-five, aren't you?"

"I'm fifty-eight and you know it, you minx," he said. "And I never heard

(Continued on page 49)

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"Living on a lightship twenty miles out doesn't sound so hot to a young girl like you that's used to company and excitement, but—I love you, Katie"

Who is Sylvia?

"I LOVE you, Katie," said Captain Higgins in a monotone that masked a depth of feeling. "I've loved you since the first time you spoke to me."

Miss Katie Dowd laughed incredulously, wearily, in a gush of pure music threaded with discordant thought.

"So they all do, Captain—and propose to me, sight unseen. Talk of a bird in a gilded cage: you'd think I was a darned canary! It's the joke of the office, everywhere I work; while I'm talking to them, they think they're in love with me, but when they see me—"

Her liquid accents ceased, choked off by painful memories. The captain's blue eyes, intent on her lips, showed puzzlement. In these eyes, bright and alert, were all the life and expression of his lean and tanned face.

"I can take good care of you, Katie, and sure want to. I get a hundred and fifty a month and found as captain of the Shovelnose lightship off Fire Island, and a month's leave in the summertime. I know living on a lightship twenty miles out doesn't sound so hot to a young girl like you that's used to company and excitement, but—I love you, Katie."

THEY were seated on straw mats on the stoop of Mrs. Cash's select rooming-house in 124th Street, Manhattan; the time was eight o'clock of a Saturday evening in summer, daylight saving. Katie made herself smaller to let Miss Broad and her latest squire pass down the steps on their way to the Coney Island boat. Katie watched other enamored couples passing on the pavement, chattering and laughing and caressing, going to dance and frolic.

Other girls had many beaus, eager swains, gallant escorts; it was an achievement for Katie to have a single suitor, even one whose ardor did not prompt him beyond sitting with her on the home stoop for the last two hours of daylight; when darkness came the Captain would become abstracted, monosyllabic, detached, and would excuse himself abruptly. And yet no girl in all New York, she had excellent reason to believe, had been wooed as often as had Katie.

"It isn't the lightship, Captain. And it isn't you; sometimes I think that I like you well enough, although I've only been with you here, five or six times. The trouble is with me, Captain; I can't believe you really love me. You'd understand, if you knew what I've been through with men."

MRS. CASH'S select *mouser* emerged from the vestibule and coiled up at her feet; she bent over, shielding her face from Captain Higgins, and smoothed the animal's ragged fur. She would put the Captain to a test.

"I will meet you Monday afternoon at five o'clock in the Times Square drug store," she said, her face averted from his. "We'll take the iron steamboat from Pier One, down to Coney like other girls do; and after dinner and everything, we can get the last boat back that lands over here at 128th Street. I will be thinking it over, and I will give you an answer when we get back home. Times Square drug store, Captain, Monday at five!"

She straightened and looked into his face. "Do you think it'll be nice weather Monday night?"

"Not a doubt of it," he asserted with seamanlike prescience. "That easter has blown its stuffing out and it'll be clear for a week."

Katie picked up her mat and walked into the vestibule. The captain followed her.

"But, Katie! Won't you give me an answer?"

She freed her hand from his pleading grasp. "I will on Monday evening—here. Good night!"

Katie was the telephone operator in the Forty-second Street branch of a Stock Exchange house; on the following Monday morning she sat before the switchboard, headset banding her unruly brown hair, ministering with adept fingers, chanting to the board ritualistically.

Between the hours of nine and five, Katie's life was consecrated and she resented any recognition of her private personality. But she had a voice. What a voice! It was music and had music's mystic quality, speaking to many hearts at once and yet telling to each a strictly private story. It was as explicit as melody and told all about Katie. According to her voice, Katie was of precisely middle height, full yet elegant of figure, brown-haired, with large and softly brilliant hazel eyes, lips brightly painted by nature, northern pinks sheltering chastely in the silken olive of her cheeks; witty, tender, heroic, domestic, demure and merry. An extremely desirable girl was Katie—while the telephone company with drawn wire held her suitors rigidly at bay.

BUT some of them came in, and saw another Katie.

They came in every day; sauntering in, tottering in, waddling in, venturing in scaredly, halting like forest creatures between advance and retreat. They wanted to see the girl of the telephone, though they rarely said so; they scrutinized the board and pondered the jerky outgivings of the news ticker, but their ears were pricked and their eyes roved covertly.

Casey, Cohen's big wire business was a stock jest among the house. Most patrons of Casey, Cohen & Company's rooms came to woo Fortune and thought to find her dazzlingly fair, and most of these went eventually down the winding stairs to Forty-second Street with blighted hopes, haggard of look, appalled, or with cynical chuckle; with these disenchanted ones went the men who had come to gaze on the girl of their dreams and who had seen four-square and honest Katie.

Katie's feelings weren't hurt; she was used to it, used to the eager advance, the incredulous stare, even to the coughing laugh of low and mean men. She did not redden with embarrassment this Monday morning when the office manager invaded her cubbyhole behind the private rooms and said, with deprecating smile, "Miss Dowd, this is Mr. Parry. He wants to talk to you."

"Uh-huh," said preoccupied Katie. "Hello! Hel-lo!— Oh, yes; hello."

The third and denatured hello was for Mr. Parry, who was smiling down on her from above the board. He was smiling, not smirking or jeering; his expression said, as it politely should, that Miss Dowd was surpassing his fondest hopes. And Mr. Parry was tall, young, handsome and correct. He awaited the intervals in her employment.

"You spoke to me on the telephone this morning, Miss Dowd; and I came right over. I love your voice. Can you give me an hour or so, almost right away—and don't let me do too much of the talking? I've arranged it with Mr. Cohen, if you'll be good enough."

"What's the hour all about, Mr. Parry?"

"Let me develop that later. Let's see; it's nearly twelve. To rob Mr. Cohen as little as possible, could you have lunch with me?"

MANY men had courted Katie with their voices and disdained her with their eyes, but Mr. Parry was serious and friendly and deferential; she liked him. "I'll see if I can get my relief, Mr. Parry. Gra-cie! O. K., let's go."

They lunched in Blanc's on Forty-third Street, a huge and stately establishment. Mr. Parry asked Katie's opinion on the market, and listened to it with the closest attention, making her repeat at times to be sure that he had heard aright. Among her extra-office acquaintances Katie was a leading authority on the

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The story of a miracle of love that will astonish you less than it did the lovers

By Thomas McMorrow

market and was used to speaking *ex cathedra*. She was glad to tell Mr. Parry all about the market, for he was a nice man and was buying her a very nice lunch.

"You're a native New Yorker, of course, Miss Dowd?"

"Eighty-third Street, between First and A— About Sunbeam Biscuit, Mr. Parry—if you have much of that I'd sell on strength; watch for the bulges to lighten up. It don't act good under pressure, if you ask me."

"You have what Kipling called 'the irreproducible slid R of the New Yorker,'" said Parry with apparent irrelevance. "Your pronunciation of 'third' hits neatly between 'thayd' and 'thuhd'. Outlanders think the New Yorker says 'The foist time I ate ersters'; but what he says is—slow motion—'The fuh-ayst time I ate uh-aystis.' Or just about."

"Uh-huh," said Katie, pausing in her market news.

"Pardon my freedom; I'll explain later. Your voice is so lovely that you should take the greatest pride in your speech; and yet you said a while ago, 'I wouldn't buy those kind of stocks.' You meant 'that kind of stocks,' of course. I asked for this interview because I hoped to offer you work."

"You go about it very nicely, Mr. Parry, I must say: inviting me to lunch! Well, I'm not married to Casey, Cohen & Company, but I might as well tell you I'm getting twenty-two a week now, and you'd have to do better."

"We will, if you suit," smiled Mr. Parry. "We're paying the present incumbent sixty per week."

"Sixty—a week? Well, Mr. Parry, it's awfully nice of you but I'll have to have a look at that switchboard of yours before I give you an answer."

"Shall we have a look at once?" he accepted, bowing and moving to rise.

He hailed a cab before Blanc's and handed Katie in. They alighted at a new and gleaming forty-story building on Madison Avenue. They rode up to the nineteenth floor, disembarking in a crowded anteroom. Mr. Parry found Katie a chair and left her. When he returned he was accompanied by a tall and flamelike girl in whose thin and dark face intelligence showed like a bared nerve. "Go with Miss Baker, please, Miss Dowd," he requested. "I'll see you again in a few minutes."

Miss Baker and Katie took an elevator to the twenty-second floor, alighting in an extensive lounge where people reclined in leathern chairs as in the foyer of a smart hotel. "We have a minute before we can get Studio C, Miss Dowd," said Miss Baker, bringing out cigarettes. "Smoke? We can't smoke inside. Not a little nervous, eh? Been on the air before?"

"THE radio?" Katie frowned, puzzled.

"You don't tell me." said Miss Baker. She rounded her mouth and blew smoke. "You've worked on the stage though?"

"No, I was never on the stage!"

"Fred Parry," said Miss Baker, "is a perfect genius." She glanced at the electric clock on a pillar and pinched out her cigarette. "Let's try it on, dear. Here's hoping you slip the rollers under dear, darling Harold."

With Katie following her, she ascended a flight of steps in a narrow passage and peered through a glass panel in the door above. She pushed the door open and they were in a large and lofty room that was softly carpeted from wall to wall. It was scantily furnished; there was a double row of chairs beside a library table, and little else. A tall and elegant young man was speaking caressingly to a metal object of the size and proportions of a muskmelon; it hung in the air before his aristocratic face.

"Your announcer," he intoned, "is Harold Hargraves!"

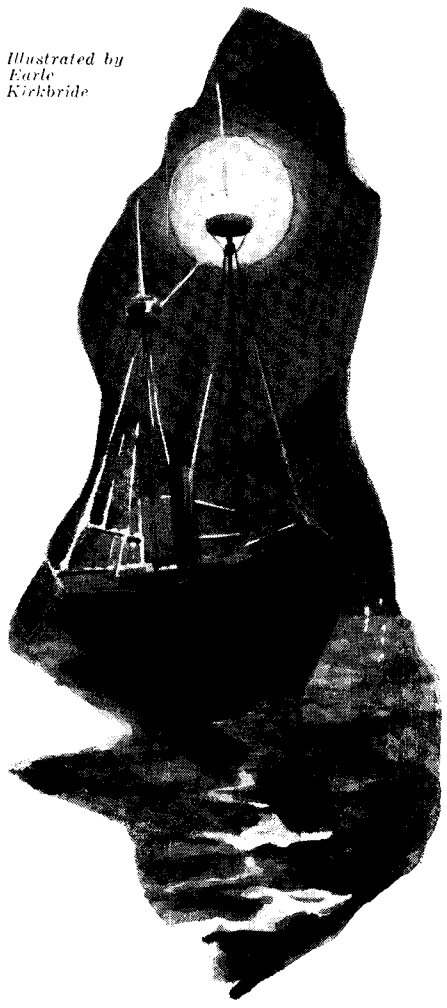
"Says you," murmured Miss Baker. "I just heard different. Hello, Harold." She turned and waved a thin hand at an interior window, beyond which was a small and brightly lit room where a man was sitting at a sort of switchboard that was strange to Katie. "Hey, Joe! Pipe this down to audition-eight. All set? Hello, Fred; Jean Baker, queen of the witching waves speaking—coming down all right? about to do a death-defying dive from one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, all announcers go to—heaven—all right. Fred?"

SHE put an arm about Katie and walked her forward until she was beneath the microphone. Katie glanced up at it without recognition.

"Mr. Parry wants you to try your voice, dear. Read this script to me. Start at the top and end at the bottom; that's a good way. But what's your name? Katie Dowd? Oh, no. How about Evangeline? No; that's out. Silvery—silvery—Sylvia! Your name is Sylvia, dear, and don't you forget it. Sylviah—mighty moniker of the air. The next voice you will hear, gentlemen in audition-eight, will be that of Sylvia, Syl-via—where's the script? Colonial Plug's voice of the air!"

And Katie read: "You have been listening to Colonial Plug's Happy Chewing Hour. Every Saturday evening at eight o'clock Colonial offers you its plug and invites you to bite off a half hour of pure joy. Only the cream of the crop is selected for Colonial; it is kind to the teeth, stimulating to the gums, purifying the breath and aids the digestion. It comes in three sizes—the Master Mechanic, the Collegiate and the Milady. Call your tobacconist now and have him reserve you a supply for the coming week. This is Sylvia speaking."

Illustrated by Earle Kirkbride



"Never mind the reading, if you know what I mean; it's only for the voice"

"An awful little jawful," murmured Miss Baker, going to answer the telephone; a light had flashed in a panel in the wall.

"They want to hear you breathe o'er Eden, Miss Dowd. Here's the latest rose song—you don't sing?—Fred, she can't sing. At least, she's not one of those who can't but do.— Read it, dear. This is important for you, if you're getting over downstairs; you can pick up quite a bit of change by doing bits in the acts themselves. Never mind the reading, if you know what I mean; it's only for the voice."

Katie read the latest larceny from the grand old masters:

The lark in my garden of roses
Sings when the morning first looms.
And sweet is the air in my garden,
Where the sun woos the rose till she blooms.
Sweet is the hour of gloaming,
When the day and the night softly meet.
But neither the flower, the bird nor the hour
Without you, my lover, is sweet."

"They want you downstairs, Miss Dowd," said Miss Baker, opening the door that shielded the telephone. "Let's go get the verdict. You were charming up here, but the radio is the very devil. I've known men to fool it, the hypocrites, but it's a perfect cynic with us poor girls."

AT TEN minutes to five that evening, Katie entered the Times Square drug store, joining a multitude of young women who were awaiting their swains and encouraging themselves meanwhile with final peeps into little mirrors and final dabs at their kiss-proof lips.

Katie had made appointments to meet gentlemen before, years before—before she understood and was resigned. She had made a dozen such appointments and had kept them—in Harlem, in Yorkville, in drug stores, in theater lobbies—holding a bouquet for a sign, wearing a distinguishing garment; she hadn't known her suitors, but there had been such conviction in their voices, such honesty and fair intent. She understood at last that the gentlemen had kept the appointments too, had paused, contemplated and turned stealthily away.

She was keeping her last appointment now, and she kept it with a singing heart, from ten minutes to five until six o'clock. And then the music grew low and sad, for cold doubt came and sat with Katie like a slug by the celebrated rose.

The captain hadn't come.

Her waiting became a vigil by dying hope. One by one her lovely companions had been picked and were gone.

Seven o'clock; eight o'clock. The theater crowds; the hurrying laggards. Hope was dead and cold.

At nine o'clock Katie left the drugstore and took the subway, northbound and alone. For a time there had been such love of life in her face, such anticipation, such a will to be kind, she had been almost pretty. She was not pretty now; she was a plain and dumpy girl who was ashamed. There were many unescorted women in the subway car, and some of them were much plainer than Katie; but they weren't ashamed. No reason why they should be; a girl should be proud to make her own way in the world, and look forward cheerfully to a life of honest effort without hanging onto some man. If she wants to meet men and also do some good, she can take tickets to charity affairs or go in for nursing. Suppose she does like children: aren't there always children who have the measles? Catch one of these man-crazy girls risking a dose of the measles to help out a friend.

KATIE was wicked to sit there with still face and let the tears work out. If she was out of a job, now— Well, she was out of a job, as a matter of fact. She had given Casey, Cohen & Company notice, but that was nothing to cry about.

She walked down 124th Street. There was Mrs. Cash's select rooming-house; and there was Captain Higgins, sitting on his mat on the high stoop whence all but him had fled to bed or the movies.

Katie ascended the stoop, like a grenadier mounting the breach—shoulders squared, teeth set, eyes straight ahead.

"Hello, Miss Dowd!" called the captain gladly, and his big brown hands went out and took hers. "I've been sitting here for three hours, and I was beginning—"

His hands were flung away. "Good night, Captain Higgins."

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Illustrated by Will Crawford

His practiced eyes, which knew danger when they saw it, surveyed the crowd for a few seconds

Bullet-Proof Brown

Caldwell was the worst town in Kansas until the day Hendry Brown, the two-gun reformer, rode in and pinned on a badge. But his clean-up methods were so effective that eventually he was left with nothing to do. And as usual, idle hands—

By Owen P. White

BACK in the year 1880 the self-respect of the town of Caldwell, Kansas, had sunk to a very, very low ebb. As headquarters for the boomers who were preparing to make the rush into Oklahoma, it had become, for the time being, the gaudiest town in the entire West. It had outgrown Dodge City; its saloons, dance halls and gambling houses did more business than those of Abilene, and yet the place was not at all satisfied with itself.

What it needed in order to complete its happiness was a bullet-proof marshal, one who could nightly walk in and out of its numerous haunts of hilarity, scatter lead as he traveled and leave behind him, for proper interment the next day, the remainders of various and sundry undesirable citizens.

When El Paso only the year before had felt the need of just such an evangelist, Dallas Stoudenmire, as if he had been rained down from heaven, had suddenly showed up, pinned on a badge and hitched his artillery slightly to the front. Within the next twenty-four hours—to say nothing at all of what he accomplished in the next twenty-four weeks—he had so purified the atmosphere of this writer's home town that we were privileged to attend three highly constructive funerals.

Wild Bill Hickok had rendered the same service for Abilene and Hays City, and, except when Mr. Clay Allison, who was a cripple and used a rifle for a crutch, appeared in Dodge City and shot that town up, Bat Masterson was pretty well able to sit on its lid.

The poor old town of Caldwell, however, simply could not secure the services of a peace officer who could endure the wear and tear of being continually shot at long enough to make his presence felt. Early in 1880 a marshal, whose incumbency in office was so brief that his name didn't have time to get into the records, was supplanted, the very day he himself was planted. His successor was a very tough but ambitious and industrious young man known as George Flapp.

There was just one thing the matter with George—he was so human that no sooner had he hung his star on his bosom, and thus clothed himself with authority, than he began to look upon it as his business to interfere with the innocent amusements of his fellow men. Three happy cowboys, for example, who after a month on the trail were naturally lusting for love and liquor, blew into town one night, landed in the Golden Wedding Dance Hall and, as a prelude to their evening's entertainment, began shooting the heels off the girls' slippers. George didn't like this. He said so with a sawed-off shotgun; the next day the three cowboys were laid gently to rest, and on the day following two more outstanding citizens, whose only offense was getting drunk and beating up a pair of faro dealers, were likewise buried.

In a Blaze of Glory

This was too much. Caldwell's leading saloon keepers, as well as its leading ladies, saw that if something wasn't done to restrain the new marshal he would ultimately destroy all their best customers—and something was done. A committee was appointed to wait upon George and file a complaint. It did. The complaint, in the form of a charge of buckshot, was lodged just where it would do the most good—that is, right between George's shoulder blades—and at once his deputy, a near bad-man named Frank Hunt, was elevated to his deceased chief's job.

Frank, however, didn't last as long as George had, but when he did go out he went in a blaze of glory. It happened at the Texas House, where a dance was

(Continued on page 47)

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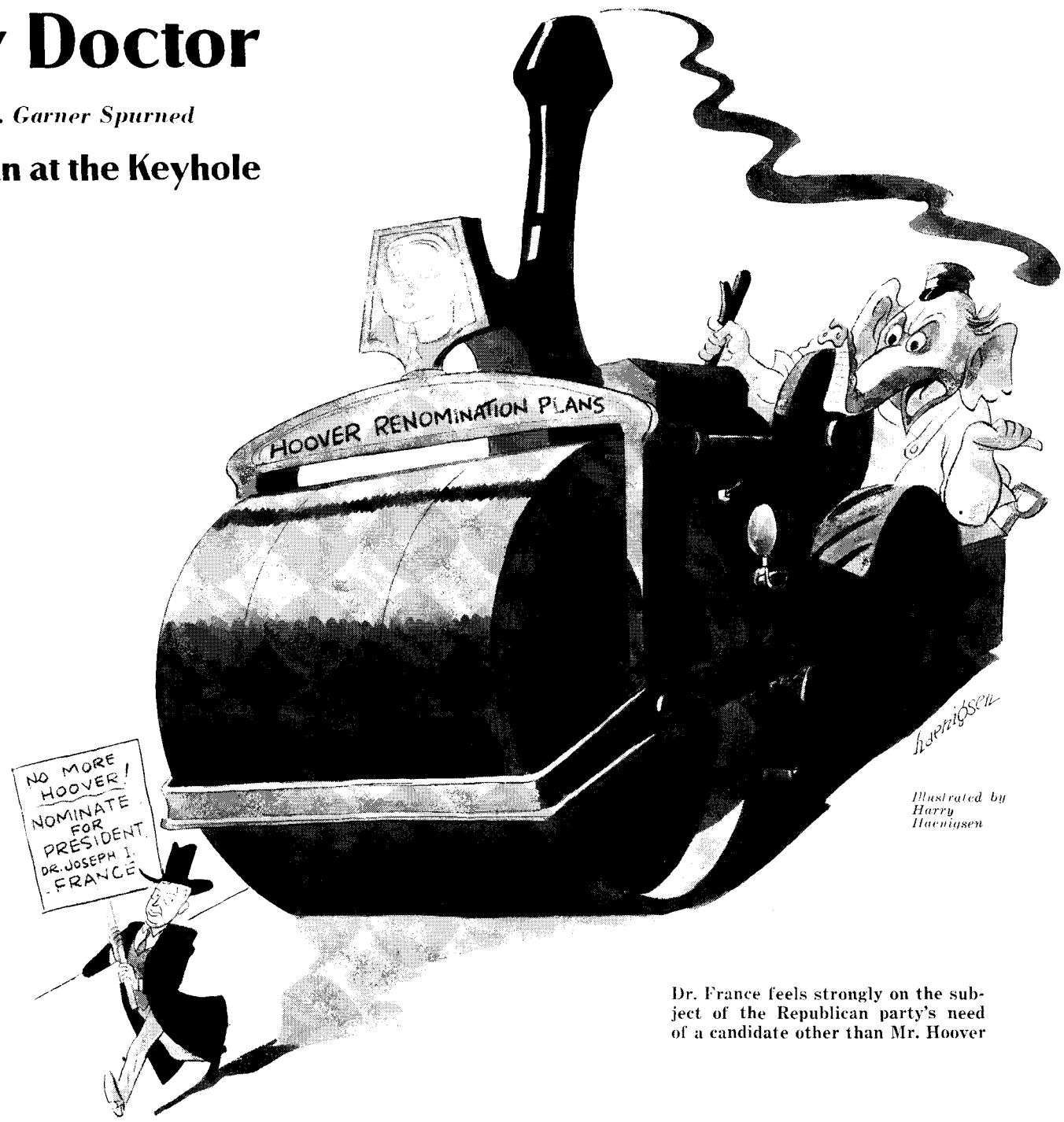
Country Doctor

and the Power Mr. Garner Spurned

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Dr. France feels strongly on the subject of the Republican party's need of a candidate other than Mr. Hoover

WELL, it looks as though Dr. Joseph I. France of Maryland is "it" in the game of running against President Hoover for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Nobody else seems to want to oppose Mr. Hoover's nomination.

The Republican state primaries are approaching and the wet Republicans haven't anyone to put into the field against the President. Equally, the Progressive Republicans hold back from making a fight upon him. In individual states a Progressive candidate may enter the lists, as Governor Pinchot in Pennsylvania, for example. But there will be no general Progressive candidate making a contest everywhere.

At this writing Senator Hiram Johnson of California acts as if he were considering throwing his hat in the ring, but I suspect that Uncle Hiram is thinking more of worrying Mr. Hoover by the suggestion that he may be a contender than he is of actually taking off his coat and entering the fray.

But there is no doubt of Dr. France—"Physician, Farmer, Statesman, Scientist, Business Man and Banker," as he is described in the pamphlet, For President, Dr. Joseph Irwin France of Maryland. Dr. France wasn't a bit slow about taking up the burden of saving the Republican party from another candidacy of President Hoover. In April, 1931, he filed in the Maryland primary for the nomination for the Presidency. And on July 11, 1931, he opened his campaign before an assemblage at his Mount Ararat Farm, Port Deposit, Maryland.

Dr. France feels strongly on the subject of the Republican party's need of another candidate than Mr. Hoover. His pamphlet says, "If every state in the Union today enjoyed a Presidential preference primary law, does any intelligent person believe that President Hoover would have a delegation from a single state advocating his renomination for the Presidency regardless of his past record in that office?"

Dr. France is a doughty person, as you see. He is no mere crank but, if college degrees mean anything, a rather highly cultivated person, for he is a graduate of Hamilton College, studied at the University of Leipzig and at Clark University, is a professor at the Jacob Tome Institute at Port Deposit, Maryland, a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and was a post-graduate student at the Johns Hopkins Medical School. And, incidentally, he was for one term a United States Senator from Maryland and before that a member of the state senate of Maryland.

Dr. France is a wet, and I suppose a Progressive. At any rate, he differs from the orthodox Republicans at many points. On the subject of prohibition he says, "The Eighteenth Amendment is not an alteration of the framework of the government, reallocating power, changing the method by which the sovereign will of the people may be exercised. It is an extinction of the people's sovereign power. It is the first step, by constitutional change, in the direction of the destruction of popular sovereignty."

President Hoover's opponent is strong for the people. He advocates "curbing the autocratic powers now being exercised by our present Chief Executive." He calls the present régime "administrative dictatorship," "Bolshevism at Washington." If elected President he won't veto any legislation "except upon constitutional grounds." He is for the "inalienable rights of self-sovereignty and liberty," against government ownership, against the League of Nations and the World Court, and for the collection of those billions that Europe owes us. He is thus an old-fashioned Democrat and an old-fashioned American and by implication everything that Mr. Hoover isn't.

And it wouldn't surprise me if this lone Don Quixote of politics should win the delegates of some Western Progressive states away from Mr. Hoover. I am reminded of a story about Magnus Johnson which I tell without any derogation to Dr. France. Someone was trying to persuade a farmer in Minnesota not to vote for Magnus by telling him how unfit Magnus was to be senator. "The worse he is the more I want to vote for him," said the farmer. Like all other Minnesota farmers, this man was mad and wanted the country to know it.

Now I think it is a fault of the Progressives that they have not the boldness of Dr. France and do not put their fate to the test in opposing Mr. Hoover. They remain a disorganized group in the Republican party subject to the disabilities of that party. They have let Mr. Hoover come forward with what appear to the country the only constructive measures for dealing with the depression. They insist on treating the symptoms while Mr. Hoover at least attempts to treat the disease, though probably the symptom unemployment requires more direct alleviation than Mr. Hoover is willing to concede.

John Speaks for Himself

When the Reconstruction Corporation bill was reported to the House by the banking and currency committee of that body, it contained a constitutional novelty, a proposal that the Speaker of the House should appoint two members of the board of that corporation. The story of this extraordinary plan is interesting as showing just what has to be done sometimes to forward legislation. While the bill was in the committee some of Speaker Garner's admirers thought it would be a fine idea to show their confidence in him as a Democrat and their lack of confidence in the President by having it provide for the appointment of two of the four members of the board by the Speaker.

Mr. Garner saw at once that this would put him before the country in the false position of trying to grasp power that properly belonged to the President. So he put his foot down firmly on the proposal.

But a little later the chairman of the committee, Mr. Steagall of Alabama, reported that there was considerable opposition to the bill in the committee and it could not be reported out without amendments. Some members of the committee were insisting on the provision for appointment by the Speaker. The need was for prompt action. So the Speaker agreed to let the extraordinary amendment go into the bill with the idea that it could be killed on the floor or at least in conference.

When the bill came out with the novel proposal in it even the Republicans treated it with great courtesy. They knew that the plan to have the Speaker appoint was put in merely to push on the passage of an act that a Republican President was in a hurry to get. Solemn arguments were made that the Supreme Court had ruled that the appointive power resided solely in the President. Since it was doubtful whether appointment by the Speaker was constitutional and since providing for it in the bill would lead to lawsuits which would tie up legislation needed immediately, wouldn't it be well, it was justly asked, to strike it out?

So ultimately John Garner was shorn of a power that he didn't want and knew he couldn't legally have, and the emergency measure was hurried forward to the White House.

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BY GENE TUNNEY

The heavyweight champion of the A. E. F. amounted to something in Paris. But home again, Gene Tunney looks hopelessly for work. Broke, his left arm in agony, he besieges managers and promoters. But Gene had a death-grip on his destiny. You who are discouraged—read this and buck up

A Man Must Fight

THAT conversation with McReynolds, concerning Dempsey, was held on a Rhine boat going from Coblenz to Cologne in the early part of May, 1919. It was not until that moment that I made the decision to take up professional boxing as a career, when I returned to the United States, and endeavor to win the highest honors. I knew it would be a long, hard road to climb. But others had done it, and I felt that anything possible for others would be possible for me.

I had deduced from McReynolds' description of Dempsey that Dempsey must be a big Jack Dillon. McReynolds said my understanding of Dempsey was about perfect. He was a big Jack Dillon.

I boxed exhibitions with Bob Martin on the Rhine trip. It was agony. My hand again was swollen to the size of a California ham. After giving about ten shows we returned to Paris to prepare for the inter-Allied games.

After considerable treatment of the sick paw, it showing little improvement, I decided not to go into the inter-Allied games. This caused considerable dismay among the officers and directors, but I had a plan now and I was not going to jeopardize it by doing anything I considered foolish. While living at Clignancourt barracks, outside the old Paris wall, with the boxers, wrestlers and other athletes who were going to take part in the inter-Allied games, I met many prominent athletes, some of whom have been my friends since.

Pat Ryan, the hammer thrower, was there. Pat advised me to drink four pints of Bass' ale a day to get big and strong. The track and field men were a great gang, frolicking always. The wrestlers and boxers were lodged together. They followed the same diet, trained in the same Paris gymnasium and thought in the same way. I met Eddie Egan there; he was an exception.

Eddie later became a prominent Yale boxer, winning the intercollegiate, the national American amateur heavyweight championship, the British intercollegiate and amateur light-heavyweight and heavyweight championships, and the Olympic light-heavyweight championship in 1920 and 1924. At this time at the "Stade Pershing" he won the inter-Allied middleweight championship. Eddie and I became intimate friends during our two months at Clignancourt. When we took leave of each other in July, 1919, Eddie said to me, "Gene, when you get back home why don't you come to Yale with me?"

"Eddie," I replied, "I won't have any time for Yale. I am going to win the heavyweight championship of the world."

Dempsey had won the championship at Toledo some ten days before. It is amusing now to hear Eddie tell the story and what his reactions were when I made that remark in a matter-of-fact way. Eddie had been a great admirer of Jack Dempsey from Jack's early Colorado days.

After waiting around Quantico thirty days for my service record to come from France, I was finally discharged and given the bonus of $60—and how I needed that $60! There was a suit to be gotten. Much to my surprise the suit I bought in New York cost me $40. "Before I left for service the same suit would have cost about $15," I observed to the salesman. It was necessary to get a hat and a pair of civilian shoes. When these purchases were made I was again flat.

Joe Humphreys, the brass-lunged artist whose announcing act is part of every big Garden show

Post-War Disappointments

When I returned to Greenwich Village it somehow did not seem to have the old "folksy" atmosphere. Though many of my former companions were back from war and the physical appearance of the Village had been unaltered there was something vital missing. There was a strangeness about everything. Adjustments were necessary but I did not know where.

After about a month of roaming the neighborhood renewing old acquaintances and visiting old friends, I decided I must do something about my career. I had to find a gymnasium in which to train. I must find some fellows with whom to spar. But first of all, I must get a gymnasium outfit—shoes, trunks, sweater, gloves, punching bag, skipping rope, etc. All this cost money. I had none. It was all right to live at home with my people and take the price of a theater ticket from my mother now and then, but I could not get up the nerve to ask her to advance me enough money to buy myself a training outfit.

Moreover, at this period my mother was very insistent upon my going into some kind of industry and following a legitimate business career, as she put it. I did not disclose my plan to Mother.

Eventually Sammy Kelly, a former featherweight boxer from Greenwich Village, one of the Terry McGovern school, then associated with Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants, sent for me. Sammy heard about my achievements in France from a mutual friend. Being interested, he sent this friend, Jack Clancy, to ask me to come up to Saratoga and have a talk about my plans for a career. I had never met Kelly and upon inquiry heard he was a fine sportsman and great judge of boxers.

I proceeded to Saratoga. Sammy took me out to Tom Luther's, where Frank Moran, owner of the celebrated "Mary Ann," trained for his important matches. I had dinner at Luther's and talked with "Uncle Tom," who was anxious to have me set up training quarters there. I did not disclose to Luther why I could not use his camp at that time. I was fascinated by the beauty of the place. I hoped some day to be able to afford such training quarters.

While talking with Kelly and becoming very enthusiastic about future prospects I naïvely told Sam of my plan. A half hour later, as we were standing against the bar in Tom Luther's White Sulphur Springs Hotel, Sammy, upon introducing me to a race-horse owner, said, "This is the young soldier who says he is going to lick Jack Dempsey." This man, whose name I do not recall, looked benignly at me and presently said, "Well, son, you have picked for yourself about the toughest job I know of." I was somewhat embarrassed and deeply regretted having revealed my ambition to Kelly.

As the original layout for our new partnership, Kelly advanced me $100 with which I was to purchase a training outfit. I thought $20 would be sufficient and asked him to give me that instead. He refused to consider a recapitalization, saying that any fighter of his must have an outfit costing at least $100. I bought a ticket back to New York and pinned the change of the hundred-dollar bill in the watch pocket of my trousers.

The day after returning to New York I went to a sporting-goods house and purchased what I thought was the necessary outfit for a boxer of my new standing.

Now that I had the training clothes the problem left was to find a gymnasium. I had heard of Grupp's and Stillman's, but not knowing anyone in either place I felt rather backward about going. Several days later, the Saratoga racing season closing, Sammy Kelly arrived in New York and, upon learning of my inability to locate a gymnasium, called up Jack Denning, who was boxing instructor at the City Athletic Club on West Fifty-fourth Street, to inquire whether it would be possible for me to come over and spar a little with him at the club. Denning generously extended an invitation to me after he had ascertained from the chairman of the club's athletic committee that it would be all right. This permission was necessary because it was a private club. Jack Denning had been a very clever middleweight several years earlier and had, on one occasion, defeated Mike Gibbons.

Presently Denning discovered he was unable to give me a workout and give instruction to the club members. He, therefore, brought over to the gymnasium a heavyweight who, though he had several important victories to his credit among the leading heavyweights, was somewhat of an in-and-outer due to his methods of training.

The Urge for Action

This heavyweight, Bartley Madden, and I worked together for several months. I was doubly fortunate in being given permission to train at the City A. C., for it was my good luck to make the friendship of a man who later was of immeasurable help as I came up through the ranks. One day after a three-round match with Madden I was introduced to Bernard F. Gimbel by Jack Denning. Mr. Gimbel, commenting favorably upon my style, said he would be at the gymnasium earlier the next day to have a little sparring match with me and point out what he thought were flaws in my technique.

I later found Bernard Gimbel to be as good a judge of boxing and boxers as anyone I have met in or out of the profession. During the next several months his advice and pointers smoothed out many of the rough edges of my style. Moreover, I had gotten into very good condition. Though I was not hungry during these months, I had no money. I was what could be termed a very poor young man.

I wanted to fight. I felt in shape. I expressed the desire to Sammy Kelly several times. Sammy made inquiries, but as there was no boxing in New York State at that time Sammy found it most difficult to place me. I was impatient. I wanted action. To appease me Sammy offered me money in advance. As he had already advanced $100, it did not seem wise to me to increase the partnership indebtedness. I refused any proffer but insisted on his procuring me a match.

A Change of Managers

Eventually, Charles A. Stoneham came to Sammy's rescue by sending him to Havana to represent him in a business venture of some kind. When Sammy left for Havana I was worried, not particularly about prospects of the future but because I owed him $100 and could think of no way of repaying him. I told him that since he would be away several months I thought it wise to allow some manager to take care of me in his absence. He mentioned Charley Harvey as a good representative and manager. I did not know Harvey. I told him I would rather have Billy Roche.

I was anxious to have Billy because he had seen me in all my important matches in France and believed in my destiny almost as sincerely as I. Billy agreed to handle me in the absence of Sammy Kelly, and accepted the same terms that existed between Kelly and me,

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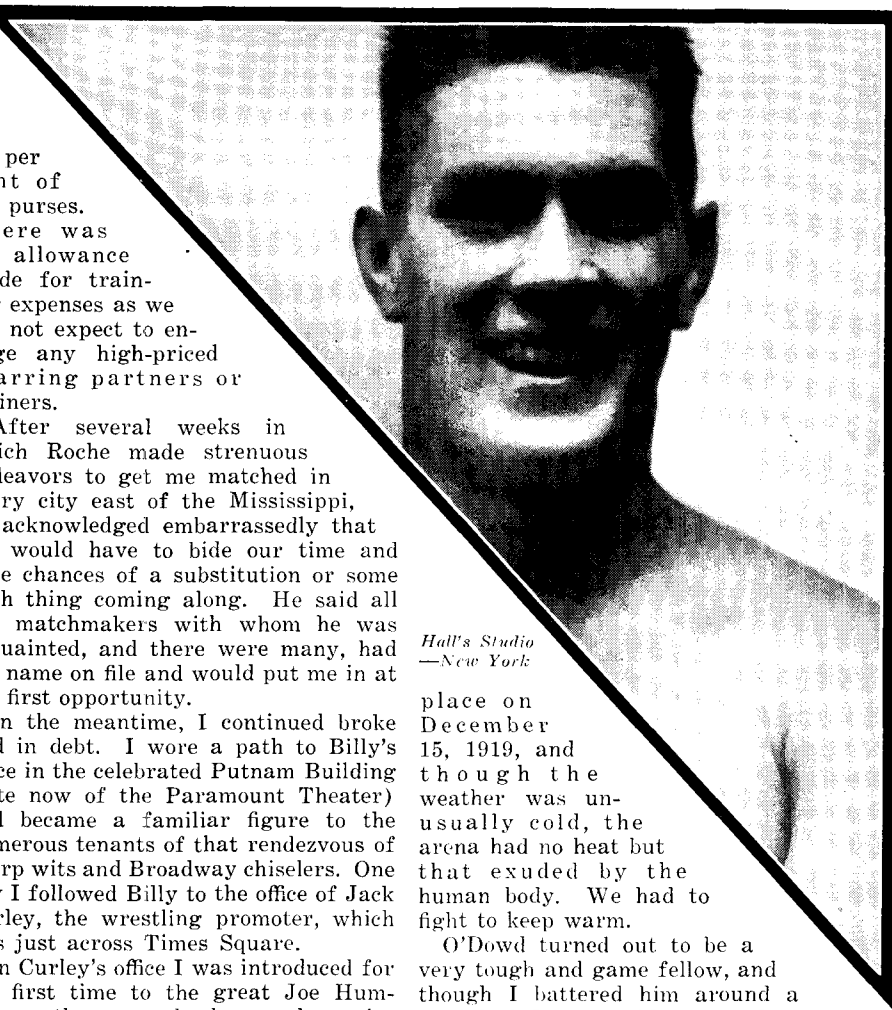

Hall's Studio —New York

International Newsreel

International News

Above, Tunney in 1920, the young champion of the A. E. F. Right, with Dan O'Dowd before their fight in 1923. Below, Billy Roche, who managed Tunney after his discharge from the service

25 per cent of all purses. There was no allowance made for training expenses as we did not expect to engage any high-priced sparring partners or trainers.

After several weeks in which Roche made strenuous endeavors to get me matched in every city east of the Mississippi, he acknowledged embarrassedly that we would have to bide our time and take chances of a substitution or some such thing coming along. He said all the matchmakers with whom he was acquainted, and there were many, had my name on file and would put me in at the first opportunity.

In the meantime, I continued broke and in debt. I wore a path to Billy's office in the celebrated Putnam Building (site now of the Paramount Theater) and became a familiar figure to the numerous tenants of that rendezvous of sharp wits and Broadway chiselers. One day I followed Billy to the office of Jack Curley, the wrestling promoter, which was just across Times Square.

In Curley's office I was introduced for the first time to the great Joe Humphreys, the man who has made an institution of his powerful lungs and made prize-fight announcing an art, of which he is the old master. After talking with Joe for a few minutes and acquainting him with our difficulty he said, "I am going down to announce a fight between light-heavyweights at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, tonight. Why don't you come down with me and challenge the winner? You are a likely looking young fellow and the promoters will probably give you a match. I will do whatever I can."

A Fight—at Last

Billy Roche and I went down on the Jersey Central with Joe, hopeful that between my reputation as the A. E. F. light-heavyweight champion and Joe's good offices we could procure a match at the club for some later date. Joe, generous soul that he is, paid the railroad fares down and back. He duly introduced me, and in his challenge to the winner I am afraid waxed too eloquent. The winner, Eddie Josephs of Staten Island, would have no part of me. At the conclusion of the match, his brother-manager made that plain to promoter McNulty and me in no uncertain terms.

Though the trip home was full of mirth and laughter because of Joe's wit and stories, my heart was heavy, for another chance had fizzled. However, I continued training, still hoping. And then one day, after I had gotten in touch with the chief clerk of the Ocean Steamship Company and made a disguised inquiry as to the possibility of getting back my old job of rate clerk (there was none), Billy Roche telephoned my home and said he had matched me to fight Dan O'Dowd, of Boston.

O'Dowd a week before had fought an eight-round no-decision battle with Billy Brennan, then a leading contender for the heavyweight championship. The fight was to take place at the Bayonne A. A., of which Charley Doesserick was the promoter. Again good old Charley came to my rescue, as he had done in 1917. The Bayonne A. A. was located in a summer resort amusement park in Bayonne, New Jersey. The match took place on December 15, 1919, and though the weather was unusually cold, the arena had no heat but that exuded by the human body. We had to fight to keep warm.

O'Dowd turned out to be a very tough and game fellow, and though I battered him around a good deal, I was unable even to knock him down. My remuneration for this match was $201—25 per cent of the gate receipts. Billy took the agreed stipulation. I netted $150.75. Let me say right here that no money in the hands of anyone, no matter how great or how small the sum may have been, was magnified to the extent that that $150.75 was in my eyes. I felt like the governor of the Bank of England.

I took my earnings home. They were in one, two and five dollar bills, with few fives and many ones. The next morning, coming down for breakfast, I brought with me my little bag containing the purse. I dumped it on the table of the dining-room and my mother, seeing this heap of bills, said as fervently as any prayer she ever uttered, "God bless and spare the hands that can make so much money in one night."

Several days later, however, she was admonishing me again about getting into a gentlemanly business career.

This O'Dowd match established me somewhat. A few days later Dave Driscoll, matchmaker for a club holding fights in the Jersey City armory, called Billy Roche and asked him if he would take a guaranty of $200 for me to box Bob Pierce of Chicago on December 29, 1919. Billy accepted immediately.

It is astonishing what a change in psychology a feeling of security from immediate want brings. The one match with Dan O'Dowd lifted me from the dumps and all I could see ahead was the sunshine of success. I quickly disposed of Bob Pierce, knocking him down several times and finally out in the second round. This match brought me for the first time to the notice of the boxing experts of the metropolitan papers.

The criticisms of my fight with Pierce were favorable. One writer said, "Here is a young heavyweight with some class. He will do."

Doesserick, being satisfied with the showing I made on my first attempt at his club, signed me for another fight to take place three days after the Pierce fight at the matinee show on New Year's Day, 1920. He procured Whitey Allen as my opponent. Allen came from the Bronx and had conducted himself fairly well in the many contests that he had engaged in for several years previous to this match.

While I had never seen Whitey Allen, everybody told me I must be careful of his right hand. I began thinking of this fellow's terrific right-hand punch and fretting about it. I would like to mention here that I worried more about this, which seems one of the most unimportant matches of my career, than I ever worried before or since.

New Year's Day being one of the holy days of the Catholic Church, I went to hear Mass. During the services, instead of concentrating on the sacrifice of the Mass, my imagination had me visualizing myself prone on the canvas after having been hit by Whitey Allen's right-hand punch. I could not obliterate this mental picture. It stayed with me all morning and up to the time I left home to go to the club.

Faithful Eddie O'Brien called to pick me up and accompany me to the fight. I asked him to take my bag and please go ahead—I would follow. Eddie looked at me in bewilderment, but followed my wishes without questioning. I wanted to be alone a while to try to figure out why I was worrying. Though I was able to overcome most of the fear during the hour's ride to the club in Bayonne, I still went into the ring with a very healthy respect for Mr. Allen's right hand.

When we got to the center of the ring Allen's manager, Moore, a very capable fellow, said to the referee, "We will shake hands now and come out fighting." This was new to me. In the A. E. F. matches we always walked to the center of the ring with our hands extended in the gesture of a shake.

I left my corner rather cautiously and as soon as I got within hitting distance, Allen threw a furious straight right at my jaw. Seeing it come, I dropped my head under it and at the same time whipped up a short left uppercut to his mid-riff. Then I understood Moore's strategy. Moore realized I was young, inexperienced and used to the Army regulations. He believed his plan of having Allen rush out and throw all his weight into his best punch would catch me unaware and probably knock me out.

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When we broke from the clinch, Allen whipped another right over and I used the same method as in the previous attack. This seemed to be his only method of offense, for he continued leading with his right. I continued slipping under and putting into his stomach the left uppercut that grew more vicious with each delivery. At the end of the round I had not been hit. He had a welt around his solar plexus the size of a football and as red as a beet. It showed in relief because of his pale skin.

He came out for the second round with a rush, intent on the kill. He feinted this time with the straight right and as I started to drop my head he turned it into a right uppercut. I saw his plan and stepped back. As his right hand swished up toward the lights over the ring, I countered with my own right, the first I had let go during the match. He sprawled on the canvas. I realized that the instructions Moore had given him when he went back to his corner after missing all those long straight rights were to feint with the straight right and, as I ducked, to switch it into an uppercut and tear my head off. A cog slipped. My head was not there. Allen was counted out.

Mental Training

The experience I got from the incidents leading up to the Allen fight and the fight itself was invaluable. I made the observation then that the fight that caused me the most worry of any up to that point of my career was the one that turned out to be the easiest. I observed that worrying before a match was unwise. Aside from the devitalizing effect that worry has on the mind and body, which should be sufficient reason to avoid it, it is a stupid waste of time.

I decided for the future that no matter how uncertain the outcome of a match might seem I would shut the doors of the mind to the possibility of defeat. This process of mental training I started the moment Whitey Allen was counted out. It took considerable application and concentration to develop mental discipline to the stage that enabled me to go into the ring smiling and free from worry or fear against Jack Dempsey for the world's heavyweight championship at the Sesquicentennial celebration in Philadelphia six years later.

Following the Allen match I became somewhat of an attraction around New York and during the spring and summer of 1920 I had nine contests, all of which I won by the knockout route. The most important from a professional point of view was the knockout of Al Roberts in eight rounds in the Newark armory on February 2d.

It is interesting to note here that one of these matches which, in the records, seems of the least importance, was probably one of the greatest performances of my career. It was a return match with my old A. E. F. opponent, K. O. Sullivan, at the Newark armory.

I have mentioned my fight with K. O. Sullivan in the A. E. F. tournament in an earlier chapter. I would like to recall to the reader's mind what I said was the proper way to fight a southpaw, in my opinion. When the fight started I followed that plan of trying to bring Sullivan's left hand out. I gave him several feints and he backed across the ring into a corner. The lights above the ring were really very poor. This is not offered as an alibi for being hit. At any rate, when Sullivan was backed against the ropes and could retreat no farther he unleashed a terrific left swing—just the thing I had been feinting him to start.

Waiting for it, I failed to see it. It struck me square on the right point of the chin. It brushed off a half inch of skin and beard. It knocked me completely around and hurled me against the ropes. I was terribly dazed. It was one of the hardest blows I had received up to that time.

The Ruse that Failed

Sullivan, realizing my condition, hurled another wild swinging left which I half blocked with my glove and cheek bone. We clinched. Slim Brennan, the referee, broke us. When we broke I was still against the ropes. Sullivan started another wild swing. I pulled outside of it. We clinched again. Brennan broke us. I was still dazed but realized that I must get away from the ropes. I slowly maneuvered out toward the center of the ring. Unguardedly Sullivan followed. Again the left hand was swung with violent effort. This time, instead of pulling outside, I slipped inside and let it whiz around the back of my head. Had I not been in sound health, I would undoubtedly have gotten a cold from its breeze. We clinched for a moment. My head was perfectly clear when Brennan stepped between us.

Sullivan, discovering that he was losing his "kill," became cool and cautious. He realized he must shorten his swings. Putting both hands before his face he shuffled in until he got within hitting distance. I was waiting. As he pulled his left hand down from his face to swing it at my jaw, I shot out from my chest a straight right hand that did not travel more than nine inches. It landed right between his eyes. It turned him completely around. With his back toward me he dived head-first into the canvas. There he lay face down until he was carried to his corner. He reached his corner just one minute and a half after the contest had started.

It is pertinent to remark here that one omniscient expert who reported the fight said, "Sullivan, the set-up, takes dive in first round to Tunney."

This experience proved the necessity of always remaining calm, no matter what the crisis. By remaining calm and biding my time, I turned sure defeat into victory. It also proved to me that when in danger I was capable of hitting hardest. This was later demonstrated in the seventh round of the Dempsey fight in Chicago, which I will describe in detail later.

In the early spring of 1920, Sammy Kelly returned from Havana and, finding that I had become fairly well established, naturally wanted to resume his managerial interests in me. I did not think this quite fair to Billy Roche, and on telling him so, Sammy agreed to become jointly interested with Billy Roche in the management of my affairs. I thought this a very fair proposition and took it to Billy. Much to my surprise, Billy turned it down, saying that he would not share in the management of a fighter with anyone.

He said, "Gene, I do not do things that way. I either take full charge of the managerial affairs of the fighter or not at all. I understand your agreement with Kelly; you must go back with him. I expect to go into a partnership with a friend and open a theatrical booking agency; this will keep me busier than I want to be. Good luck to you!" Billy and I have been the warmest friends since.

Shortly after Sammy again took up the job of managing my pugilistic affairs, I realized he had too many other interests properly to look after me. He had many irons in the fire besides his steady employment with Charles A. Stoneham & Company and his racetrack interests. We talked the thing over and, upon showing Sammy that his many important interests would conflict with his duty toward me, he agreed to turn me over to whatever manager I named.

"Well, what's good today?" *Robert Day*

Manager Trouble

Upon leaving him I thought over the various managers I knew, and would have decided on Frank "Doc" Bagley immediately, had I not remembered the incident of his demonstration of patriotism when he agreed to change his cut from 33⅓ to 25 per cent the night I left for service and, incidentally, kept the $2.50. As a matter of fact there would have been no hesitancy whatever about my going back with Bagley on my return from France had I been able to forget this incident. I undoubtedly would have been saved many unhappy moments while looking for a fight during those first few months after my discharge had I done so.

However, I had watched Bagley in the meantime, and believed he was competent and accordingly made excuses for his exhibition of "patriotism." I believed Bagley to be the outstanding manager of my acquaintance. I had a personal liking for him, and decided to go up to Harlem to see him. Upon stating my case, Bagley expressed his willingness to handle my affairs for twenty-five per cent. A verbal agreement was entered into.

The following day Sammy Kelly called me on the telephone to tell me he had reconsidered the matter and would like me to go along with him under the old agreement, which had been verbal. I informed him of the new agreement entered into with Bagley, and said I did not believe I could do anything about it as my word had been given. Kelly engaged Charles A. Stoneham's lawyer, who sent me a letter threatening me with action for breach of contract.

This made me quite angry and unfortunately I wrote Sammy a rather sharp letter. I heard no more from the lawyer. Sammy developed an imaginary grievance. I do not believe he ever forgave me. Despite our misunderstanding, I always had great affection for Sammy Kelly and admired and respected him.

"Doc" Bagley got busy immediately and in a month's time I had engaged in three matches. Things went along very well until my hands began to crack up. The old damage to the middle knuckle of my right hand, that I had received in France, recurred. I was entering matches now with a terrific handicap; my punch was leaving me; I was no longer able to hit with reckless abandon; I had to think of my hands and cautiously pick my spots. Many of my admirers began to lose confidence in me. The boxing writers were commenting on my reversal of form.

Gene, the Lumberjack

Finally, in a contest against Leo Houck in the Jersey City armory, in addition to increasing the injury to my right hand, I broke my left thumb as Houck blocked with an elbow a blow aimed at his body. Here I was in the fourth round of a ten-round bout, with both hands practically useless. By luck I happened to hit Houck on the temple with my right, putting him down for a nine count in the ninth round. I could not use either hand after this. In the tenth round of that match, I realized that I had gone away back in fighting form. I knew the cause. I had a clear demonstration of the old axiom, "A fighter is as good as his hands." I determined to get out of boxing altogether until my hands got back into shape.

I had been considering going to a lumber camp. Now I was determined to do so.

I left the ring amidst the jeers and hoots of the spectators, depressed about my showing, but determined never to fight again until I was fit. When my fractured hand permitted I left for Algonquin Park, Ontario, to join a lumber company there. I tramped through the woods, swung an ax, ate the food cooked over an open fire, and did exactly what each member of the camp was required to do. We got up at five o'clock every morning, had breakfast, awaited dawn. Then out on the snowy trail we went with axes and saws so that we would be at our job when there was sufficient daylight to cut timber. I remained at this camp until it broke up in the spring.

Upon returning to New York, I was convinced that my hands had not had sufficient work, so by arrangement through a friend I went up to Poland Springs, Maine, to work as a laborer. I remained here until the latter part of June, 1921.

Jim Bryan, who was instrumental in my going up to Poland Springs, was one of the soldiers whom I had met in

(Continued on page 56)

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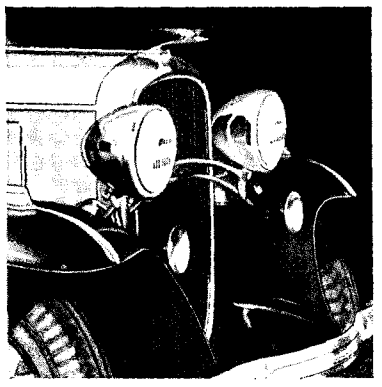

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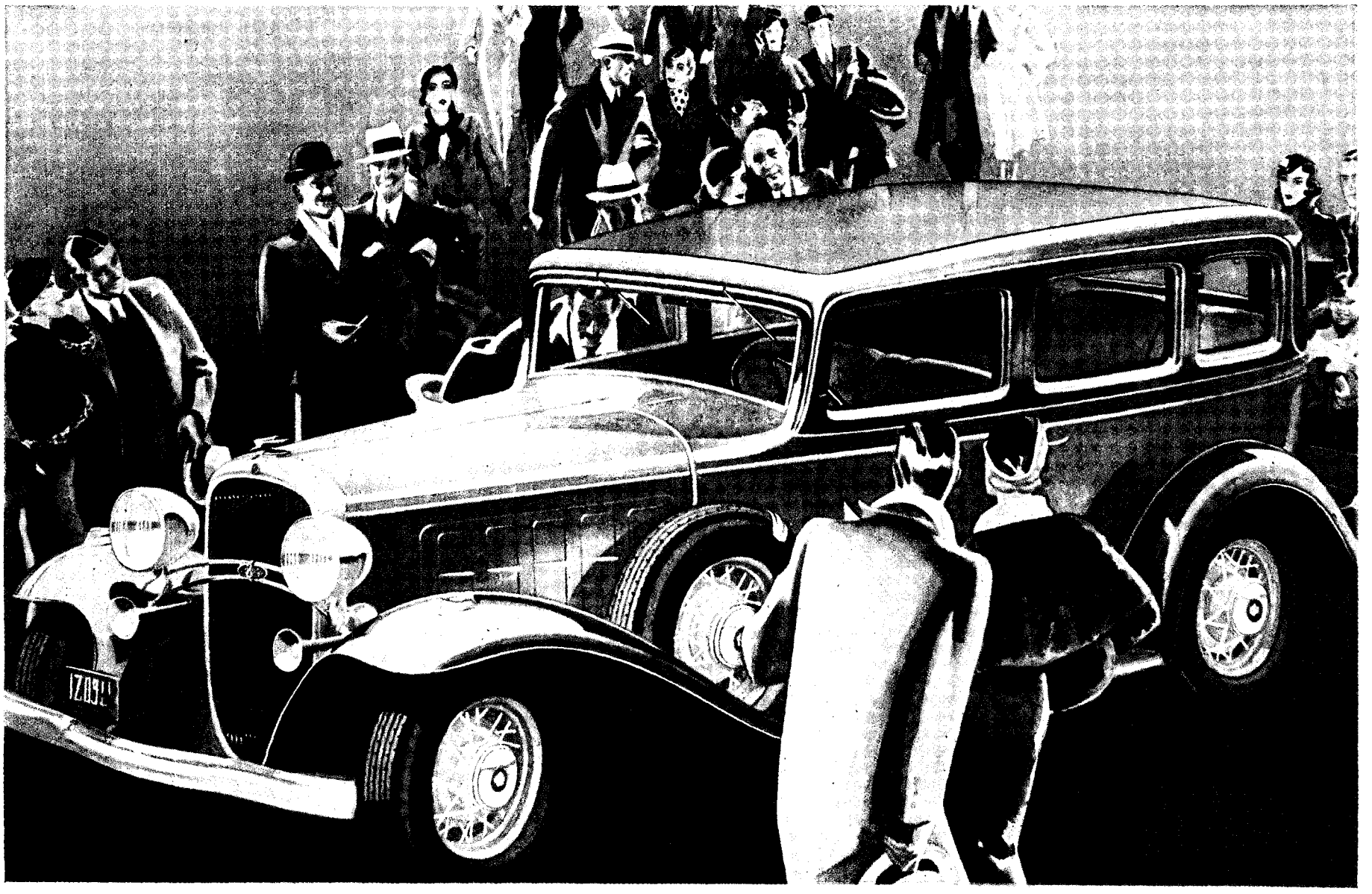

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Cape Horn the sinister—terror of every mariner. That's where Captain Prideau found himself—

With Breakers Ahead

By S.B.H.Hurst

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

IT WAS nearing seven bells in the morning watch and the gray winter day had broken, wanly lighting the mile-long seas, the white-streaked sepia valleys, a scene of storm.

The barque Kenyon, head reaching under a goose-winged main lower topsail, was toiling gallantly, and drifting a mile or so an hour to leeward but never an inch ahead. On her poop, under the weather cloth in the mizzen rigging, a weary boy of nineteen, the second mate, stared across the dismal waters and longed for eight bells, breakfast and, if luck held and all hands were not called, three hours or so in his bunk.

The smoke from the galley chimney drifted brokenly aft. The man at the wheel was beating his mittened hands against his chest to warm them. The helm was hard down and therefore he had nothing to do but stand on the grating and freeze. The remainder of the watch were avoiding the heavy seas that continuously swept the Kenyon by standing under the forecastle head. The rigging, masts and yards were thick with ice, for the barque had been six weeks trying to beat around Cape Horn, against a continuous gale with snow squalls, in zero weather.

The second mate looked mechanically to windward, at the great sullen seas ravening down upon the Kenyon; then he crouched to leeward of the protecting weather cloth again.

Suddenly the companionway cover slid back, and the Old Man put out his head. He had been up and down ever since four o'clock. In his mouth was a short and ancient pipe. The second mate looked at it uneasily. It was more than a year since he had seen that pipe in the captain's mouth. He never smoked unless danger threatened his ship. As all the seven seas knew! For Captain Prideau was past seventy and a living tradition to the world of ships.

The second mate let go the rail and, watching his chance, slid down to the companionway. The deck of the laboring Kenyon was as difficult to walk upon as the back of an animal in pain.

"Everything's the same, sir," reported the second mate. "Nothing in sight!"

The Old Man nodded. He puffed slowly on his pipe. Then he climbed out of the companionway and with the second mate sought the poor shelter of the weather cloth. The wind howled about them. The Old Man raised his voice to that penetrating half-shout old sailing-ship sailors acquired.

"We've drifted an awful lot, mister! Not a sight of the sun for a month, and, of course, no soundings. . . . And now—us on the port tack and the wind due west, and Cape Horn somewhere to leeward! What do *you* think, mister?"

All his life Captain Prideau had made confidants of his officers, whatever their age.

"I was wondering, sir," the boy answered.

"I've doubled the Horn fifty times," the Old Man nodded gravely. "And that means I've sailed past it a hundred times. And I never sighted it once in all those years. . . . That's something of a record, I take it! Always managed to keep well away from the land, with miles of sea room to spare. . . . But this is my longest spell without a sight of the sun!" He looked at the boy paternally. "I am not certain where we are!"

WHIRLS of cloud were coming down the screaming wind. They looked like patches of dirty grease suddenly endowed with life and gone mad. . . . More snow! More snow, and Cape Horn somewhere to leeward! Perhaps, in that low visibility, but a scant few miles away. Cape Horn, a dead lee shore. That bleak, barren, uninhabited coast of death. . . . The second mate shivered. Then, ashamed, he began to beat his arms across his chest.

"It's all right, mister," said the Old Man. "I'm nervous myself!"

The boy smiled gamely.

"I'm thinking, as no doubt you guess, of wearing," went on the Old Man. "Looks like I've no option."

"Yes, sir," said the second mate. "That's what I was wondering."

Captain Prideau nodded. And for a moment the old man and the young man visualized silently the toil and danger of that job of "wearing." It meant the acme of careful and dangerous seamanship, and a good deal of trusting to the gods of the chances. In that gale the barque could not tack, yet it was essential she be put on the other tack to save her going ashore on the rocks of Cape Horn, to save her being wrecked with, no doubt, the loss of all hands in a horrible death.

Wearing meant going about by running off before the wind, after setting more sail to help her in the trough of the sea. That sail might, likely would, blow away; in which event the barque might swamp. Another danger was that when before the wind she might run head-on on the rocks, which might be three miles away or ten. It takes a lot of room to wear a ship in such a storm. During the maneuver the decks would be full of water. Some, if not many, of the sailors would be hurt.

And then he heard! . . . A sound like the roar of heavy guns

"I WISH I knew where we are," said the captain.

The boy did not speak. The snow whirled blindingly in the voice of the wind. The Old Man closed his eyes against it. He was staring down the vista of the years, culling from his experience of them that intuition which men call judgment. Either to wear ship or to take the chance of standing on. After all, the barque might be to the eastward of the Horn, with plenty of sea room to leeward. . . . To wear was an awful job, and an awful risk. Why not stand on?

He opened his eyes and looked. The snow was so thick he could not see the mainmast from where he stood. Suddenly he spoke with vast decision:

"Call all hands, mister! Wear ship. The foresail's reefed. Send two of your men aloft to loose it, ready to set when the mate's watch gets on deck. It's seven bells, so they are out of their bunks by now. Send another man to the wheel—we'll need two good men when she gets before it. . . . Main brace to the capstan. . . . All hands. . . . Hurry now! I'll call the mate myself!"

THE boy hurried. He slid and scrambled along the lee side of the main deck, the heaving Kenyon apparently doing her best to kill him. The watch below had just been called for breakfast. At the main hatch the ship gave a sickening lurch and dashed the boy against the spare spar. He swore at the pain and went on, reaching the galley at the deckhouse amidships.

"No breakfast yet, doctor," he panted, using the ancient title for ships' cooks. "All hands wear ship. We need you, too!"

Then he was at the forecastle door, shouting:

"All hands wear ship! Look lively, men!"

He had a moment's glimpse of the dark forecastle, the men sitting on the edges of their bunks, the clothes and oilskins swishing to and fro on their hooks on the bulkhead as the barque rolled, and amid the inevitable growling an old sailor:

"I knowed it! Blast it, the land's dead to leeward. A merry bloody mess of a job wearing in this sea; and if we don't swamp, the bones of us will be decorating the flanks of old Cape Stiff! Now, why in . . ."

"Dry up, ye old Jonah!" interrupted a younger man. . . .

The second mate banged the forecastle door shut, and the voices of the sailors in it became, as it were, things of another world. The cosmic raging of the storm overwhelmed all sense of their tiny voices. And the men of his watch had seen him and were coming to his order. As they left the shelter of the forecastle head a niagara of green water broke over the rail just forward of the fore rigging, and the men

(Continued on page 33)

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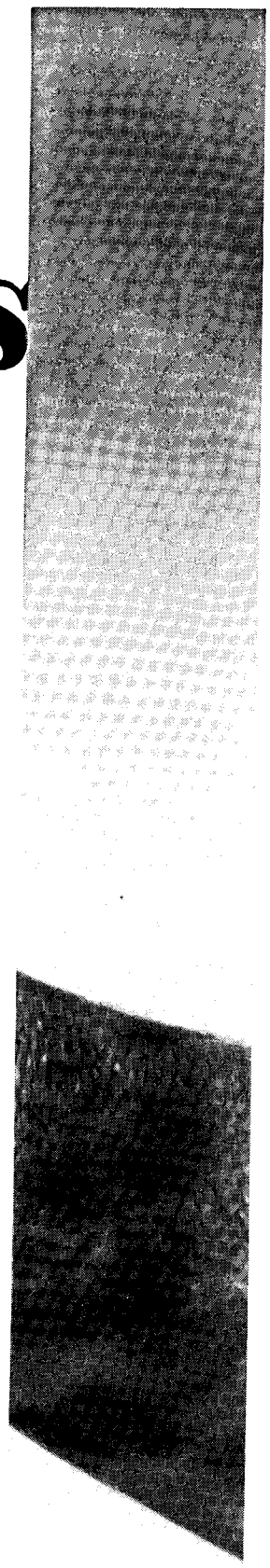

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Sedan, for five*	1690	160
Convertible Roadster, for four	1690	110
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Sedan, for five*	1030	120
Convertible Roadster, for four	1030	New
Convertible Sedan, for five	1095	New

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Convertible Roadster, for four	890	New
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Should she have been frank?

THIS is a case where a woman paid a high price for silence. Like so many other commendable people she kept small irritations to herself. It was hard for her to speak out—even though a frank discussion might have smoothed trouble away.

Little things continually cropped up to mar her happiness. Possibly she should have overlooked them entirely. Certainly it was a grave mistake to harbor bitter thoughts. She allowed petty annoyances to pile up until her patience was almost exhausted. Then her husband grew a bit careless in his appearance—even failed to shave as often or as carefully as he should. She called this the "last straw" and left him.

• • •

Is a woman correct in assuming a man is losing respect for her or himself when he becomes careless about shaving? We think not—discomfort is a more likely reason—although stubble is a handicap in almost every business or social contact. May we suggest today's Gillette blade is the answer in cases like this.

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RAZORS Gillette BLADES

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With Breakers Ahead

Continued from page 28

became helpless things that could only cling gaspingly to whatever rope met their hands. Some were washed, dashed into the lee scuppers. But all of them fought and managed to get their heads above water and regain their feet. . . . For a moment the old Kenyon steadied, and the second mate was among his men.

"Rouse out Chips and the sailmaker, one of you," he shouted. "Two of you jump aloft and loose the foresail. But hold it with some of the gaskets until the mate's watch gets on deck. Don't want it to blow away in its gear. Jones, you go aft and help Kelly with the wheel. Two more of you see the main braces clear, and get the main brace ready to lead to the capstan. We've got to be handy, men, and wear short around!"

The snow, coming heavier, filled his mouth. The water was up to his waist and his long boots were full of it. . . . And it was icy. . . . Through the ghostly wraiths of the snow he could now and then see the two men he had sent aloft to loose the foresail. They seemed to wriggle upward like wounded frogs, flattened by the wind against rigging as thick as their thighs with ice. . . . It came over the boy that the situation of the Kenyon and her crew was critical, and that he was very young to die. . . . Then he shrugged his shoulders. . . . It was all in the day's work.

Ah! Here was the first mate (*the* mate). His watch was tumbling out of the forecastle. . . . No curses now. . . . Just grim effort. . . . Every man realized too well the danger and the need. Every man knew that he was fighting for his life.

"WEATHER side first!" yelled the mate, his arm pointing. "Get that fore tack down. . . . Come on, men!"

They crowded to windward. Again a sea filled the decks, and again men were knocked down. They fought their way, like shock troops of an army, clinging when they could to ropes, pins, fife rails. And all of them were at the fore tack when the men on the yard let go the holding gasket and the mate let go the gear.

"Put your backs into it, men!"

The foresail bellowed and heaved like some terrific animal of prehistoric times in a welter of agony—like a dying dinosaur grappled by pigmies. The canvas flapped thunderously and threatened to fly away in fragments to leeward, taking the fore yard with it, before the men could get it under control.

The yard actually screamed in the parrel that held it to the mast! The men, pulling on the rope tack, raised their usual chorus; but the wind mocked their voices, tearing their song into shreds. But they "put their backs into it," and at last got the chain tack down and made it fast—the reefed foresail filling. And the icy water of Cape Horn buffeted them, everything that could hit them took toll of their straining bodies; they were none too well fed at the best, and now they lacked food—not a bite since five o'clock the previous evening, and then only hardtack and tea. . . . Their pay was two pounds ten a month. (The second mate was getting four pounds; the mate, six!). . . . Something of heroes, those hard men of the windjammers!

"Over to leeward!" howled the mate cheerfully. "Get the sheet aft!"

The weight of the wind in the half-set foresail staggered the Kenyon as a boxer is staggered by an uppercut to the jaw. The full strength of the gale took the bow of her. She began to fall off, despite the hard-down helm. . . . Urged by both mates, who worked with them, the men toiled frantically. . . .

Aft, on the poop, Captain Prideau sucked on his empty pipe. Not a word came from his grizzled lips. . . . It might have been better to have weared ship yesterday, but, then, one likes to hold on, hoping for the wind to ease so one's ship can head her course. . . . The old barque was falling off terribly. . . . How she did roll! . . . That foresail had her by the nose. . . . But it had to set. . . . Wish the men would hurry! . . . They were doing their best, though. . . . No use trying to holler at them. . . . Damn the snow!

He turned and looked at the men at the wheel. There were no orders he could give them yet. . . . How that foresail was dragging her off—and the helm hard-down, too! . . . Ah! . . .

The mates and the men, cook, steward, carpenter, sailmaker—all hands were slipping and scrambling aft to the main braces. That was better!

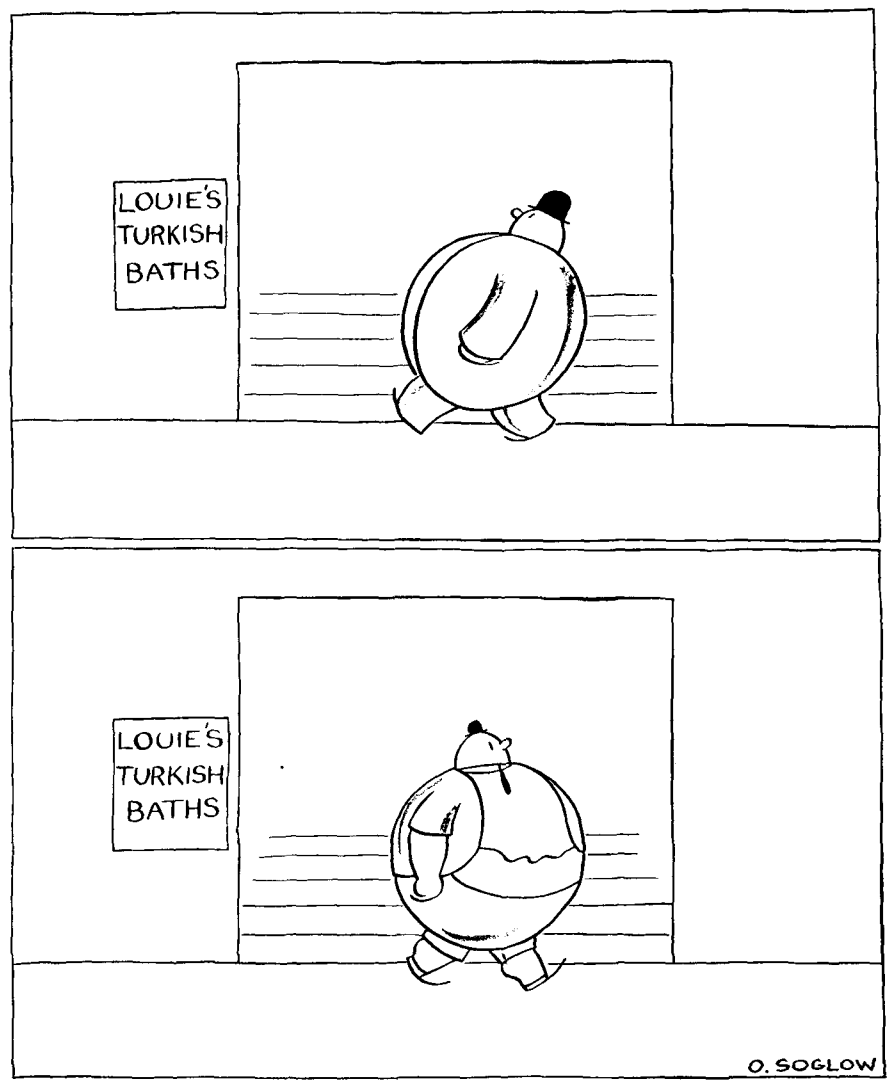
Supporting himself by whatever offered, trying to avoid being sent to leeward by a lurch—he was an old man!

"Not too far, mister. Better belay now and get the fore yards upon the other tack, but not sharp up. . . . So I can bring her around short."

"Aye, aye, sir!" shouted the mate. He shouted to the men. "Forrard, everybody. Weather fore braces!"

THE captain waited anxiously. Now was when the greatest danger came. The double danger. The trough of that dreadful sea, and the rocks, he felt, were so close, towards which the Kenyon would have to be headed as she came about. . . . As the fore yards began to come in, Prideau motioned slightly to the men at the wheel. They eased the helm with nervous care. . . . It was like slacking the tightly held bridle of a frightened horse. The Kenyon headed away from the wind. She began to rush and run before it.

And now the great seas could vent their full spleen upon her. In a moment her decks were full fore and aft, level



—Captain Prideau managed to get aft to the wheel and take a look at the compass. . . . He was not a nervous man, but, somehow—he shook his head angrily. . . . Damn the snow, how it pelted! . . . Wind was bad enough, but this smother blinded a man just when he most wanted to be able to see.

LIKE the distant sound of horses' hoofs coming down a hard road the *klok, klank* of the pawls of the main-deck capstan sounded down the gale, and with this came the hoarse shouts of the sailors on the weather maintopsail braces.

The second mate was slacking away to leeward. The mate came to the poop ladder. The captain leaned down, shouting:

full with boiling, thrashing green. It hardly seemed that men could live, much less work, aboard her. Ropes became tangled, snarled like distorted nets. Captain Prideau had made his way aft again. The snow was like a moving wall before his sight. The men were fighting their way aft again to brace up the main yards. Prideau motioned to the helmsmen to keep her steady. He could not bring her up to the wind yet. He grinned somewhat shamefacedly.

"Funny," he muttered. "Queer how worry makes a man say foolish things. I can't do a thing yet, not even if I saw the land under my bows, and there I was praying for a break in the snow, so as I could see where I was going!"

And then he heard!

He heard amid the noises of the gale and his straining ship a sound like the roar of heavy guns coming rapidly nearer. For so old a man he moved very fast. In a few seconds he was at the poop rail, shouting at his crew.

"Pull, men! Pull! Put your backs into it! For God's sake, pull! . . . We're running on the rocks ten knots an hour!"

He stood there, gripping the icy rail, staring at the bleak, snow-bound Cape Horn, and at what was worse: a line of sharp rocks that ran out to sea for fully a mile from the Cape; rocks like great teeth among which the Kenyon was fighting for her life. Deep water, but great rocks about which the waves were breaking, sending spray hundreds of feet high, and ravening for the Kenyon's bones. . . . She was coming very slowly to the wind. It did not seem she could escape those rocks. . . . Would she never gather way? . . . Would she make it? Her bow was plunging wearily toward a huge tooth of granite over which the waves were breaking in sound above the screaming of the gale. Prideau, gripping the rail, saw another frightful, menacing rock to starboard of this. . . . With about a hundred yards of space, boiling space, between them. And, beyond the space between those rocks, the free safety of the South Atlantic.

For a second the captain hesitated. Could the Kenyon make it? Was it possible to run her off the wind, gather speed and sail safely between those rocks? Was it possible? He looked and saw that it was his only chance, the one chance of saving his ship and crew. His voice rose and cracked as he screamed an order against the wind to the men at the wheel.

"Ease her!" he yelled. "Let her go off! Let her go full!" He leaped for the wheel, to con her himself. The Kenyon fell off, relaxing like a thing of life. She gathered way; she gained speed. She was before the gale, heading for the opening between the rocks, shivering and heading east southeast.

"Steady your helm!" said the captain with strange quietness.

THE men obeyed with swift skill. Nothing more could be done. With those huge Cape Horn seas breaking, tossing the barque here and there, that space between the rocks, beyond which safety beckoned, seemed fearfully narrow. Men held their breaths and waited.

"Steady as you go," said the captain again.

"Steady, sir!" the men repeated in gallant chorus.

Under his breath, Prideau muttered.

"Will she make it? I have done my best! Pray, God, look down and help."

Like a giant hand, rolling up from the southern ocean, a great wave lifted the vessel. It threatened to throw her bodily upon the nearest rock—so close now, heaving, it seemed, out of the water like something hungry. The helmsmen clung to the wheel, frantically holding the Kenyon to her course. Another moment would tell. . . . Another surge of that great wave. . . . The rock was so close that a man might jump on it. . . . It would go through the barque like a torpedo. . . . Another surge. . . .

Then an hysterical cry of relief from the crew. . . . The rock that had boiled under the barque's quarter was now clear astern. . . . And the wide Atlantic welcomed the Kenyon to safety. . . .

Captain Prideau lifted his old face to the racing snow clouds.

"Father, I thank Thee!" he murmured reverently.

His fingers were fumbling with his pipe. He grinned and put it in his pocket.

"I don't need it now," he told himself. "The old girl's safe!"

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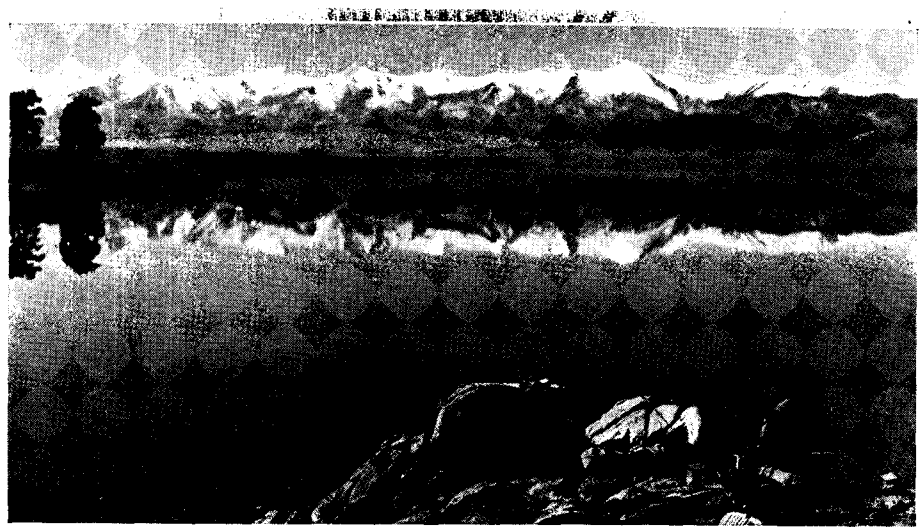

Lake DeWeese and the Sangre de Cristo Range, San Isabel National Forest. Colorado Has Hundreds Such Lovely Lakes Among High Mountain Ranges

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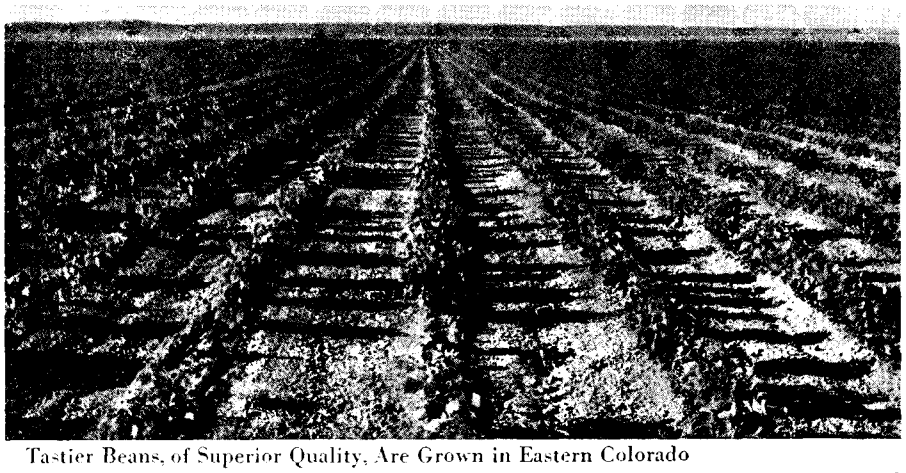

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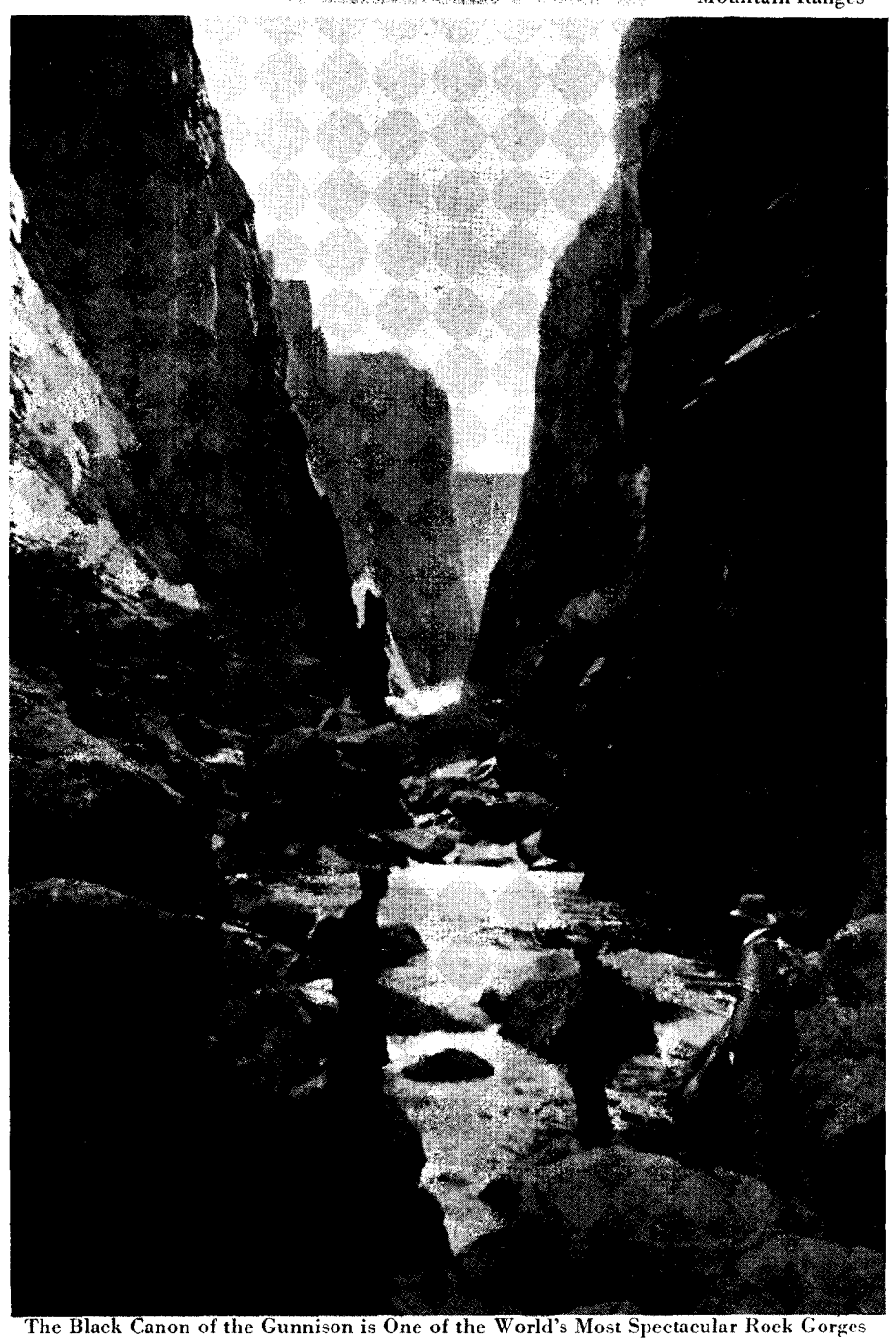

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Swashbuckler

Continued from page 15

before the wash-stand mirror, was putting on her hat and, heedless of his presence, manipulating powder puff and lipstick. Usually this reckless disregard of the proprieties shocked Elmer into a particularly careful counterfeit of unawareness, but today his knowledge of Miss Perrigo's errand compelled him to abandon the safety of this pretense.

"Going to the bank?" he asked unnecessarily.

"Uh-huh," Miss Perrigo giggled. "Go on, Elmer, speak your piece."

"It's nothing to laugh about," Elmer said doggedly. "You ought to know better than to carry the pay-roll money in that bead bag the way you do. One of these days you're going to lose it or get robbed, and—"

MISS PERRIGO, her right hand on the doorknob, performed with the fingers of her left a twiddling gesture of farewell and departed.

Again Elmer was reminded of the Lady Arabella. Precisely thus in Chapter XXI the Lady Arabella had made light of the Sea Tiger's attempt to warn her against Don Gonzaga.

The thought rekindled in him instantly that lunatic desire to throw away two dollars for the sake of finding out four days ahead of time the price that the Sea Tiger would have to pay, in Chapter XXII, for the stubborn, willful folly of a woman.

Worse, too, and even more insanely, Elmer Gill saw suddenly a way in which that wild desire could be accomplished. Presently Miss Perrigo would come back from the bank, bringing the four five-dollar bills that represented Elmer's current weekly value in the sight of Mr. Ellwanger.

These bills would pass into Elmer's possession, would become, in a manner of speaking, his. Only three of them would have to be handed over this evening to his stepmother. The fourth Elmer must carry during his noon hour to the downtown branch of the Nickel Savings Bank and there exchange it for a new entry in the passbook which now reposed in the inner pocket of his vest and which, tonight, he would restore to his stepmother's safe-keeping for another week.

But suppose he didn't deposit the whole five dollars this time? Suppose, instead, he put in only three? It might be a long time before his stepmother found out about it. Often she didn't open the book when he gave it back to her.

For just an instant the mad idea seemed almost feasible to Elmer Gill. For just an instant he considered it as if it had been something thinkable. Then, of course, he recoiled from it as a man recoils from the brink of a giddy height, shaken by after-horror of the impulse that tried to make him leap.

Elmer was almost glad that Mr. Ellwanger's door, opening at this moment, brought him back to the more tolerable dangers of reality. Mr. Ellwanger was scowling.

"Izzenat girl back yet?"

As always when his hair-trigger wrath was roused, Mr. Ellwanger ran his words together.

"No, sir. She—she just went out."

Mr. Ellwanger made a wordless, growling noise. "Gotto gwuptown'n a hurry," he barked. "Havven gotta centon me." Elmer was impaled upon a glare that was like a stabbing skewer. "You got'ny moneyonyuh?"

Elmer's hands juggled with the near-leather purse; his shivering fingers managed to open it but fumbled vainly in its depths. With another wordless, fuming sound Mr. Ellwanger snatched it from him and, inverting it, shook its three dimes out upon his palm.

"'Chobliged," he snarled. "Back'n-aboutnour."

The door slammed. Air descended once more into Elmer's lungs. An after-chill of panic, however, lay upon him at the thought of what might have happened if he had obeyed his stepmother's orders and, this morning of all mornings, foolhardily asked Mr. Ellwanger for that raise!

The realization of what he had so narrowly escaped, though, failed dismally to hearten him against the other horn of the dilemma. The thought of his stepmother thrust itself between his mind and the advertising dummy. He had avoided Scylla, but what about Charybdis? The peril of the morning lay behind him, but what about the evening that seemed suddenly so near at hand? Elmer's glance lifted itself to the clock, warily and guiltily, for he knew quite well, of course, the immorality and dangers of clock-watching. He was startled by the spiteful swiftness with which the minutes had begun to march. Less than five hundred of these were left now between Elmer Gill and his stepmother!

Illogically, though, it was not of his stepmother that Elmer chiefly thought, but of Miss Perrigo.

Elmer's imagination showed him a picture in which he saw Miss Perrigo walk innocently near the taxicab that had been waiting, with its engine running, before the bank. He saw an arm dart forth and seize her, saw the cab leap forward, watched its nightmare flight speed past surface cars and elevated pillars, saw its door open and—

Just in time a real door opened and a real Miss Perrigo came in. The sight of her, however, gave Elmer only a split second of relief. Almost instantly he saw the tragic, stricken terror that was in the blankness of her face, the wide roundness of her eyes.

"Oh, Elmer! The money! I—I've lost it! A hundred dollars!"

"Didn't I tell you s—"

The word seemed to freeze on Elmer's lips. Appallingly, incredibly, Miss Perrigo burst into tears.

"What'll I do, Elmer? What'll I *do?*"

A VERY strange thing happened to Elmer Gill. He was on his feet, and these feet, instead of carrying him away from the intolerable sound, bore him straight toward it. His hand was lifted gently to a bowed and shaking shoulder and words even more witless than these deeds were tumbling from his lips.

"Don't cry, Nancy. It's all right. I'll fix it."

"You!" Miss Perrigo stabbed at her eyes with a silly, sodden wisp of handkerchief. "What can you do?"

"What can I do? I'll show you what I can do. You stay right here till I get back."

He heard a door slam behind him. He was running headlong down a corridor and instead of sanely heeding the red warning of the lamp above the elevator door he was shouting hoarsely, imperatively: "Down! Going down!"

Miss Perrigo looked at the bills in Elmer's hand as if she didn't quite believe that she really saw them. She looked at Elmer too as if she didn't quite believe that he was there in front of her.

"You!" she said.

(Continued on page 36)

A NEW LOW FOR HIGH STYLE WALK-OVERS NOW $6 $8

New Walk-Over prices are lowest since 1917. And new Walk-Over styles, quality and features of fit are the finest we have ever before offered at any price. $6, $8. Put your feet up, settle back and read those figures again! Figure how smart your feet will look in a pair of new Spring Walk-Overs such as those pictured here. Figure how smart an investment you will be making.

Walk-Over standard grade quality now $6 (reduced from $8.50). Custom grade now $8 (reduced from $10 and $12). Nearly all Walk-Overs with the comfortable built-in Main Spring* Arch now $8.50.

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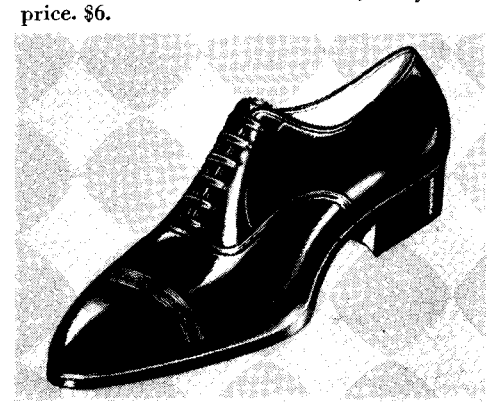

● IMPERIAL—pointed, custom toe, custom grade. Brown or black calf. It's a Walk-Over, in style and price. $8.

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X-RAY SHOWS where poisons form that cause headaches, bad breath, skin troubles, etc.! *Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean,* explains Dr. Gutmann.

"In such cases I advise fresh YEAST"

says the celebrated DR. GUTMANN, of Paris

So many people are missing perfect health because of one commonplace evil . . . sluggish intestines. If they only realized how easy it is to correct this trouble today!

Listen to this . . .

"I have had extraordinary success with the use of fresh yeast for patients suffering from what we call a 'fatigued intestine.'"

These are the words of the world-famous French medical authority, Dr. René Gutmann, Chef de Clinique of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris!

This celebrated physician adds:—

"Fresh yeast is a living food. It softens the waste residues in the intestines . . . cleanses . . . stimulates secretion of the intestinal glands."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast actually stimulates and "tones" the sluggish muscles of your intestines, strengthening them to remove all waste matter naturally and completely every day.

Energy Quickly Renewed!

Thus poisons that were leading to headaches, listlessness, skin blemishes, etc., are promptly carried away. You sleep more soundly at night. And soon you notice that those draggy, pepless days no longer occur!

It's worth trying, isn't it? Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—just plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

And insist on *Fleischmann's* Yeast—the *fresh* yeast rich in health-giving vitamins B and G and the "sunshine" vitamin D. Why don't you start eating it today?

"I was terribly run-down," *writes* Edith E. Rinehart, *of Ridgewood, N. J.* "My system seemed sluggish and I couldn't get up any pep . . . I started Fleischmann's Yeast and my sluggishness very soon disappeared."

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form — the kind famous doctors recommend. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

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(*Continued from page 35*)

Her face changed. Dimly something in it reminded Elmer Gill of his stepmother.

"Elmer, where did you get this money?"

In the voice, too, Elmer found that dismaying likeness to his stepmother's.

"Never you mind where I got it. I got it, didn't I?"

More than ever Miss Perrigo looked like his stepmother.

"Elmer Gill," she said in almost exactly a stepmother voice, "you tell me where you got it—this minute!"

Elmer looked down.

"I—I took it out of the savings bank."

Putting the thing into words seemed somehow to make him realize the full enormity of what he had done. He heard Miss Perrigo's breath catch in her throat.

"Out of the *savings* bank?"

It sounded even worse the way she said it. He did not dare to meet her eyes, but he seemed to feel the shock and horror in them. He knew that she was recoiling from him just as, in Chapter XVII, the Lady Arabella had recoiled from the Sea Tiger after he had bloodily slain Captain Slaughter and seven of that fearsome pirate's crew in rescuing the Lady Arabella, after his habit, from a fate far worse than death.

Elmer could remember, word for word, what the Sea Tiger had said on that occasion.

"Blood on my hands, my lady? Ay, and worse, for there's dishonor on them too, for three of those dead men I killed not in fair fight but as a knave and coward kills, by treachery and stealth. It is meet and seemly that your ladyship should draw back with fear and loathing from such a man as I, for I am so little of the gentleman as to remind you brutally that my hands are stained thus shamefully because no other price would buy your rescue from the consequences of your headstrong, stubborn folly."

"Yes, right out of the savings bank," Elmer Gill's voice was repeating. "And if you want to know, it's only four days till they figure three months' interest. I know what you're thinking. You think it was a pretty terrible thing for me to do, and I guess you're right to think so, but you want to remember that there wasn't any other way for me to get you out of this mess you're in and—"

He found that his eyes had forgotten to be afraid. They were looking, foolhardily, right straight into Miss Perrigo's eyes, and Miss Perrigo's eyes were doing something that Elmer hadn't ever seen them do before. They were trying, he thought, to laugh, and they weren't succeeding because they wanted to cry, too.

And then, without any clear idea of how it happened, Elmer was holding somebody in his arms, a somebody he'd never known before and yet had always known.

THE latch clicked. In the doorway stood the sinister, foreboding figure of Don Gonzaga—no, of Mr. Ellwanger.

Mysteriously, instead of being frightened, Elmer Gill was actually glad. It seemed as if he had been wanting Mr. Ellwanger to walk in, as if Mr. Ellwanger was bringing him something that, without knowing it, he had thirstily desired. Miss Perrigo, it seemed, was frightened. She slipped quickly out of Elmer's arms and bent her head under Mr. Ellwanger's awful gaze, but Elmer Gill, to his amazement, wasn't scared. At least, if he was scared he almost liked it.

"Mr. Ellwanger," he said, "I—I'd like to have you—I mean, if it's perfectly satisfactory to you, I'd like to have my salary raised. You see—"

He couldn't remember the rest of the speech but he knew that it was necessary to justify somehow the effrontery of that blunt demand. His mind could not think of any justifying reason, but his lips found one. Amazed, aghast, he heard them state it.

"You see, I'm going to get married, and—"

Slowly Mr. Ellwanger's countenance contorted itself into a cruel caricature of benignancy and mirth.

"Howdja find that out, Elmer?" He emitted a sound that savagely burlesqued a laugh. "Didden thinkyuh hadit inyuh."

Heavily his hand descended upon Elmer's shoulder. "'Gratchlations. 'Sall right about raise."

He glanced down at the new bills on the blotter and his face underwent another curious contortion. He picked up the money and crowded it roughly into Miss Perrigo's hands.

"Make out'nother check f'pay roll," he said. "Thissa lilwedd'n prezz'n."

He vanished.

ALTHOUGH the train was losing pace in preparation for its impatient, fuming pause at the East Juniper station, Elmer Gill still occupied his seat, contemptuous of the chance of being carried on to the next stop of Juniper Center. Indeed, this chance seemed to heighten in Elmer the pleasant feeling of indulgent condescension with which he read the last page of the new novel on his knee.

The Sea Tiger, Elmer felt, had done pretty well, everything considered. Having overpowered Don Gonzaga in the cabin of the Santa Ysabela, he had compelled that villain, at the dagger's point, to sail his treasure ship straight toward inevitable surrender to the frowning carronades of the Barbados forts.

This, Elmer Gill admitted, was a pretty daring piece of business. Well, the Sea Tiger knew what welcome waited for him at Barbados, where Sir Peter Jessamy, the eager agent of King James' bloody tyranny, was governor. Elmer conceded, too, that it had been courageous of the Sea Tiger to hide this truth from the Lady Arabella, to exchange light repartee with her even as he looked across the harbor at the black-beamed gibbet and saw putting out from the fort the boat that would bring Sir Peter Jessamy aboard.

His interest, however, lessened as he read on and learned that the boat bore not Sir Peter Jessamy but Lord Arthur Pentonville, the Sea Tiger's oldest friend, and brought, too, the word that James had fled and William of Orange held the throne, that Sir Peter Jessamy lay ironed in the dungeon of the fort to wait the pleasure of the new king's governor, and that this governor was none other than the Sea Tiger himself.

Elmer shut the book as the train halted. The fat man who shared his seat transferred his eye from the pink tabloid newspaper to the bright-colored paper jacket.

"Any good?" he inquired.

Elmer shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh," he said, "it's pretty fair, I guess, only"—he paused—"only the ending's kind of tame."

Indeed, as he sprang down with glad audacity from a train that trembled on the very point of actual movement, Elmer was almost sorry for the Sea Tiger.

The fellow was all very well in his way, perhaps, but after all unless you had a stepmother and were going home, unterrified, to tell her right to her face that you'd taken money out of the savings bank and were going to get married on it—well, you really hadn't much right to call yourself a—a—

The exact word came happily to Elmer's mind—a swashbuckler!

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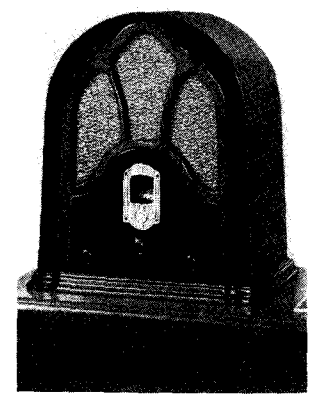

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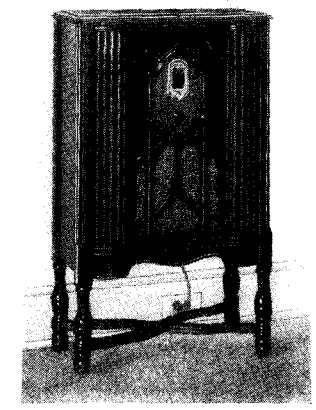

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LEADERS IN SOUND TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 9

rang. Helen got up and answered it herself.

A gaunt, gray-haired man in overcoat and tall hat was standing stiffly outside.

"Does Miss Stephanovitch live here?" he asked in an unfamiliar accent.

"I am Miss Stephanovitch—although I am usually known as Stevens."

The visitor removed his hat and bowed from the waist.

"I am Mitrovitch," he said.

Helen's heart was doing strange things. She held out her hand.

"Won't you come in?"

Mr. Mitrovitch, instead of shaking her hand, raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"I've just got your letter," she explained, while he was taking off his overcoat. "It went astray on account of the name. Stevens is so much easier than Stephanovitch to use in this country."

The minister bowed again.

"To me, of course, you can be only a Stephanovitch."

"May I give you a cup of tea?"

HELEN led the way to the library but, having entered the room, observed that Mr. Mitrovitch had stopped upon the threshold with his eyes fixed upon the portrait of her father.

"Dushan! What a splendid portrait!"

"You knew him?"

"Oh, yes! He was my friend from boyhood. We were in the Guards together. You have inherited his features and expression. Anyone—that is, any Illyrian—could see that, apart from your hair, you were a Stephanovitch."

"Then of course you must know my grandfather, also?" she said, as he sat down and she made fresh tea. "Tell me about him!"

"His Majesty is a very great gentleman. He is the finest man I know."

Already she felt at home with this tall, grave foreigner. Did Balkan blood call Balkan blood?

"It is strange never to have seen one's grandfather!" she said.

"It is his loss never to have seen so beautiful a granddaughter," answered Mitrovitch. "Particularly when she is the only one he has."

"I should like to meet him sometime."

"It is well, for he would like to know you. That is why I am here. My instructions were to call upon you personally. So, when my secretary received no reply to his letter, I had him telephone from Washington and ascertain when you were expected home. Then I came. I did not want to miss you."

"You say my grandfather wants to see me?"

"His Majesty desires you to visit him at Zeta—our capital. He is an old man, sick, and very lonely. He has no grandchild but you. He has not very long to live and he is anxious to see you before he dies."

"Why has he not communicated with me before? Why has he not written to me? Why hasn't he written now?"

The minister smiled faintly.

"It is not easy for your grandfather to write—for he has never learned how."

"My grandfather cannot write!"

"Your grandfather is a peasant king. In saying that I am but paying greater tribute to his royal qualities. A man as great as Stephan Stephanovitch does not need to know how to write. But he speaks eleven languages and sixteen dialects. His English is as fluent as your own. Besides, he usually telephones."

"Don't misunderstand me!" said Helen hastily. "It doesn't matter to me in the least whether Grandfather can write or not. I was just a little surprised, that is all. I am afraid I do not really know much about Illyria. Tell me all about it."

Then Mr. Mitrovitch became eloquent as only a son of the Tsernagora can be. Illyria was, he declared, the most beautiful country in the world, with gigantic mountain ranges whose snowcapped peaks reared themselves twelve thousand feet against the sky, full of rushing rivers and valleys so fertile that they produced two crops each year. Tobacco grew there like a weed. The principal exports were wine, prunes, hides, wool, beeswax, dried fish, and insect powder.

Helen stared at him.

"*Insect* powder?"

"Yes. It is our chief industry. It is

(Continued on page 10)

"I'd like my dog to look over some bones and make a selection"
Jack Markow

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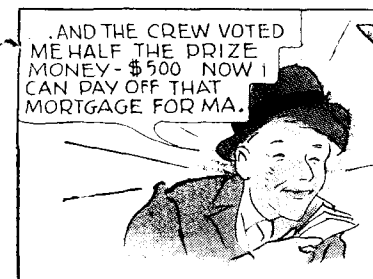
Sailor Jim

EXCUSE ME. ARE YOU THE CAPTAIN? I'M JIM NOLAND. I JUST SIGNED ON YOUR SHIP.
JUMPING GRASSHOPPERS, ANOTHER LANDLUBBER! AND A LITTLE SQUIRT AT THAT! THEY WANT A FAST RUN—AND THEY SEND ME THIS! GET BELOW TO THE ENGINE ROOM.
J.N.

IS THIS THE ENGINE ROOM? THE CAPTAIN SAID I WAS TO WORK HERE.
A LITTLE RUNT LIKE YOU? BEGORRA, THEY MUST BE THINKIN' WE CUT PAPER DOLLS IN THE BLACK GANG! GET A HOLD OF THAT SHOVEL

MY BOY, I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID. YOU'RE A BUNDLE OF ENERGY! BY JOE, I WISH I KNEW WHERE YOU GET IT.
THAT'S EASY, SIR, I'VE EATEN GRAPE-NUTS SINCE I WAS A KID



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Dallas—Ft. Worth	10	54.50
Salt Lake	15¼	80.28
Pacific Coast	23¼	115.00
SAN FRANCISCO to Los Angeles	2¾	18.95
San Diego	4¼	22.95
Portland	5½	35.16
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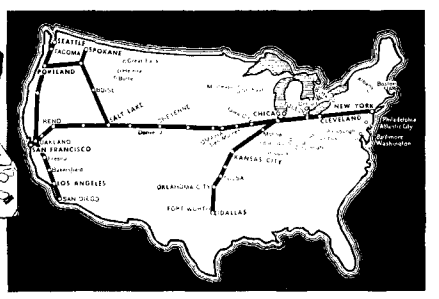

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The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 38

made from the flower of the wild pyrethrum. There is a great demand for it in southeastern Europe."

"You have bandits in the Balkans, haven't you?" she asked. "Is it safe for young ladies to go wandering about there?"

"There are some bandits," answered the minister seriously, "but a Balkan bandit differs from those in other countries—Mexico, for example. Our bandits are gentlemen—feudal chieftains whose code of honor is punctiliously exact and who merely exact tribute from those who encroach upon their territory. Take a fellow like Paolo Radescu, for instance. He dwells in his mountain castle with his retainers like a robber-baron of the twelfth century. Anybody he kidnaps lives on the fat of the land until ransomed. Radescu gives his guests a good time! He's really a very good fellow!"

"BUT if one is so unfortunate as not to be ransomed?"

"Oh, everybody gets ransomed. It is part of the game. Radescu isn't extortionate. He is a loyal citizen, a sort of elegant Robin Hood—what you would call a 'swell.' And when the country goes to war he fights for his king."

"I'd like to meet him!" said Helen. "He sounds fascinating."

"No doubt His Majesty can arrange to have you do so," Mitrovitch assured her. "You will see many interesting things in Illyria—rivers that gush forth from the sides of mountains and others that disappear into the earth never to be seen again, wonderful thermal springs, caverns so large that they have never been explored, Byzantine castles and ruins dating from the time of Theodoric."

"It sounds too divine! I only wish you were to be there, Mr. Mitrovitch!"

"The pleasure would be mine, Princess."

Helen flushed. The minister was apparently unconscious that he had used the word.

"May I have some more tea?"

She refilled his cup.

"What other members of—of the family are there, besides my grandfather?" she asked.

"Prince Dushan, your father, was the only child of Queen Helena, his first wife—for whom you were named. She was English, as you probably know. After her death he married for his second wife Princess Valeria of Bulgaria. By her he had another son, Crown Prince Milan, the present heir-apparent. Queen Valeria died ten years ago. Prince Milan, your half-uncle, is the only living member, other than your grandfather and yourself, of the elder line of the Stephanovitches. The younger branch is represented by Prince Marko, your distant cousin. I am violating no confidence when I tell you that Crown Prince Milan is not very popular."

Mr. Mitrovitch lifted his eyes from the cup in his hand and looked at the girl searchingly.

"I hope you will go. I feel confident that you will like my country."

"Is it not my country as well?" she asked with a thrill in her voice.

"Your grandfather's heart would rejoice could he but hear you say so—and no doubt your father's also!

"Pardon me if I look at my watch," said he hastily. "My train goes at half after six and it is now ten minutes past the hour. I should add that His Majesty would naturally expect to defray the cost of your trip—including that of your entourage."

"I couldn't think of letting my grandfather pay my passage," she said. "Of course, I have no entourage and I have enough money."

"All the better! Your presence would be like a tonic to your grandfather. He needs cheering up. You can do it."

"Is he worried about himself?"

"Not so much as about his kingdom. I must not, of course, conceal from you that this is a critical time in the history of my country which, while never rich, was left practically bankrupt by the war. On the international bourses Illyrian credit has sunk out of sight. The country can raise no more money. Our debts to Serbia, France and Italy are all coming due and there is nothing to pay them with. In a few months there will not be enough left to pay the army or the salaries of the civil list. The irony of the situation lies in the recently discovered fact that at Tokar on the Adriatic Coast at the mouth of the Dravitza River, Illyria is known to possess one of the richest, if not the richest, oil field in Europe. It is worth billions in pounds sterling. At first the Illyrians naturally thought that this would put an end to their troubles, for, although the government had no funds to develop the properties itself, it obviously should be able to sell the operating concession to some syndicate of foreign bankers on a royalty basis, or raise a loan for that purpose by mortgaging the fields themselves. But what do you suppose happened? The great bankers with whom your grandfather had been negotiating unexpectedly stiffened their interest rates and refused to make any advances unless the Tokar field was turned over to them on practically their own terms. The same thing is true of the great oil companies. They either refuse to make any bids at all or such insignificant ones in amount that no government could, with self-respect or regard for the country's future interest, consider them for a moment. All without exception are seeking to make a financial opportunity out of Illyria's necessity. At present my country is starving when there is a banquet almost within her reach."

"Poor Grandfather! Is there no way out?"

MR. MITROVITCH glanced up at the picture of Dushan.

"There may be. Time only can tell. May I cable His Majesty that you will come?"

For a second or two she hesitated.

"It would mean canceling my entries in all the tennis tournaments for the season. I should lose any chance of winning the title!"

"You might gain another!" said Mitrovitch. "You might find contests to engage in—quite as important—in Illyria."

Their eyes met. She smiled and held out her hand.

"Your invitation is very tempting. I should love to see both my grandfather and the country you have described so beautifully. But I cannot decide at once. Too many considerations are involved. I will think it over and let you know in a few days."

"There is one thing I must ask you," continued the Minister with a certain hesitation. "The question may seem strange and even presumptuous, but it is necessary in order to avoid future misunderstandings and possible complications. Are you by any chance engaged to be married?"

Helen laughed.

(Continued on page 42)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THE Olympic games

..means your greatest vacation

Olympic Stadium, where major events will be held

...You can do it in two weeks

ANY YEAR, Southern California offers you more summer playtime joys than half-a-dozen ordinary vacations. But this year, the Olympic Games are added! Probably never again in your lifetime will they be held in America, certainly never again in settings like these:

The cool, blue waters of the friendly Pacific...its exotic playground islands near the shore. The grandeur of mile-high forested mountains, crystal lakes and shaded pools. The foreign-land glamour of ancient Spanish Missions, palms, orange groves, a harbor where ships from the seven seas lie at anchor, Old Mexico close-by.

In the midst of this world playground centered by big, cosmopolitan Los Angeles you'll find famous resorts and cities like Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Glendale, Long Beach, Pomona . . . and gay Hollywood where you'll mingle with the stars. *Every* kind of vacation play, with summer days comfortable and *rainless*, nights so cool you'll sleep under blankets.

Here champions and celebrities from all the world will gather for the world's greatest sport spectacle. The finals will be held from July 30 to August 14—sixteen days and nights of continuous thrills, 135 separate events—the most elaborately-planned Olympic Games in their 1535-year history. Southern California has been planning this vacation for you for ten years.

Come for the finals if you can. But come this summer, anyway. Southern California, heart of Fiestaland, will be in holiday mood, promising you that *real* vacation you need to send you back *fit* for the months ahead.

Note low costs

By rail (new low summer fares) from most points in the country, even a two-weeks vacation gives you at least eleven days actually here. And costs while here need be no more than those of an ordinary vacation. For in this year 'round vacationland you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. We prove these statements in a remarkable new book which the coupon below brings you free. It should answer all your vacation questions.

Let Southern California give you a vacation you will remember all your life. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment lest he be disappointed, but for the tourist the attractions are unlimited.

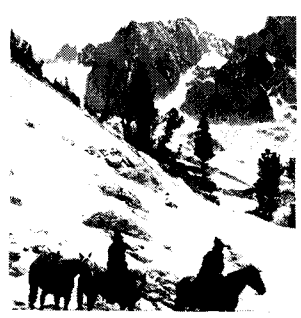
Before you plan *any* vacation, send coupon for

FREE NEW 64-PAGE VACATION BOOK OLYMPIC GAMES INFORMATION

The book outlines, day by day, a summer (also a winter) visit to Southern California, including over 100 interesting gravure photographs, map, information about routes, *itemized daily cost figures*, etc. . . . perhaps the most complete vacation book ever published. With it, if you wish, we will send, also free, another book giving Olympic Games details and schedules, with ticket application blanks. Send the coupon today for your free copies of these books. Start planning now!

(If you wish *another* beautiful book, "Southern California through the Camera," include 4 cents in stamps to cover mailing cost.)

The cool Pacific



Glaciers not far away

Hollywood . . . night life

Atmosphere of Old Spain

All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd., Div. A-2, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me booklets I have checked below:

- ☐ *Free* new 64-page illustrated book with complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation.
- ☐ Detailed Olympic Games schedules and ticket application blanks.
- ☐ "Southern California through the Camera" (4 cents enclosed).

Also send *free* booklets about counties checked below:

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside ☐ San Diego ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ San Bernardino ☐ Ventura

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Please Print Your Name and Address)

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MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

38,451 MILES

. . . and still looks New

It's surprising how Simonized cars stay beautiful. They still sparkle like new after thousands and thousands of miles.

Millions of motorists rely on Simoniz to keep their cars beautiful. You can, too. Simoniz protects the finish in all weather. It positively makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

So be sure to Simoniz your car. It's easy. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener will quickly make your car look new again, and Simoniz will give it distinction, brilliant beauty and lasting protection against all destructive elements.

INSIST *on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. And drive a car that always looks new and beautiful.*

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 40

"Certainly not!"

"May I," he went on, "have your assurance that you will not involve yourself matrimonially in any way before you come to Illyria?"

Although surprised at such a request, it struck her as merely funny.

"Yes, if my grandfather wishes it."

Again he lifted her hand to his lips.

He paused on the threshold and once more looked at Dushan's picture. Then he turned quickly and went out. Helen was conscious of the beating of her heart. What a dear old man! She, too, raised her eyes. The picture seemed to be smiling down upon her.

JOHN BRENT, assistant executive manager and fifth vice president of the Cosmopolitan Petroleum Company of New York, stood at the head of the gangplank on the liner Proconsul bidding good-by to Hiram Washburn, the general manager.

"So I'm at liberty to fire Mr. Sloat if I think it for the good of the service?" he was asking.

"Absolutely!" replied his chief. "Of course we want the Tokar concession if we can get it by any legitimate means, but Sloat has been spending a colossal amount of money without anything to show for it. He may be putting it into his own pocket for all we know."

"Three hundred thousand, I think you said?"

"Yes, and over."

"Is there any limit to what you are willing to pay for the concession?"

"We're prepared to leave that to you. When it comes to a downright offer to the government, of course you'll cable for our approval of the terms. You'd better report to Johnstone, our local agent at Trieste. So long, old son! Remember we want you 'to get out the oil!'"

Mr. Washburn shook hands and worked his way down the gangplank. Brent went back to his stateroom to avoid the crowd. The steward—a bald, fat fellow with an oily, round face and blue chin, was arranging his luggage. He offered Brent a passenger list.

There was no one on it of whom the latter had ever heard except Helen Stevens, the tennis player, and on the whole he was glad of it. He had not had a vacation in two years and would welcome a complete rest.

WHO would ever have thought of oil being struck on the Adriatic littoral! Strange to be going back there after all this time. It was a good deal better than being sent out to Irak or down to Tampico again with its smallpox and malaria and knife work. Life was cheap enough in the Balkans, too. One could get a man killed in real style for five hundred dinars. The best years of his life had been spent in Illyria. He had been stationed at Zeta, as an attaché in the diplomatic service, at the outbreak of the World War, and had resigned his position to join the Illyrian army as soon as the country had aligned itself with its neighbor Serbia. He had served for three years in its "Flying Circus" until he had been wounded, after which he had been assigned to duty on the General Staff until the United States had come in. He had had a good time.

John Brent at thirty-nine was tall and somewhat gangling, as airmen are apt to be, with a suggestion of stoop which gave his actual self-confidence an air of modesty intensified by his lackadaisical form of locomotion and his cheerful reticence.

It was funny, after never expecting to see them again, to be going back to the Balkans. No doubt things had changed there a lot. You could fly now to Zeta direct from Paris or Berlin, one of the regular stops on the through route to Constantinople of both the French and German air lines. Zeta was almost equidistant from Vienna, Venice, Bucharest, Salonika and Rome.

It was only a hundred and fifty miles at that point across the Adriatic from Bari to Tokar. He recalled how the Italian fruit dealers used to sail over at night and, although they were not allowed actually to land, would lay their boats along the quays and sell their oranges to the Tokarians. That was where they had found the oil.

The Italians would be sure to try to grab the new fields for themselves. He had heard that they already had got their hooks into Milan Stephanovitch, the crown prince. He had never met Milan, although he had known Stephan Stephanovitch and had sometimes played croquet with him and "Uncle Michael" Kosovo on summer evenings in the garden back of the palace.

He wondered what had become of the rest of the "Flying Circus." Populous, the Athenian boy, was dead; he knew that. So was poor Antinori—the typhus had got him after the Armistice. But Radescu, his buddy—he'd never even had a line from the loafer! Good old Radescu! It was for saving Radescu's life when the latter had been wounded at Kakrew that Uncle Michael had recommended him for the "Order of St. Stephan." It all seemed a thousand years ago. Compared with the rattle and roar of New York it had been another life—but a damned good life!

The bugle for lunch interrupted his retrospections. The Proconsul was already through The Narrows, gathering speed for her trip across the Atlantic. Brent realized that he was hungry and went down to the dining salon, where the chief steward ostentatiously conducted him to a table situated strategically on the balcony overlooking the main floor. As yet few of the passengers had come down but, directly opposite at a table in relatively the same position as his own, sat a young girl whom he recognized at once as Helen Stevens.

Brent was what is known as a "man's man." His life had been too active to allow of any serious contemplation of matrimony. He was, he believed, immune to feminine wiles. Yet with his first glance at the girl on the balcony opposite something clicked inside him. He was not bowled over or swept off his feet so much as convinced by newly discovered evidence that his preconceptions about women had been entirely wrong.

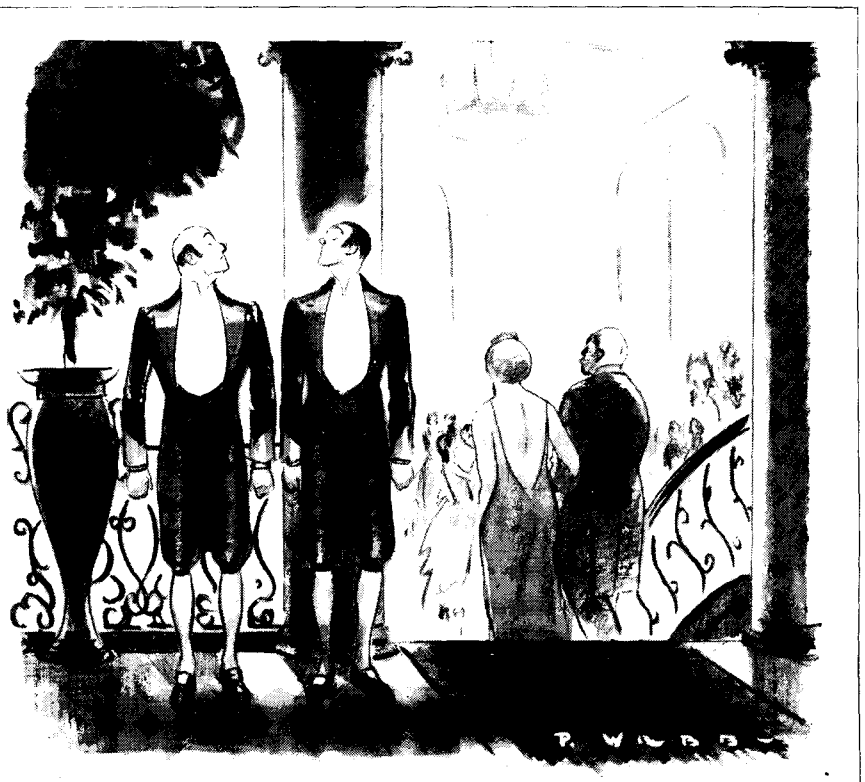
For here, within fifty feet of him, was the living proof of it. Luckily, considering the egregious character of his stare, she was sitting in such a way that he could watch her profile without, as he supposed, her being aware of it.

SO THAT was Helen Stevens! Her pictures, with which he was familiar, did not begin to do her justice. One would not have thought of her as especially athletic. A tall slim blonde, her high color contrasting almost startlingly with her black eyes, her arms moved about the table with exquisite grace. Her head was small and nobly set; her face grave in repose; but her smile, when she asked the steward for something, was frank and kind. A straightforward, determined young person with a will of her own, yet with something very definite beyond this obvious outward personality—a peculiar and indefinable quality of reserve, of composure and, in spite of her obvious youth, of wisdom.

He realized for the first time that a woman could be at once the most lovely, the most stimulating, the most enticing, the most provocative, the most utterly satisfying thing in the world, and that without this particular one his life would be not only incomplete but not worth living. She felt his gaze across the balcony, met his eyes, and turned away her own.

"There," said John Brent to himself, "is the girl I am going to marry!"

(To be continued next week)



"He has some sort of a plumbing-fixture business—very select plumbing fixtures, however" *P. Webb*

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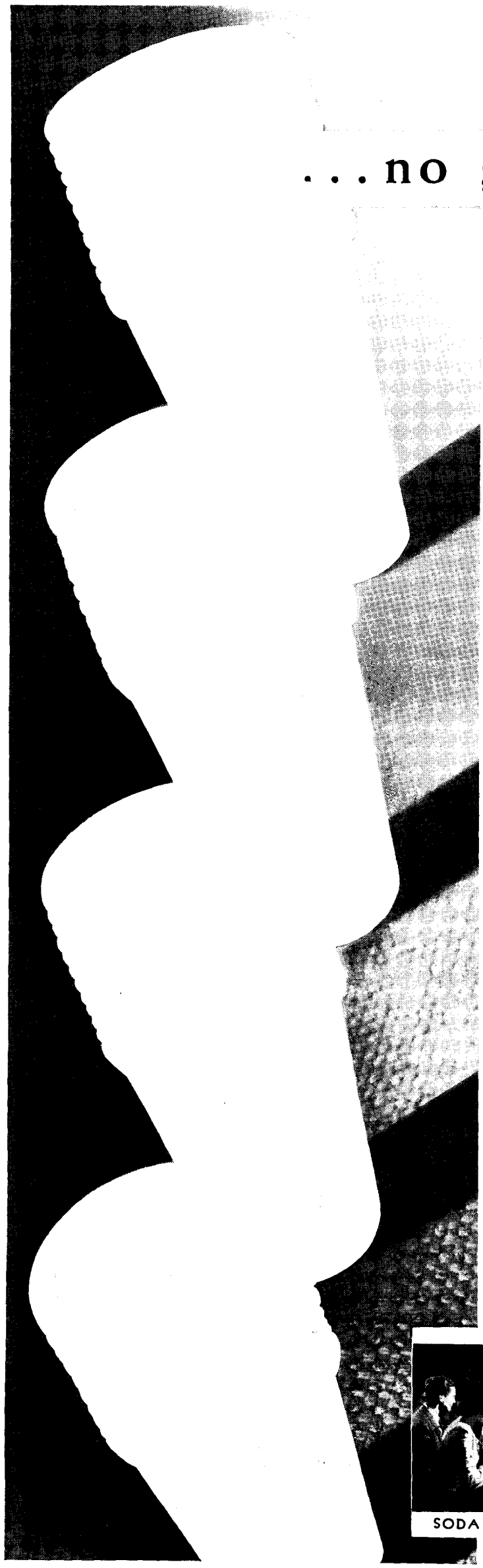

. . . no glasses to wash

DELIGHTFUL parties need not end with a session at the sink, washing and polishing glasses. Serve your drinks in Individual Dixies. When guests have gone, just crumple the used Dixies in your hand and toss them in the nearest waste basket.

For those who delight in delicate colors, Dixies are made in beautiful shades of rose, gold and green, as well as the familiar snow-white with blue decoration. All are wrapped in Cellophane and come in ten and twenty-five cent packages.

Made with smooth rolled brim, and treated to hold cold drinks for hours on end, Dixies are ideal for informal occasions . . . children's parties, bridge, dances. On your dining table, they add a touch of novelty and charming informality that is welcomed by any hostess.

In offices...at leading soda fountains...in theatres and other public and semi-public places, other Dixies are being more and more widely used to prevent the spread of colds, grippe and more serious contagions. So that you may enjoy the sanitation and convenience of Dixies in your own home, these Dixies are packed in cartons of one hundred that fit into a little dispenser, readily attached to bathroom, kitchen and pantry walls.

You can get Dixies, both in cartons and in the Cellophane packages, at grocery, drug, department, stationery, and 5-and-10c stores. If your retailer is temporarily unable to supply you, write to the Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc., Original Makers of the Paper Cup, Easton, Pa.

TABLES

BRIDGE

PARTIES

DIXIES

SODA FOUNTAINS

ICE CREAM DIXIES

BATH ROOMS

OFFICES

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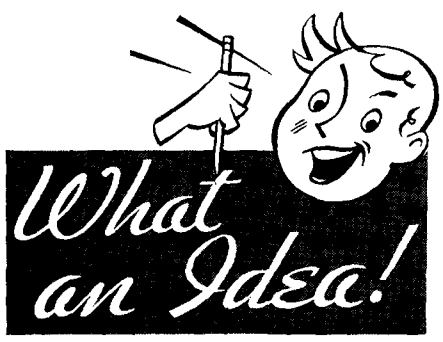

"You're a sap to be using a Robinson Crusoe Pencil."
"This isn't a Robinson Crusoe Pencil."
"Yes it is—it's a castaway!"
(*Moral: Use a Venus Pencil*)

RIDDLE

Why is Soviet Russia like Venus Rubber Bands? Answer: They both have a 5-year plan. Venus Rubber Bands are guaranteed to keep their give and take for five times 365 days—so help us, ship the box in, get your money back! They cost more than any other rubber bands made—but we hear all 5-year plans come high!

Stationer: "Why didn't you sell anything to that man?"
New Clerk: "We didn't have what he wanted."
Stationer: "What was that?"
New Clerk: "A pencil that never misspells!"

★ ★ ★ ★

She burns her candle at both ends,
It gives a lovely light.
She points her pencil ditto, and
It lasts from morn till night.

(Whenever *you* "feel a limerick coming on," get a piece of paper, record your inspiration and send it along to the American Pencil Company, 212 Fifth Ave., New York City. There's a bright new five-dollar gold piece in it for you, if we print it.)

PICK YOUR COLOR FOR INDELIBLE WORK

In the old days there was just one color for indelible pencils—you took it or let it alone. Now in the days of the modern Venus Coloring Pencil there are 24 colors, and you can't let 'em alone. Of course, nearly everybody uses colored pencils for something—checking, signing receipts, marking papers, map coloring, coloring parchment shades, putting designs on silk, and all that.

Now when it comes to the water-color racket, you just sketch in your subject, then with a paint brush dipped in water you "wash in" your color, and Venus coloring pencils are swell because they have the strongest lead. You can almost pole vault with them. Ask any stationer for *Venus Coloring*.

VENUS

COLORING PENCILS
24 DIFFERENT COLORS 10c

Get Away from those Cows

Continued from page 11

And presently, after several hundred farmers had thrown sixty-five officers of the law off the farm of Mr. Jake Lenker and had chased the veterinarians so far that several of them were reported lost, he proclaimed that the law was going to be obeyed.

And with one long agonized shudder he called out the National Guard.

Another well-known citizen of Iowa had injected himself into the brawl. He not only had a prime grievance of his own against the authorities but owned a radio broadcasting station from which he denounced all and sundry with the exception of the farmers, who, he hoped, might rally to his own peculiar contest against the rules and regulations.

His name is Norman Baker. He was the proprietor of a hospital in Muscatine wherein he professed to cure cancer. Of course the American Medical Association did not agree with him and after a terrific dispute during which both sides called names (the A. M. A. labeling him a dangerous quack and Baker setting down the A. M. A. as the American Meat-cutters' Association) the state of Iowa enjoined him from accepting any more cancer sufferers. Whereupon he left his hospital, spit on his hands and went to war too.

A Volunteer Warrior

Baker was not as successful with cancer as he had been previously as a hypnotist in a small-time road show, as a mail-order portrait artist and as a manufacturer of calliopes for circuses and carnivals. But while his radio license lasted, until the Federal Radio Commission banished him, he flooded the salubrious Iowa air with defenses of himself and propaganda for the embattled farmers, to say nothing of pulverizing denunciations of organized medicine, vivisectionists, vaccinationists, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the trusts, Parent-Teacher organizations, public-welfare work and workers, public health bureaus, the Red Cross, school-nursing programs, public-school systems and on and on and on.

If, said he, tuberculin tests must be made why annoy the cow? Why not take samples of the animal's milk and test that? When he was told that this was a highly unsatisfactory procedure he merely denied it, and when Mr. Baker denied something he was done with it. When asked how he would subject the bulls to the milk test he ignored it. And he was equally set in his ignorings.

But nothing was going to deter Mr. Baker in his championship of the farm side of the Cow War. With his radio station silenced, he started a newspaper—The Midwest Free Press—and through friends in Washington (which included Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart) was honored by having President Hoover press the gold button which, by wire, started his presses churning. Therein he not only advocated his own platform, the nature of which may be gathered from what has already been set down here about him, but cherished the aims of the farmers.

Now I did not find that the farmers of southeastern Iowa were enthusiastic about Mr. Baker—not nearly as enthusiastic about him as he was about them, anyway. But so long as he cared to be on their side, and so long as he did not attempt to inject his person into the conduct of their affairs, they welcomed him—as a propaganda adjunct.

Such, then, was the situation when on one of the most beautiful days of last September a battalion of National Guard infantry equipped with orders to be very careful lest they hurt somebody and thereby make matters worse, stepped off the train at Tipton, Iowa, with half of the county gathered around to "see the parade." They were received variously.

Salvos of giggles from the assembled ladies and a scattering of barnyard noises from the men marked the reception; but for some reason none of the vegetables, eggs, corncobs and other farm tokens which the civilian population had fetched with it were hurled. There was plenty of wit broadcast, of course. And all of it was of the strictly personal and occasionally embarrassing variety.

A bit later in the afternoon, perhaps encouraged and emboldened by a few shots of brisk young corn, one of the young farmers, having failed to entice any of his friends into battle with him, suddenly stepped up to a lieutenant and knocked him cold with a windmill wallop. Then just as swiftly he stepped back into the crowd, doubtless feeling much better, and was lost in the general shuffle.

But, taking it by and large, no important engagement took place until the troops and the veterinarians arrived at the farm of Mr. Jake Eversman. That there was to be trouble was indicated by the many little incidents which had preceded that great mobilization. There was, for example, the rout of five or six infantrymen by a lady who explained later that she was not inspired by a desire to protect her husband's cows but that she hadn't "taken the trouble to raise four girls up to an age when they would be some good in the world, to have them simpering through the door at a lot of silly-looking soldiers." Whereat the lady had taken her broom and after scattering her four daughters with one learned swing of it, charged the admiring warriors, who took promptly to their heels and did not halt until their enemy had run out of breath, some two hundred yards up the road.

Taken for a Walk

Little incivilities like that. There were occasional rumors, too, that the farm folk were not above a bit of big-town duplicity. For example, soldiers who sought to spend their off-duty hours roaming hither and yon through country roads, absorbing the peace of the fields and woods, were known to return to camp in most unmilitary disarray, including a black eye or a few teeth gone or a nose out of alignment. What seems to have happened in a few cases is that the innocently strolling guardsman would have his attention distracted from the beauties of Mother Earth by a girl who, apparently, was doing only what he was doing—taking a walk.

Mr. Krotter assures me that such sirens were town girls and not daughters of the farm, because "our girls ain't given to taking life that easy." Moreover, says Mr. Krotter, "when a farmer's daughter ain't got chores to do, which ain't often, she does not take a walk but sits down."

Anyway, thus a few National Guardsmen were lured into lonely stretches, poor fellows, where they were set upon and thoroughly gone over by men who had wickedly used the girl for their decoy. At least that was the explanation of such of the soldiers who cared to make any explanation at all.

These and similarly annoying brushes between the enemies culminated in the Eversman demonstration, two miles north of Burlington. It having been announced the day before that Mr. Eversman's cows were to be tested whether he favored it or not, a thousand men, women and children assembled on his lush acres in family lots to do what they could to disconcert the foe. That no gun play was introduced into the clashes was due largely to the coolness and able control of the Protective Association's officers—Messrs. Eversman, E. C. Mitchell, Jake Lenker and C. L. McKinnon. Iowa should not neglect to thank these resolute farmers for their firm authority.

The Call to Battle

The farmers arrived first on the field, fetching with them large hampers of food, tents, their favorite dogs, a number of musical instruments—accordions, cornets, tubas, saxophones, tambourines and fiddles—to sweeten the occasion. A large barn dance was arranged by the ladies, and here and there the gentlemen were observed playing pinochle, rummy and casino. Others not thus occupied—men and women—sauntered down the road to the fair grounds where Brigadier General Park A. Finley and Major Will J. Hays were supervising the discipline of 1,400 troops, infantry and cavalry.

The troops were being drilled in close order and as skirmishers. Likewise, and far more impressive to the large gallery of farmers, they were being sent through bayonet drill—long point, short point and jab-shooting their bright blades into dummies.

At the appointed hour, the bugles fanfared, and the battalion, company and platoon leaders began to utter sharp barks. The troops fell in, maneuvered smartly into a column of squads and advanced, route-step, upon the Eversman farm, flanked by a half-dozen determined veterinarians whose manner made it clear that no more fooling would be tolerated. And closing in behind the regiment came the gallery, making no effort to conceal its admiration. All sorts of advice and suggestions were flung at the soldiers—"Hey, you're out of step," "Where's the war, buddy?" and "Don't be afraid, lieutenant; we won't let the cow bite you."

There was not room for everybody at the Eversman barns, so only five troops of cavalry and one hundred infantrymen entered. Ringing speeches against cattle tests were being made by Mr. Baker and Protective Association officials, and while the infantry was being parked in strategic positions a small boy tied his dog to a beehive, thereby precipitating a neat panic. A bee stung the dog and the dog upset the hive. The bees thereupon fell upon the throng, farmers and soldiers indiscriminately. For a while it seemed that the occasion was going to lose dignity.

But a little order was restored and the business of testing the cows proceeded. No resistance was put up by the farmers. In fact, so little verbal protest arose that the authorities began to suspect that all was not as well as it seemed. And this apprehension took on bulk as they realized that, although the crowds at the scenes of inspection were growing larger and larger, the resistance was dwindling and the number of reacting cows diminishing. When the tuberculin is injected into the animal, the veterinarian is prepared to wait forty-eight to seventy-two hours before inspecting his work. If, in that time, an inflamed lump has appeared at the

(Continued on page 46)

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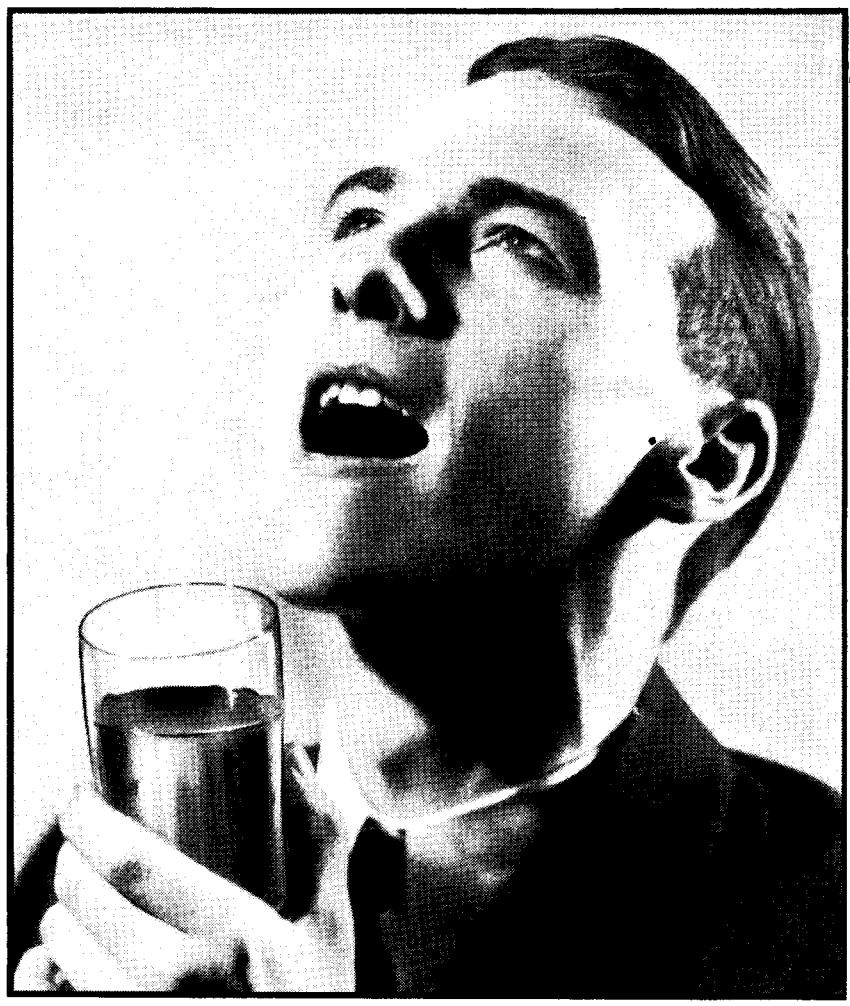
When a Cold Commences
Purge Throat Quickly
Get Rid of Germ-Harboring Mucus



This Is The New Type of Treatment Now Widely Urged By Physicians As First Step In Combating Colds

IT is the germs *embedded in the mucus* that are really important when you have a cold, science now tells us. And ordinary gargles, although they may kill millions of loose *surface* germs, don't touch them. Because they don't get under the mucus. That's why colds hang on when you try to "doctor" them yourself!

The scientific way to check a fresh cold is, first *purge* your throat of germ-breeding mucus. Get rid of the *embedded* bacteria! The germs held in the mucus against the tissues. Any doctor will tell you this.

And that's why so many physicians advise a frequent gargle with Lavoris. A *purging* type of treatment, entirely independent of killing germs.

Here's what it does:

First: It loosens and breaks up the dangerous germ-breeding mucus, that clings to the walls of your mouth and throat. Turns it into curds and shreds that swiftly flush away. You see these shreds with your own eyes.

Thus you know that embedded bacteria are washed out because *the mucus that they lodge in* is flushed out.

Second: After the tissues are thus thoroughly purged and cleansed, *Lavoris* stimulates circulation and fortifies against other germs. All this without the slightest irritation to delicate tissue; or harm to the important gastric juices and digestive processes.

Make This Free Test

At the first sign of a cold—do as physicians now tell you. Use this purging type of treatment. *Mix Lavoris with hot water, half-and-half.* Gargle your throat frequently. See how swiftly it gets the sticky mucus out. See how speedily it brings relief. Note how quickly cold is checked.

LAVORIS

THE GARGLE WITH SCIENTIFIC PURGING ACTION

Get Lavoris at any drug store. Or accept the trial offer below. And receive a generous sample free.

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minnesota · *Branch,* Toronto, Canada

ACCEPT A BOTTLE FREE

LAVORIS CHEMICAL CO., Dept. C,
958 North Third Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me without charge a large, generous sample of Lavoris.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*..... C-39

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HOW HE NEARLY LOST HER
by ALBERT DORNE
WHO'S THAT PRETTY GIRL IN YOUR OFFICE?
THE BOSS'S SECRETARY. I HAVE A DATE WITH HER TONIGHT
NEXT DAY
TOO BUSY TO TALK TO ME?
MUCH TOO BUSY— NO, I CAN'T MAKE ANOTHER DATE
WHAT'S WRONG? WHY IS SHE SO UNFRIENDLY? I NOTICED IT LAST NIGHT WHEN WE LEFT THE THEATRE
PRESIDENT
IVATE
THAT NIGHT
PEOPLE WITH "B.O." OUGHT TO RIDE IN A TAXI —
"B.O."? CAN HE MEAN ME? I'LL SOON STOP THAT
LIFEBUOY, PLEASE
6 WEEKS LATER
THE BOSS WILL HAVE TO LOOK FOR A NEW SECRETARY, DARLING
YES, I TOLD HIM, TODAY

BEWARE OF "B.O."

UNKNOWINGLY, anyone may be guilty of "B.O." (*body odor*). Even in cold weather, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily. Stuffy, over-heated homes, offices, theatres, make "B.O." a very common offence. Keep safe this way:

Wash and bathe always with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—ends "B.O." danger. Helps protect health by removing *germs* from hands. You'll like Lifebuoy's pleasant, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse. It tells you better than words that you're cleaner—*safer!*

Great for the complexion

Lifebuoy's pure, bland lather peps up dull complexions, quickly freshens the skin. Here's the trick—a nightly massage with this deep-cleansing lather (followed by a thorough rinse) to remove pore-clogging impurities. Result—a healthy, radiant skin. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

LIFEBUOY

· FOR · FACE · HANDS · BATH

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

STOPS BODY ODOR PROTECTS HEALTH

Get Away from those Cows

Continued from page 14

point of injection, the cow is pronounced infected. But it was curious that the sinister lumps were becoming so rare. Was it possible that the inspections had arrived at a cleaner, purer sector where cows were healthier? Or was there something wrong with this new batch of tuberculin?

And then it came to the veterinarians. These crowds had come to the farms to celebrate, not to do battle. They had taken up a new or freshly revived sport—cow massaging. If, after the tuberculin has been injected into your cow, you massage the spot where the bacilli entered the beast, there will be no lump. Of course you've got to rub briskly and the cow is apt to be unappreciative. But if you are a determined person, fond of your cow, you can do it; and your friends will be very glad to lend a hand or so.

Weary of War

This, then, was what was going on. How long or how frequently the farmers had been massaging the telltale lumps away, nobody knows. But it explains to a certain degree why the resistance of the farmers died away, and ruins to an equal extent the contention of the authorities that the farmers were at last listening to reason. Naturally, the massaging was not infallible. Some cows will develop lumps however vigorously you massage or with what.

Anyway the Battle of Eversman's Farm marked the high tide of the war. By this time the state was getting a little tired of the war. It had always been more or less a political issue, although largely local. Now the foes of Governor Turner, whose lot had been a most unhappy one, began to go statistical. The governor had pledged himself to an administration of economy and already the state troops had run up a bill of $100,000. Nobody knew precisely how far the tests had gone and how many tuberculous cows had escaped detection, and the farmers whose cows had been subjected to the test had a long array of brand-new grievances.

Hundreds of them were telling their legislators, who were anxious for their good will; their bankers, who craved interest money; and merchants, who yearned for a little business, that they had lost too much money through condemnation or that their tested cows were no longer revenue producers. How much truth and untruth there was to all this is no easier to ascertain than it would be if one were to seek the facts from the legislator, the banker or the merchant. The state department of agriculture announced that Iowa had now more than 2,000,000 accredited cows—cows that had been tested and found healthy. But the farmers replied that these were merely figures, signifying nothing. Many accredited cows, they added, were that and nothing more, having been ruined as milk producers. There is no apparent end to the argument. And Iowa generally is wondering what it got for all that money spent.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said C. L. McKinnon, vice president of the Farmers' Protective Association of Iowa. "We're so sure that these tests are inaccurate, that infected cows do not necessarily react to tuberculin and that non-tuberculous animals may be ruined by the injection, that we will cooperate with the authorities in an experiment on fifty cows. Let us take twenty-five accredited animals from any county and twenty-five that did react to the test, and slaughter them.

"Then let us subject the carcasses to the usual post-mortem examination and a laboratory test. If we do not find more tuberculosis in the non-reactors than in the reactors, the association will foot the bill. We will pay for the tests and for the cattle. But if our contention is right, we will expect the Department of Agriculture to pay for the experiment.

"The Department may say that this is nonsense; but that certainly is no answer. Such is our proposition. And we have no money to waste. We're farmers."

Mr. McKinnon and his associates cite many instances of the alleged inadequacy and fallibility of tuberculin tests, but the one which the farmers will cite most frequently—saying that much depends upon who one is whether one's cows are confiscated on the word of a veterinarian—is that of United States Senator Glass' heifer.

On Senator Glass' Virginia farm, the animal was tested by veterinarians from the United States Department of Agriculture. It reacted and was declared tuberculous. Under the law, the heifer should have been destroyed, but Senator Glass refused to have it slaughtered. No militia was called out, nor was the senator arrested. The government withdrew with proper deference and the senator isolated the heifer.

However, the animal injured itself some time later and had to be killed. Whereat its carcass was turned over to Dr. Elmer Lash of the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry and a group of equally capable veterinarians. Their report to the Department of Agriculture, which was duly recorded in print, was that the animal "disclosed no symptoms whatsoever of tuberculosis or any other disease." And just to make sure, the slaughtered animal's glands were subjected to microscopic examination and chemical analysis in commercial laboratories. But no disease was found.

Doubt, and More Doubt

The state of Iowa has manifested no willingness to accept Mr. McKinnon's fifty-cow suggestion, preferring to cite the thousands of instances where the reacting cow did have tuberculosis and referring all doubters to many authorities (Dr. Charles H. Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota, for example). They will show you, too, affidavits from farmers who doubted and kept on doubting until they witnessed the slaughter of their reacting cows and beheld in the carcasses the proofs of the veterinarians' claims.

Moreover, the state offers you the words of Dr. Marion Dorset, chief of the biochemical division of the United States Department of Agriculture, who insists that tuberculin does not do the healthy cow any harm at all nor injure a tuberculous one. It merely indicates the presence of the disease in the infected animal. And when the indications are present, after the injection, the cow should be slaughtered for the sake of the health of the public, says Dr. Dorset.

All of which, says Mr. Sam Krotter, may be true—or may not be.

"Anyway," said he, "you've got a couple of opinions—one from each side. But government opinion or no government opinion, these ain't exactly the times to tell the farmers that the government doesn't agree with them. They know that already. About the only thing they can do in return is not to agree with the government."

Anyway it was a great war.

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Bullet-Proof Brown

Continued from page 22

going on and where everyone was happy until Frank sauntered in, bringing with him the cold and clammy and discouraging atmosphere of the Law. He walked across the room, took a seat, tilted his chair back against the wall and lit a cigar. He hadn't been invited to attend the party, but evidently he was going to stay there. He did. The minutes dragged on, fifteen or twenty of them, and then, suddenly, out went the lights, "crack" went a pistol, and "wham" went a bullet into the wall right alongside Frank's head.

He answered it. Jumping to his feet, the marshal pulled two guns and went to work. So did a lot of other men. In ten seconds the peaceful dance hall was transformed into a small but very active corner of Hades, and in thirty seconds more, when somebody struck a light again, there lay the answer. Five men dead. Marshal Frank Hunt was one of them, of course, but he had taken four others with him.

Hendry Got the Job

The man who succeeded him in office, Bat Carr, had an entirely different philosophy of life. As Mr. Carr saw it, why subject himself to the unpleasant experience of being murdered when he could hire deputies to do it for him? He therefore followed that procedure, and by confining his official activities to drinking with the gang and furnishing the town with a continual succession of paid hirelings into whom the leading voters could empty their six-shooters, thus relieving their emotional strain.

Hardly a week went by that one of Mr. Carr's deputies was not buried. Finally the supply was exhausted. There came a day when, following a deputy's funeral, no applicant appeared for his job, and thereafter, for several weeks, there ensued a period when hilarity rode high, wide and handsome through the streets and when no man with a badge on was seen abroad after dark.

But one day a stranger rode in! He was a tall, blue-eyed, sunburned blond who carried two ivory-handled six-shooters and a rifle. He leaned his rifle up against the bar in Caldwell's leading liquor emporium, ordered a drink, and asked the bartender where he could locate the city marshal.

"Right here," answered a squeaky voice at his elbow. "I'm him, and what can I do for you?"

The stranger turned, looked Mr. Bat Carr calmly over and said: "You can gimme a job. I understand this town needs a deputy for night work and I want to tackle it."

"You do, eh," said the marshal, while four or five men standing at the bar began to laugh. "You do, eh; and I reckon you know, don't you, that we kills a deputy in this town about every week?"

"That don't worry me none. When do I start in?"

"Tonight."

"Fine," said the stranger, "my name's Hendry Brown, and I'll be right here at six o'clock. So long, gents."

He was gone, and as the swinging doors closed behind his new deputy the marshal turned to the men at the bar and remarked: "Well, fellers, there's another one for you. Looks sorta mild, don't he, and I reckon you'll about finish him off in one evening."

"I reckon we will," was the answer, and, a few minutes later, the marshal for the sake of appearances having gone out for a walk, the gang retired to a wine room to arrange the details of what was going to be a neat little surprise party for Hendry Brown.

Mr. Brown in the meantime, having stabled his horse at the corral and secured lodgings for himself in the hotel, was up in his room. As he hummed a tune which he had brought with him from a Mexican dance hall down in Fort Sumner, New Mexico, he was carefully oiling his six-shooters and putting a drop or two of oil into the lock of his rifle. Nobody, if he could help it, was going to surprise him. On the contrary, what a jolt it would have been to Marshal Carr if somebody had suddenly put him wise to the fact that the youth he had just hired was *not* a world-famous character only because the name Brown was not as poetic and did not look as well in the public prints as that of Billy the Kid.

But such was the case. For years, in fact ever since Billy the Kid crossed over from Mesilla to Lincoln, down in New Mexico, and began to shoot out a career for himself, he and Hendry Brown had ridden knee to knee and fought shoulder to shoulder. When the bodies of Morton, Baker and McCloskey were left lying by the side of the Agua Prieta water hole on the road from Roswell, Hendry Brown was the man who might have been seen jogging away from that spot alongside the Kid. He was also there, very much there, when Sheriff Brady and his deputy George Hindman were assassinated in the street in Lincoln. Later on, at the time Billy the Kid and his whole outfit stood siege in the McSween home for two days, and then with a rousing cheer and much slaughter shot their way to freedom through an overwhelming number of their embattled enemies, he was likewise present.

In short, nearly everything that has ever been written about the antics of Billy the Kid—from the time almost that he began to pack a gun up to just a few days before this story begins, when he and Brown had separated down in the Panhandle—could with equal truth have been written about hard-boiled Hendry.

A Surprise Party

Nor was the separation of this pair due to any falling out between them. Not a bit of it. They parted as the best of friends, and did so only because, having grown tired of a limited field of endeavor, and having heard of the unhappy situation existing in Caldwell, Hendry Brown decided to go there and straighten the town out. That he was well qualified to render it that service *we* now know, but the town didn't, which is why, on this first night, we find the leading lights of Caldwell's sporting element duly congregated in an appointed saloon and all expectantly waiting to see the new deputy either high-tail it out of town or get perforated; they didn't care which.

The surprise planned for Hendry Brown was a regular, old-fashioned frame-up. One of the gang was to start shooting up the bar-room; the deputy, in response to the call of duty, would attempt to arrest the offender; a couple of the latter's friends would interfere, and in the ensuing argument the officer would either turn yellow or get slaughtered.

The only trouble with this scheme, in this particular instance, was that it didn't work. About ten o'clock, as per schedule, and when the gang's potential

(Continued on page 48)

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BAYER ASPIRIN

(*Continued from page 47*)

victim was known to be near by, one of the plotters let out a series of war-whoops and began to shoot holes in the ceiling. In came Brown, but not in the manner expected. Having framed a good many officers in his own day, and feeling quite sure that the boys were now trying to frame him, the new deputy didn't enter on the run and didn't immediately start to arrest anybody. Instead, he walked in slowly, let his practiced eyes, which knew danger when they saw it, wander over the crowd for a few seconds. When he spied a couple of gents who already had their hands on their artillery, he jerked his own, laid that pair low, and then, after viciously smacking the astounded celebrator over the head with a still-smoking six-shooter, he led him off to jail.

Caldwell was stunned. In a daze it buried Deputy Brown's first two victims and in a daze it remained until about a week later, when a committee of citizens called on Bat Carr and told him that he had to discharge his deputy. But when that squeaky-voiced individual attempted the feat he found out that, whereas it had been pretty easy to hire Hendry, it was darned hard to fire him.

Creating Business

"Now who might you be that you're tellin' me to quit?" inquired the young man when his superior officer told him he had to resign.

"I'm the marshal," squeaked Bat.

"Like hell you are," replied Hendry as he reached over and snatched the badge from the chief's coat. Then, as he pinned it on his own, he added, "I am."

He was: there was no doubt of it. Caldwell didn't like Hendry Brown any better as a marshal than it had as deputy, but what could anybody do about it? Nothing, and thereafter when he dug up an old crony named Ben Wheeler, who was as actively belligerent as he was himself, and made Ben his deputy, the place actually surrendered.

With one slight drawback, though, Brown made a good marshal. He had the toughs all so terrorized that whenever they felt the urge to celebrate they went elsewhere to gratify it. But he didn't. That was the trouble. When Hendry's own urge went to work on him, no compelling necessity forced *him* to travel, and thus, lacking offending rowdies in his own town into whose carcasses he could pour his leaden resentment, he was only too likely, in his lighter moments, every now and then to demolish some peaceful citizen.

The town was good because he was so bad! The situation palled on him. No activity. Nothing to do. It made Hendry lonesome; but still waters run deep and thus it happened that far down beneath the placid surface of his own town, placid only because the marshal made it that way, this same marshal was secretly planning an enterprise on his own behalf. This ambitious enterprise, as it turned out, rid Caldwell forever of his presence and restored to its citizens their ancient, gun-given right to shoot at one another whenever and wherever they wanted to.

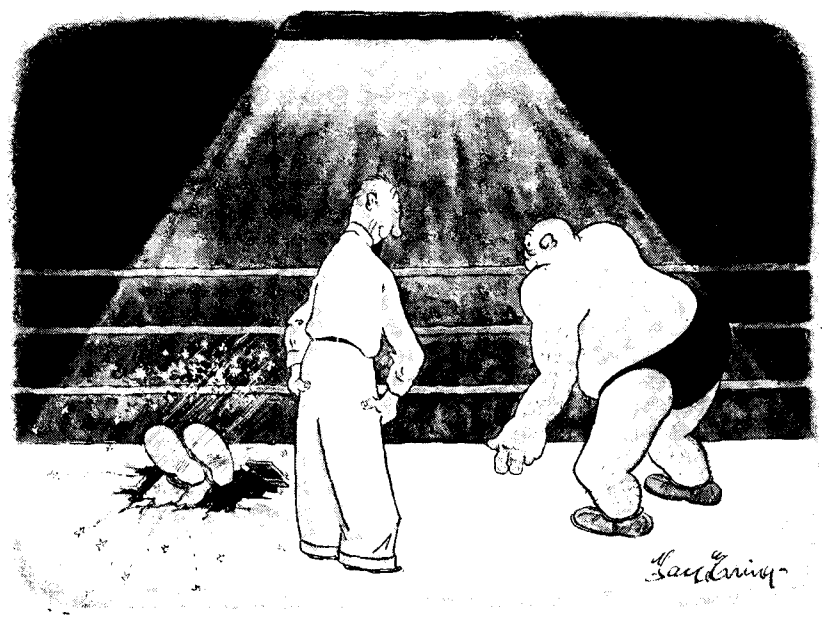
It happened this way: One peaceful morning Hendry Brown and his deputy, Ben Wheeler, rode out of town. They were going, they said, down into the Cherokee strip to gather in a pair of outlaws, but they never got there. Instead they turned north, stopped at a cow camp, were there joined by a couple of cowboys, one anonymous and the other named Smith, and together the quartet rode on to the little town of Medicine Lodge. There was a bank there; they stopped in front of it, dismounted and went in to get some money.

"Naw," said Hendry Brown in response to a question from the cashier. "I don't want to cash a check. I want all you got. Gaze into this and shell 'er out," and he shoved a gun under the banker's nose. The cashier was game, though. He ducked, reached for his own gun and Brown fired. It was a good shot; as usual the marshal had killed his man, but he was not quite soon enough. Before he died the cashier crawled along the floor, reached the safe, turned the combination and at that instant, and just exactly in time for Cowboy Smith to kill him, in walked the president of the institution.

Short Shrift

That ended the Medicine Lodge bank robbery. Hendry Brown and his associates didn't get a cent out of it, but the next day, up in Cedar Cañon, they got caught. An Irishman by the name of Barney O'Connor organized a posse, gave chase, rounded the boys up and brought them back to Medicine Lodge where they were enthusiastically received by the entire populace and hanged without trial.

Whether or not Hendry Brown wore his marshal's badge at this concluding ceremony is not known, but he did wear it when he held up the bank; and as for his gold-plated rifle, it went to Barney O'Connor.



"Vladek Czybrizunski! Aren't you ashamed?" *Jay Irving*

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The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 19

such obvious, crude, cheap flattery—"

"But you like it, don't you?" She cocked her head on one side, in a pose that was even more devastating than she realized, and she was not without knowledge of her own effect upon males.

Old Kelton melted.

"Of course I like it. Now tell me what you want."

"You'll scold," she said. "You'll be cross. That is, as cross as a sweetie like you can possibly be. Fifty-eight? And I'm twenty-three. There *is* a difference, isn't there?"

"I'm a busy man," he roared. "Your five minutes are up. If you can't tell your business and get out of here—"

"Resolve and Company have put a million, more or less, in some scheme to do with Renssaler Place. The money is owed to Sam Clayborne. You know him."

Kelton nodded.

"The one that married the sweet little Davis girl? Rita Davis? How does she stick him, Jinny?"

"God knows," she replied. "She doesn't want to. She wants to divorce him and marry Dean Resolve. He's mad about her."

Kelton nodded.

"Nice lad. Able, too, if he cared to work. That old bumble of a father of his—well, what's all this to do with me or you?"

"CLAYBORNE will ruin Resolve and Company. Sturgis Resolve got into the scheme while Dean was abroad. He just learned about it today. Rita won't marry him if divorcing her husband makes Clayborne wreck Resolve and Company."

"Well?" Below the shaggy brows Kelton's eyes narrowed.

"Is Renssaler Place a good buy?" she asked again.

Kelton leaned back in his chair and touched his finger tips together.

"I know the scheme. A merger of all the holdings, with the idea of tearing down and building—it's an excellent scheme. Two years ago there'd have been millions in it. Two years from now—if Resolve can hold on—he ought to make a fortune. Right now—with the market dead, with real estate in the doldrums—why do you want to know?"

"Because I want you to lend Resolve and Company whatever they need," said Jinny. "Take mortgages, notes—whatever is necessary, but—"

"You've gone completely mad," he raged. "If you think I'll do a thing like that—that's half of all you have in the world, Jinny. And I'll do nothing of the sort."

"Then I'll have to get another executor—I'm of age, you know. You've been an angel to continue looking after my property for me. But if you can't do this—you *said* it was a good buy."

"Suppose it is? I've got your money invested—"

"But you can get it out, can't you? I *have* a million, haven't I?"

"Twice that," he assured her. "But, Jinny—does your mother know—"

"No one knows. And you're never to tell, Frederick. *Never!* Promise me?"

"I haven't said yet that I'd do it," he replied. "Jinny, what's the idea?"

"And I don't want Resolve and Company to know where the money comes from," she said.

Kelton's eyes grew suddenly gentle.

"Jinny, the Renssaler Place property is all right. You won't *lose* by it. But—I've got to know why you're doing it. What's Dean Resolve to you?"

Her face was white and the laugh that accompanied her reply was hoarse and choked.

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing—except that I happen to love him."

Frederick Kelton broke a life-long office rule. He fumbled in his pocket and produced a slim, very black panetela and lighted it. It was his conviction that smoking wasted time, that it set standards of laxity in the office, and that subordinates would not accord their best obedience to a man who was a slave to a habit. He said nothing until the cigar was drawing properly and he was sure that his fingers had ceased to tremble and that there would be no shake in his voice.

"Most absurdly quixotic thing I ever heard of," he said then. "And you're a silly young girl; don't know your own mind. How long's this been going on?"

"Going on?" Her voice was light now, although her eyes were tragic. "Believe me, Frederick, I never knew it until the other day. Got a cable from him asking me to marry him—"

"Got a cable? But I thought you said he was in love with Rita Clayborne?"

"He is. I thought he had a brainstorm, or that Rita had finally turned him down. I *knew* he didn't love me. And—well, I couldn't take advantage of him. So I cabled him—and wrote him—laughing it off. Thank God for that. For he had never sent me any cable. Someone's idea of a joke." She laughed harshly. "The joke was on me, all right. For it made me realize that I was in love with him. Frederick Kelton, my own mother doesn't know this. She thinks that I'm just a good friend of Dean's. If you ever tell—I *have* to explain to you."

"Jinny, you know I'd never breathe it. But, Jinny! I don't care how charming Rita Clayborne is. If you set your mind to it—"

"You're sweet, Frederick," she said. "But a man that loves Rita couldn't possibly look at anyone else. She—well, there are times—there have been in the last few days—when I can't help hating her. She has the thing I want. But I know I'm not fair. She's the *grandest* person. And I never fool myself, Frederick. I have what it takes to subdue plenty of men. I'm a conceited young thing, Frederick, if you've never guessed it."

"I'd suspected it," he said dryly.

SHE nodded, and gayety began to come back to her eyes.

"But I'd never back myself against Rita Clayborne," she said. "She—she's like someone you read about in history sometimes. Noble. I think she's about the only person in the world that I'd apply that word to. And she has beauty and charm and—well, that's enough. Are you going to do what I want you to do?"

Old Kelton eyed her. What a trump the girl was!

"It's the most sportin' thing I ever heard of," he said slowly.

"What's sporting about it? You say yourself that I can't *lose*."

"I'm not thinking of the money, Jinny," he told her. "It's just—handing the man you love over to someone else."

"Well, why not? What's love for, if it isn't to make someone happy? If it's to be selfish, to grab—"

"Since you were a baby, Jinny," he said, "I've been fond of you. Oh, I've scolded and been cross and raised Ned about the way you wanted to spend

(Continued on page 50)

Yawns begin to get the better of suppression, conversation declines to monosyllables, minds wander.

Then is the time for White Rock—super-sparkling to impart extra liveliness wherever it is served—to brighten with its lasting sparkle, the occasion that has begun to dull.

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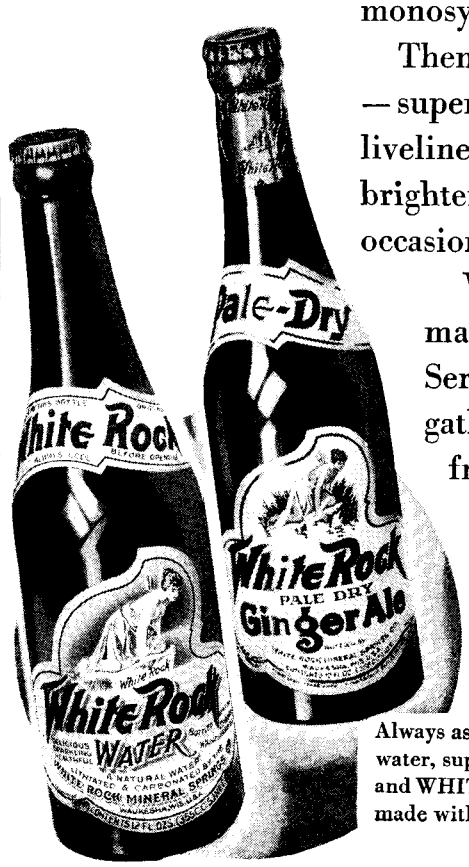

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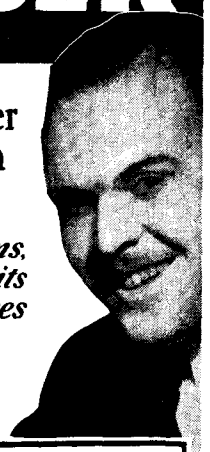

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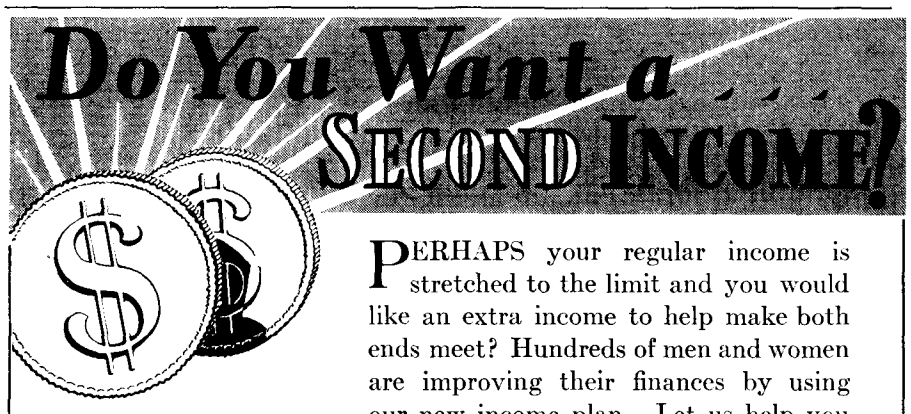

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(Continued from page 49)

money. But all the time I've wished that you belonged to me—"

"Is this a belated proposal?" she laughed.

"This, my dear," he said gently, "is my little tribute to the greatest gentleman I've ever met. And now," he cried irascibly, "there's been enough sickly sentiment in this office. Who'd ever have thought that in my old age I'd be approving stupidities? I used to make it a rule never to have any business dealings with women whatsoever. Always flighty, always demanding ridiculous things. I wish I'd kept to that rule. And I said you could have five minutes, and you've been here half an hour. Do you think I have nothing better to do than fritter away an afternoon? Do you think this is a tea-room, or a boudoir?"

"Why, Frederick, what immoral thoughts you have!" she said.

She rose and crushed her cigarette in a pencil holder on his desk.

"Then—you'll do it for me? Without ever letting anyone know where the money came from?"

His gray eyes suddenly twinkled.

"I'll do it," he said. "And, Jinny, if you make a few hundred thousand out of the deal, you won't mind, will you? Because if I *give* the money to Resolve and Company—well, they'd think I was insane. And I'm not going to let a quixotic girl ruin my hard-earned reputation. I'll be fair. I'll pull them out of the hole. I'll take Clayborne off young Resolve's neck. But you'll get an interest in the deal. For I don't believe in leaving it to Heaven to reward good deeds. Grab your profit down here."

"Whatever you say, but don't play Shylock," she said.

"Shylock? Huh! He wanted interest. The boy had never heard of a bonus, and a kick-back, and a lot of things not nominated in the bond."

Jinny touched her lips and did something to an eyebrow.

"Good-by, old dear. If there are any papers to sign, send them up—"

"She presumes to advise me about elementals of business!" he cried. "If you'll just let me attend to—"

The door closed upon her straight young back, and even as he sighed sadly, he was reaching for the telephone.

AT EXACTLY five-thirty that afternoon, just as Dean Resolve pushed back a pile of documents from his desk and looked miserably at the black wall before him, his telephone rang. For a moment he refused to heed its insistence. What a sweet jam his father had managed to get into! Six months ago, when the son had departed for Europe, Resolve and Company had been more than solvent; the firm had been in superb shape. Dean had managed to get rid of all bad investments; there had been a cash surplus, beyond ordinary needs for office expenses, of two hundred thousand dollars, and the income for the next twelve months, allowing for a bad rental season, could not fall below a net of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

And now, because Sturgis Resolve, once burned by fire, had failed to learn the lesson that even children are supposed to grasp, the firm was in imminent danger. Old Resolve had obligated himself to pay almost a million dollars to Sam Clayborne, and the banks had refused to lend on second and third mortgages. . . . It was ruin, no less.

Wearily, more exhausted by two hours of concentration, plus impotent—and never-to-be-mentioned—anger toward his father, than as much time on a polo field had ever caused, he picked up the instrument.

"Jefferson and Colby speaking. Is this Mr. Resolve?"

"This is Dean Resolve."

"One moment, please. Mr. Colby wishes to speak to you."

Another voice spoke.

"Dean? Colby speaking. How's the traveler? A lot of people have been telling me that you didn't go in for serious drinking at all, old man. Said they would go into any bar in France and never run across you. Feeling okay?"

"Well enough to trim you at golf," said Dean.

"A hundred will get eighty you can't," said Colby.

"There speaks a lawyer," gibed Dean.

"And a darned good one, keed," said his attorney. "I've good news for you, Dean."

"The Lord knows I need a lot of it," said Dean. "I've been going over the papers you drew up for Dad, and how you ever let him get into that deal with Clayborne is over my head."

"Yeah? Well, with all due respect to your progenitor, you be his lawyer sometime and try to keep him out of anything he's determined to go into. And don't bite the hand that feeds you, young sir. Do you know what I've got in my office right now?"

"A blonde?" jeered Dean.

"THE idle rich," sighed Colby. "They are the tabloids' best patrons. I've an offer from the Patroons Holding Company to go in with Resolve and Company on the Renssaler Place deal. They'll take up the Clayborne notes for you."

"You wouldn't fool a man eager to bet you two hundred against eighty and allow you a bisque each way, would you?" asked Dean.

"I'm making a note of that somewhat parsimonious wager on my cuff right now," laughed Colby. "No, old Jeremy Sanborne, the Patroons' lawyer, telephoned me a little while ago. Said the concern he represented wanted to extend. You know—or ought to know—the Patroons developed Patroon Square, just south of Renssaler Place, a while ago. They see a chance to combine the two holdings—well, anyway, Sanborne said his people will go in with you. They retain Resolve and Company as agents. They take your notes for what they pay Clayborne. Long-time notes. They demand fifty per cent of the profits. Boy, I didn't debate the matter with old Jeremy. Told him to send me a memorandum of his offer. I've got it here. Shall I accept it for you? Details to be arranged later, but payment of the Clayborne notes guaranteed immediately."

"Why do you ask?" cried Dean. "Why in blazes didn't you dash over to Sanborne's office and settle it instantly? He might die, or elope with a Follies girl—"

Colby laughed.

"When old Jeremy says anything it's settled. Now, take your head off that pillow of care on which it has been reposing and go out and get yourself a time. But bring a clear head—and your father—to my office tomorrow morning at eleven and we'll sign the preliminary papers."

The hand that held the receiver to Dean's ear shook violently.

"Jack? There isn't any possible remote chance of a slip-up, is there?"

"Not when you're dealing with old Jeremy. But I know how you must feel. Only, don't feel that way. It's *absolute.* Only, Dean, you mustn't ever run off again and leave that grand old gentleman, your father, to play marbles for keeps. We won't always find a Patroons concern around the corner. Tomorrow at eleven. Congratulations and so long."

Dean sat for a full five minutes, staring again at the wall. But now there was no misery in his eyes, no dejection in his manner. Thank Heaven, old

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Sturgis Resolve was at the club, playing his afternoon cocktail-hour backgammon with Peter Curtin! He had avoided Dean all afternoon, and had announced his departure for his rendezvous with the bravado of a naughty boy.

Dean, in the reaction that came to him now, would not have wanted to face the old gentleman. After all, one couldn't *scold* one's parent, nor could one show in the presence of that parent one's hysterical relief that the parent's folly must not be paid for.

Nor could he trust himself to speak to Rita until he was certain that the choke had gone from his voice. But at last he felt sufficiently self-controlled to call her number. She answered herself.

"Rita. You're leaving—after all—for Reno."

HE HAD not completely conquered his excitement. His voice and words showed that.

"Dean! What do you mean?" His own excitement was matched by hers.

"Those notes—they're all right, Rita. The money has been raised. Your husband can't do a thing to Resolve and Company."

"Are you sure?" There was faint doubt in her voice. "Dean, you wouldn't —deceive me? I'd never—Dean, I'd *hate* myself if my leaving hurt you."

"Rita, sweet, I couldn't lie to you about a thing like this. You know that. Rita—you haven't changed your mind? Rita, I'm coming right up now. I'm going to *take* you out of that house. I'm going to—"

"Dean, dearest, please," she begged. "You mustn't come here. Sam might come in—"

"A lot I care," he cried.

"But I *do*. He—he's dangerous, Dean. And—I couldn't stand another scene. But my trunks have been brought back from the station."

"Send them right off again," he ordered.

"There aren't any night trains to the West," she protested.

"Then go to a hotel. You're not going to stay there—not if you love me. And you do, don't you, Rita? There wasn't any other reason, was there? It was just fear for me, wasn't it?"

"You know that," she told him. "But —but I am afraid of him. Dean. I've been thinking—of the scandal—he'll sue—"

"We've been over that," he interrupted. "If he dares— Rita, one must always pay some kind of price for everything worth-while. If it's worth the price—"

"Of course it is," she said.

"Then let's not argue. Send your trunks off now. Have your maid do it. But, you—you leave at once. There must be night trains to Chicago. But if there aren't—don't go to a hotel. Rita, call up Jinny Carpenter. Ask if you can't spend the night with her. She loves you, Rita. I saw her at luncheon today, and I told her all about us. Do that, Rita. And I'll meet you at her house in half an hour. Please, Rita."

There was a moment's pause before he heard her voice again. Then it was grave with decision.

"I'll ask her," she said.

"This very minute?" he urged.

"As soon as you hang up," she promised.

"I'll do that now. I only want to tell you—Rita, I adore you."

"And I adore you, Dean," she said softly.

He waited another five minutes, lighting cigarettes, putting them out, pacing up and down his office floor. Then he picked up the phone again and asked for Jinny Carpenter's number. She answered immediately.

"Jinny, this is Dean."

Her laugh was natural, unaffected, unforced.

"I thought I'd be hearing from you, Dean."

"Jinny, have you been the nicest person in all the world?"

"I've asked Rita to spend the night, if that's what you mean, Dean."

"I knew you would," he cried. "Some day, God love you, Jinny, I'll do something for you— She's leaving Clayborne. I've fixed matters up. Or they've been fixed for me. It doesn't matter. Rita isn't afraid of ruining me. And I didn't want her to go to a hotel. I wanted her somewhere that Clayborne wouldn't know about. You're an angel from heaven. May I come right up?"

"Of course you may, Dean," she assured him. And there was nothing in her voice to indicate that tears were in her eyes, and that her heart was a heavy lump in her bosom.

And when, twenty minutes later, she received him in the drawing-room of her Sixty-eighth Street home, there was nothing in her manner, in the unaffected ease with which she greeted him, to show that she was other than quite naturally glad to see him.

He seemed to look beyond her as he shook hands. Jinny answered his unspoken question.

"Rita isn't here yet," she smiled.

He frowned faintly. He glanced at his watch.

"That's funny. I thought she'd come right over—"

"She probably did leave right away," said Jinny. "But right away, for a woman, Dean, means waiting to put things in a bag—she'll be here. She said she'd be here immediately. She—she's going to get her divorce?"

"She's leaving for Reno tomorrow—maybe tonight," he said. "There isn't anything in the world can stop her now. Jinny—you know that financial stuff I was telling you about—it's absolutely fixed up, and—Rita ought to be here now."

She shook her head with mock gravity.

"Taxis are slow this time of evening, Dean. Traffic—"

"Oh, sure," he agreed. "But still—"

HE TRIED to talk, tried to be playful in response to Jinny's raillery. But over and again he glanced at his wristwatch, rose from his chair and walked to the window, staring down at the street. And finally, when three quarters of an hour had elapsed and Rita had not appeared, he asked permission to use the telephone.

Jinny nodded to the instrument on a desk, concealed in a gay little box. He dialed the Clayborne number. A gruff voice said. "Hello."

"May I speak to Mrs. Clayborne, please?"

"Mrs. Clayborne? Who wants to speak to her?" demanded the voice.

Dean pursed his lips. The voice lacked that quality of deference which is in the voice of the well-trained servant, and Rita never had any other kind.

"Mr. Resolve speaking. Mr. Dean Resolve," he said.

"Oh, yeah?" Dean was certain now that this was no butler. "Dean Resolve, eh? And where are you speaking from, Mr. Resolve?"

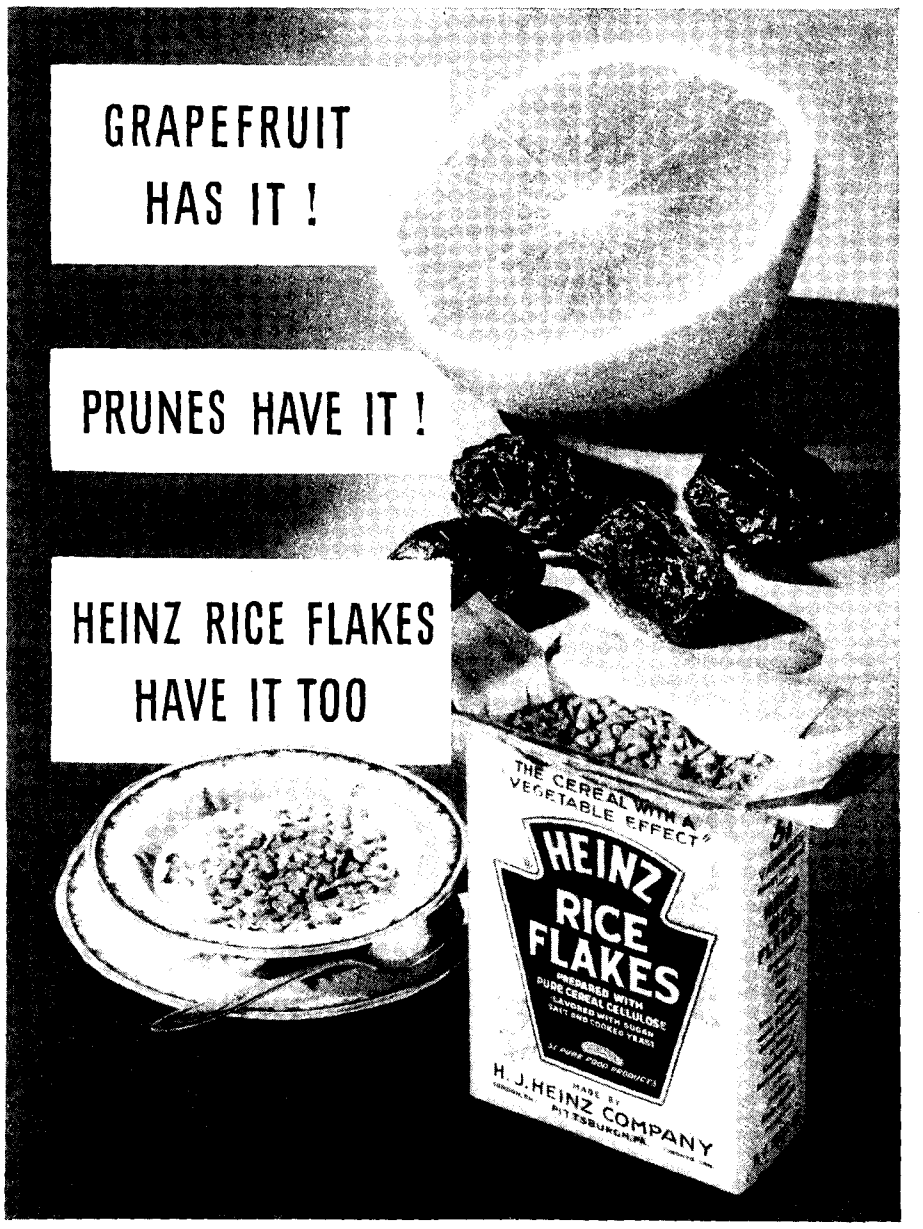
"What possible difference can that make? Will you please ask Mrs. Clayborne to come to the phone?" said Dean.

"Say, you'd better come over, Mr. Resolve," said the voice. "You see, Mrs. Clayborne can't talk to you now. There —there's been an accident."

"An accident?"

The telephone clattered to the floor as Dean stared at Jinny.

(To be continued next week)



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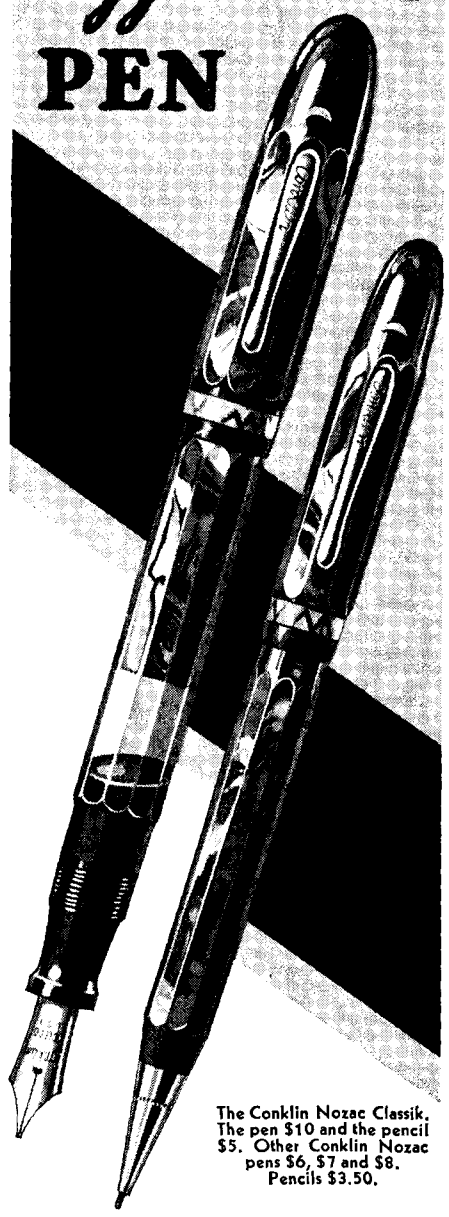

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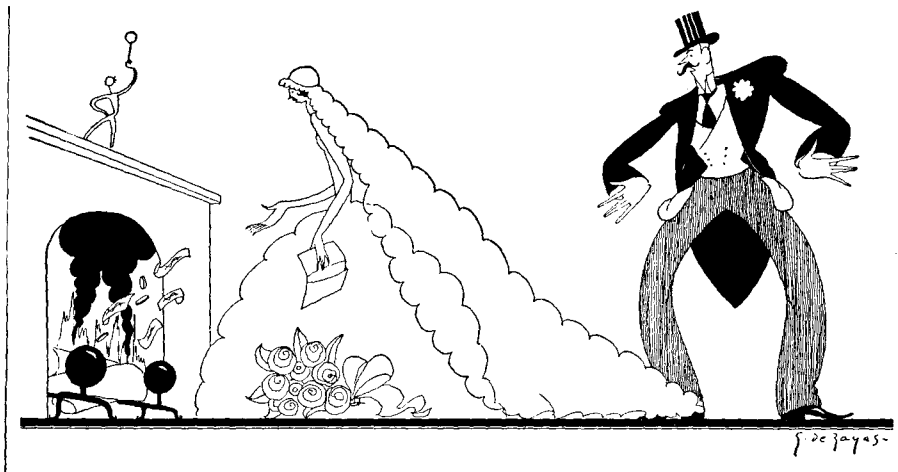


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Esthonia, the little Baltic republic, still continues one of the strangest marriage customs in history. Brides, when first entering their new homes, throw money in the fire.

The world's most dangerous railroad journey today is through the famous Khyber Pass between Afghanistan and India. Along the entire 27 miles, gangs of playful little bandits, hiding behind rocks, do so much shooting at the trains that heavy guards of soldiers accompany the passengers.

Probably the oldest pension in history is one being paid by England to a man in Brooklyn for services which his ancestors rendered to King Charles II in 1651. Since 1675, or 257 years ago, this family has received about $500 annually, and the gift is expected to continue in perpetuity. — *By A. W. Stanford, New York.*

The Dalagá Máligáwa in Kandy, Ceylon, is today the most sacred Buddhist temple in the world because it contains a tooth of Buddha. The fact that this relic is a curved and pointed tusk two inches long does not, however, tax the credulity of the 160,000,000 Buddhists.

Along the east coast of Africa, white men still marvel at the way in which native news and long, complex messages are transmitted hundreds of miles a day—from village to village—by the tapping of drums.

An analysis of 750,000 arrests in 18 American cities in recent years shows that nearly half of them were falsely made on the unsubstantiated suspicion of policemen instead of on the legally required "basis in fact."

The average cost of nominating and electing each of the 32 senators chosen in 1930 was $172,000—nearly three times as much as the 6 years' salary of $60,000.

A New York beauty salon sells jars of skin-stimulation cream at $100 each. If you wish to economize, you may buy a small sample jar for $60.

Two telephone developments: An attachment with an adjustable amplifier which can be "tuned up" for deaf persons, and a switch which automatically shuts off the radio when the telephone is in operation.

The annual per-capita consumption of soap in the United States today is 25 pounds. In Europe, it is 4 pounds. And in Asia and Africa, it is a little less than one small smell.—*By J. C. Peirce, Villa Park, Illinois.*

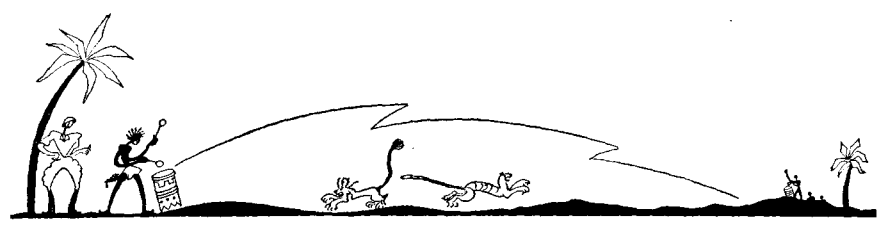
The recent phenomenal decrease in goiter among the Michigan school children through the coöperative statewide use of table salt containing iodine has prevented thousands of cases of feeble-mindedness which would have resulted from this type of thyroid enlargement. —*By Dr. Jonathan Forman, Columbus, Ohio.*

The Nizam of Hyderabad, the Indian potentate who made a little gift of $100,000,000 to the British Treasury during the war, keeps the largest part of his fabulous fortune in gold pieces in bags stored in a vast vault which is guarded by thousands of soldiers.

On Whit-Tuesdays, a quaint festival is held in Echternach, Luxemburg. From miles around, 15,000 pilgrims come dancing — with bands — to and through the parish church to invoke the prayers of St. Willibrod on behalf of sufferers from epilepsy and St. Vitus' dance.

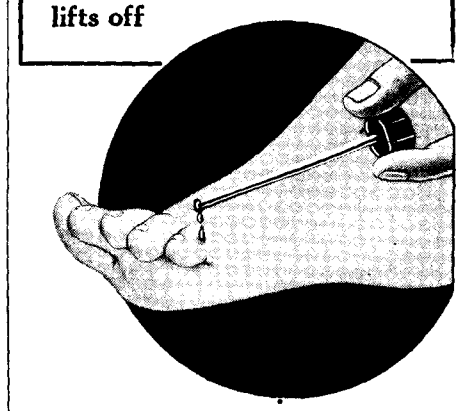
The Leipzig Trade Fair is the world's greatest exhibition of merchandise. In 60 large palaces and halls, more than 9,000 manufacturer-exhibitors and 150,000 buyers from numerous countries meet every March and August to sell and buy and keep up with the commodity world.—*By I. M. Horn, San Juan Bautista, California.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



HOW TO STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

One drop does it—corn soon lifts off



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—2 KINDS—

S. B. (BLACK) AND MENTHOL

Bold Pathfinder

Continued from page 17

Livingstone was downright invention, and openly doubting if he had ever gone ten miles beyond the coast. Livingstone's family, however, verified the journals that Stanley brought out, and Queen Victoria put an end to controversy by giving him a gold snuff box as a public sign of friendship and approval.

A lecture tour through the United States did much to soothe Stanley's bruised feelings, and in 1873 he accepted a Herald assignment to accompany Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition against the barbarous Ashantis.

A Great Assignment

He returned to England in 1874 to hear of Livingstone's death in April, 1873. Stanley was among those who followed the body to its burial place in Westminster Abbey, but not even a very genuine grief could still the working of his ambitious mind. From the funeral service he went straight to the office of the Daily Telegraph and begged to be sent to Africa to complete the work of Livingstone, Burton, Speke and Baker. Sir Edwin Arnold approved enthusiastically, and when Bennett cabled that the Herald stood ready to stand half of the expense, the greatest assignment ever given a newspaper man was decided upon.

Again Stanley picked Zanzibar as his starting point, and as there were no harassments on account of money, he entered Africa on November 11, 1874, with three hundred and fifty-six chosen Negroes at his back. The second journey was even more terrible than the first. Once the expedition was six days without food, and January found Stanley with only two hundred and forty-seven people left with whom to face the hostile savages of Ituri. Sometimes he fought, and at other times he parleyed, but always he pressed on and at last, after one hundred and four days, he reached the shores of Victoria Nyanza.

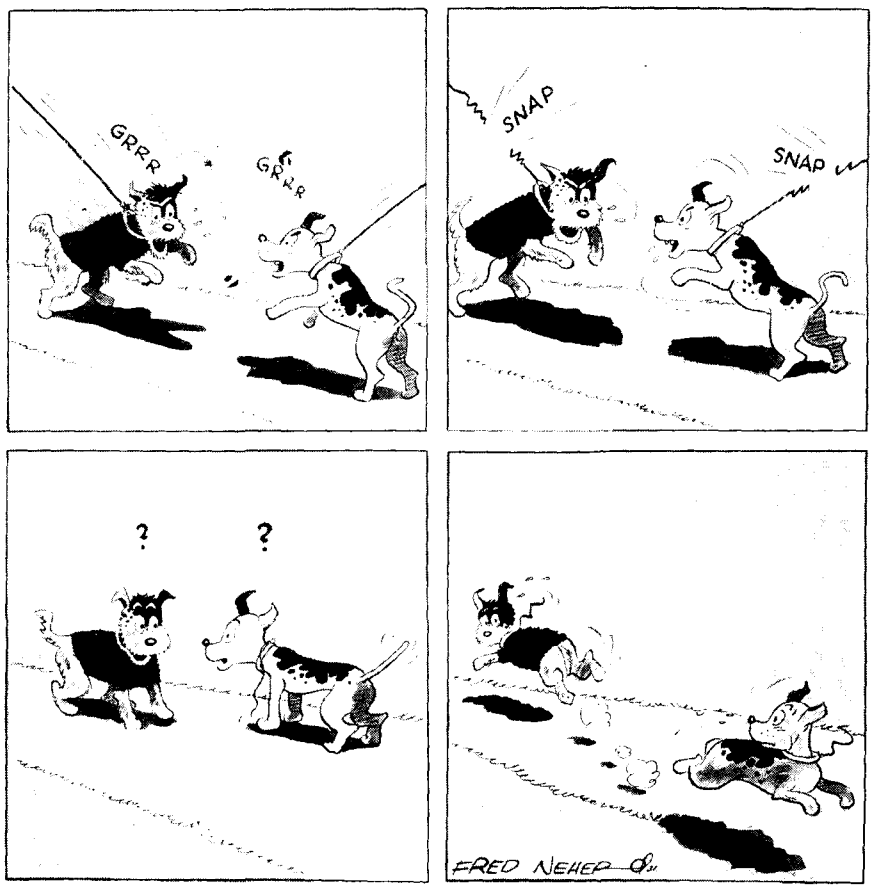
Here he put together the boat that he had brought from Zanzibar—a cedar craft forty feet long—and despite the panic of his bearers, set forth on the exploration of the inland sea that had baffled every other explorer. Some of the lake tribes were friendly, receiving him as one come from heaven, but with others there were bloody battles, Stanley shooting until his rifle was hot in his hands. In the end, however, he proved that Victoria Nyanza was not a cluster of lakes, but one single body covering 26,828 square miles. Then he portaged his boat to Tanganyika, and after four weeks of famine, fighting and hardship, successfully completed the circuit of that great lake.

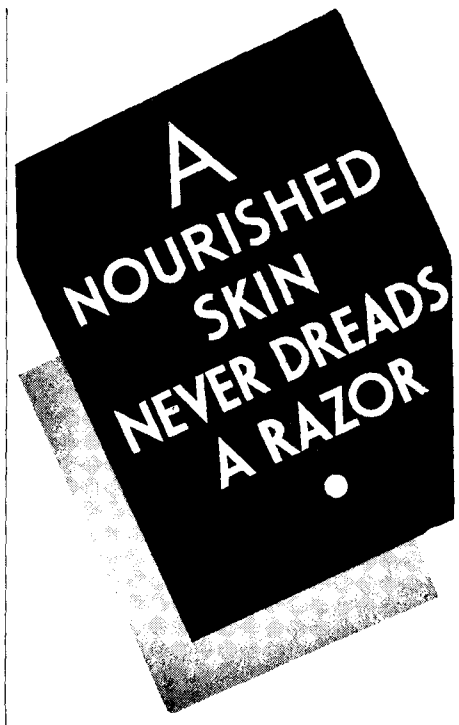
What now remained was to follow the Lualaba. Livingstone had traced the course of the mighty stream for a full thirteen hundred miles, yet he remained in doubt as to whether he was on the Nile, the Niger or the Congo. A hard march of two hundred and twenty miles from Lake Tanganyika brought Stanley to the Arab town of Nyangwe on the banks of the Lualaba, but there his men refused to go forward, loudly crying that it was a land of death that lay ahead, filled with cannibals, pythons, leopards and gorillas. Cowing the rebellion with his accustomed ruthlessness, Stanley succeeded in hiring an armed escort from Tippoo Tib, the Arab chief, and on November 5, 1876, entered the dismal forest. All that had gone before was child's play to the horrors and hardships that he now encountered, for out of the swamps came fevers and loathsome diseases; food and water were problems, and every village sent forth its warriors to capture or to kill.

In December, when they were come again to the river, Tippoo Tib and his Arabs refused to go farther, and Stanley and his tattered survivors took to the stream in the cedar boats and such canoes as were available.

Down the Lualaba they floated through pestilential vapors that choked and poisoned, tormented by hunger and sleeplessness, for war drums beat both day and night. At what is now known as Stanley Falls, it took twenty-two days to pass the seven cataracts, for

(Continued on page 54)





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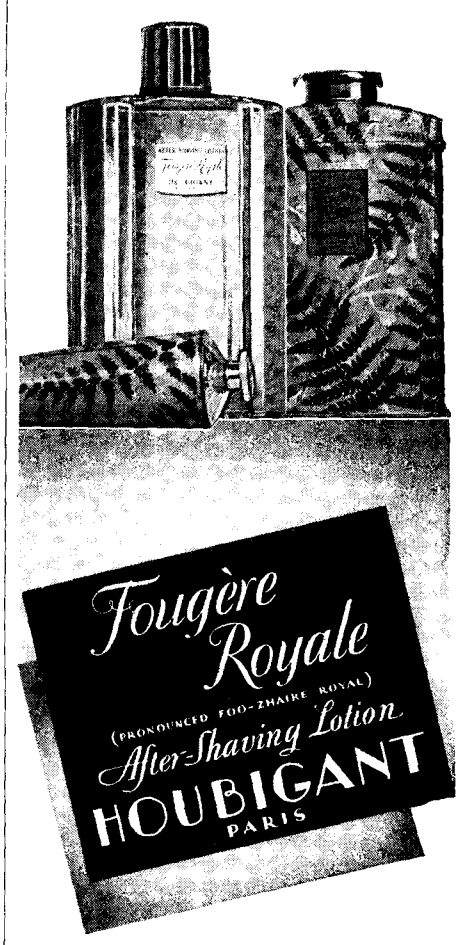

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QUICKEST RELIEF FROM COUGHING

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(Continued from page 53)

only one half could work at portaging the boats, the other half fighting to beat off the furious blacks who attacked without cessation.

Poisoned arrows and spear-thrusts took many of his men, famine and exhaustion killed others, hidden whirlpools sucked down canoes and bearers, his three white aides perished miserably, but still Stanley drove forward, and on August 9, 1877, came to Boma on the shores of the Atlantic. At the start—two and a half years before—he had been a rugged, chunky, black-headed young man of thirty-four; now, at the finish, his hair was snow-white, every bone was outlined against the tight-drawn skin, and he moved with the painful creep of old age.

With it all, however, a profound satisfaction must have possessed him, for he, the derided newspaper man, the workhouse boy, had succeeded where famous scientists and veteran explorers had failed. At last it stood proved that the Lualaba was not the Nile nor the Niger but the Congo; more than this, he had thrown new light on the Nile system, established the unity and area of Victoria Nyanza, the length, area and outlet of Lake Tanganyika and had opened up the whole of the Dark Continent.

Returning to England, it was Stanley's hope that the British government would recognize the commercial possibilities of Africa, but when not a single statesman showed interest he crossed to the Continent, where Belgium's ruler held out welcoming hands. Urged by King Leopold, the weary man consented to take charge of a development plan and August 15, 1879, found him again at the mouth of the Congo.

Never was Stanley more heroic than in the bitter, drudging years that followed. There were stations to set up and roads to build; fevers to fight, hostile chiefs to win over, mutinies to quell.

Stanley to the Rescue

Helpers died by scores and at various times Stanley himself came close to the grave's edge, but at the end of two years he was able to return to Europe and report the full discharge of his obligations. When told, however, that his presence was indispensable to the continuance of the work, he took up a burden grown almost insupportable, and went back to Africa after only six weeks in Europe. Again he knew heartbreaking trials and incredible drudgery, but by 1884 he had built stations and roads that opened up some 6,000 miles of navigable waterways, commanding a territory of 57,400 square miles. Four hundred native chieftains had signed treaties that ceded their political sovereignty over the region, and out of it all—fruit of Stanley's genius, courage, and inflexible will—came the Congo Free State.

Working on his books in peace and quiet, doubtless Stanley felt that he was through with Africa forever, but on January 26, 1885, an assault of the Mahdists ended the eleven months' siege of Khartum and "Chinese" Gordon was massacred along with the rest of the garrison. The one loyal force left in the whole Sudan was that commanded by Emin Pasha, and public sentiment united in an imperative demand that he be saved. A volunteer committee raised $50,000, the Egyptian government contributed a like amount, and even those societies that had branded him as a marauder and butcher now agreed that Stanley was the one man to head the relief expedition.

According to the last letter from Emin, he was at bay on the shores of Albert Nyanza, in daily fear of massacre; Stanley led his force up the Congo as the quickest route. On reaching Yambuya, a village fourteen hundred miles from the Atlantic, it was found that six weeks would be required to bring up the rear guard and the balance of the supplies, and Stanley, believing that delay might mean Emin's death, resolved to push on with an advance column. His old friend of former days, Tippoo Tib, was intrusted with the task of looking after the rear guard.

What need to tell in detail of the horrors of that march where every inch of the way had to be cut with knife and ax? Suffice it to say that when the goal was reached, more than five months after the start, one hundred and eighty men were dead or missing, starvation having claimed the majority. To make matters worse, no native could be found who had ever heard of Emin Pasha, and not until late in April was Stanley able to locate the man he had come to rescue. When the German soldier of fortune finally appeared, suave, assured and well-fed, it developed that he was in much doubt as to whether he *wanted* to be rescued.

A Lasting Monument

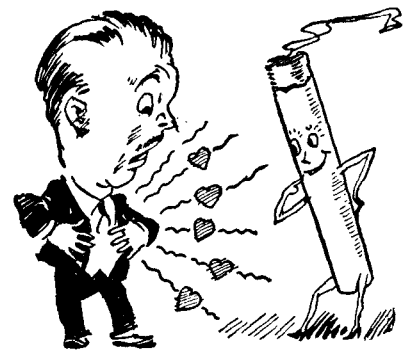
Stanley might well have cried out against the ironic fate that doomed him to be saving men who did not wish to be saved, but by this time he was on fire with anxiety for his rear guard. Hurrying back over the route that had cost so many lives, he found his fear confirmed, for near Yambuya he met fugitives who told sad tales of Tippoo Tib's base treachery. Unable to punish the false Arab, there was nothing to do but gather the survivors and make a third journey through that nightmare jungle. Six months were required for the fearful round trip, and when the leader assembled his entire force he found that only 246 remained out of 646.

Fortunately, Emin Pasha now evidenced a willingness to be "rescued," various of his captains having set up independent commands, but no sooner had his decision been made than new delays developed, and it was not until May 8 that Stanley was able to set out on the homeward journey, convoying some thousand men, women and children who feared the coming of the Mahdists. Heading for the Indian Ocean, he came to Zanzibar on December 6, 1889, and by way of showing gratitude, Emin Pasha shortly hired himself to the German government as its African agent.

Despite the appearance of anticlimax, the expedition was not without its real values. Understanding Emin for what he was, Stanley put the aimless adventurer out of his mind on the homeward journey, and devoted himself to the completion of his African explorations. Not only did he discover the mountain chain of Ruwenzori, the Albert Edward Nyanza and the southwestern gulf of Victoria Nyanza, but he traced the course of the Semliki River, and thus cleared up the last remaining mystery as to the sources of the Nile.

When he staggered back to England in 1890, incredibly shrunken, a wraith of a man, even the Royal Geographical Society joined in the world's acclaim, but the cheering must have been wearisome to a man who wanted nothing more than the chance to rest.

They sent him to Parliament, where he was profoundly bored, and England knighted him eventually, but what was the Order of the Bath to a man who bore the title of Bula Matari? When he died, mean enmities barred him from burial by the side of Livingstone in Westminster Abbey, but he had already carved his own monument. As long as the world lives, the map of Africa will keep the name of Henry Morton Stanley.



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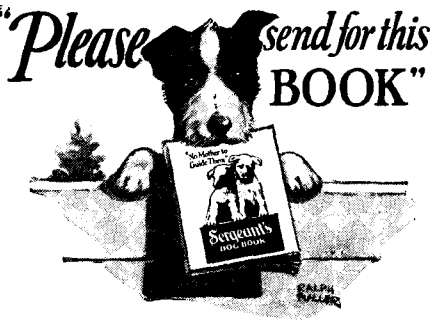

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Who is Sylvia?

Continued from page 21

He sprang up the steps after her quickly and barred her passage into the vestibule. The light from the doorway lamp shone down into her still face; his was obscured, but his voice was resolute, harsh and toneless and yet grieving. "What's the matter, Miss Dowd? Why do you treat me like this?"

"You know, Captain Higgins. I've found you out."

THE captain asked for no bill of particulars, took shelter in no general denial; his resolution drooped.

"Well, Miss Dowd, you were bound to find it out. But I love you—can't you overlook it? I'll never be any different but I'll make up for it in other ways. Let me try!"

She turned her face away from him and stared across the street.

"I wouldn't mind, Captain, if it was just because you were too stingy to take a girl out and spend the money, but I'll never forgive you for what you did to me tonight; because I know why it was. You're like all the others—"

"Katie, what are you saying? Look at me. Don't you care for me? Won't—"

She looked at him. "Captain—once and for all—no."

And, having thus given the captain his sailing orders, Katie brushed by him and hurried to her room for a good cry.

On the following morning she packed her bag, handed the vigilant Mrs. Cash the weekly five dollars, walked down the stoop, and vanished from mortal ken. Her going was in accord with Mr. Parry's instructions, deftly conveyed. Mr. Parry would segregate Katie's voice, depersonalize and disembody it; he had known glossy crows who had made the mistake of trying to sing, and radio stars who had dispelled illusion by showing their howsoever handsome faces in the movies.

Certainly, a few would be in the secret; to Katie, walking down Mrs. Cash's stoop and off into wave-lengths, it was pleasing to know that there would be a certain one. Just because a girl refuses a suitor she doesn't have to rub him out altogether; lovers, once removed, frequently make brothers and sisters more charming than those in the natural order. The captain would hear her, perhaps to repent: too late. He would come to her.

But that summer went the way of all summers, and Katie did not hear from the captain again. And there were now chill and inclement nights, unfit for stoop-sitting but fine for staying indoors and listening to the radio.

And people were doing just that, by the million, having, among many reasons, a new one; there was something new in radio. It was Sylvia.

She was it; she had It: she came, she spoke, she conquered.

Sylvia was a voice, and a voice she remained, invisible, declining movie contracts, refusing the story of her life to the tabloids. But her worshipers felt they knew her; and gentlemen with messages for the American people chose Sylvia to deliver them.

And among these gentlemen with messages was at last Captain Higgins.

At nine o'clock of a November evening, he entered the public hall of the broadcasting company's building and consulted the register.

In the hall were many gentlemen in waiting. Tenderly they watched the elevators whence their dream girl, their Sylvia, must come. Several bore flowers; several wore distinguishing tokens and these several had written Sylvia and had told her by what signs she might know them.

"Nineteen," commanded the captain, entering a car whence the idling operator grinned at the assemblage.

AT TEN minutes after nine, the slim and steely Miss Baker entered the anteroom on the nineteenth floor and found the captain entangled in debate with the pretty little information girl.

"Miss Baker, please," said the girl. "Would you mind speaking to this party? He has a letter he wants Sylvia to read."

"Yes, sir?" said Miss Baker.

"Maybe you can tell me how to do this, ma'am," said the captain, with revived hope. "I want Sylvia to read this letter, understand? I got money and can pay for it. It's a letter to somebody that I'm trying to find. I've been reading in the newspaper about this Sylvia, and about how everybody in the country listens to her when she talks on the radio, and so I thought that if she will read this, it will get to the right party. It's mighty important to me, ma'am, and I'll pay for it."

"You want Sylvia to read this over the air?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Miss Baker opened the letter, glanced at it, glanced at the captain, read it rapidly, read it meditatively.

(Continued on page 56)

"Which autograph did you want, Miss Pringle—my full name at $17.50, or my last name and one initial at $12.75?"

P. Webb

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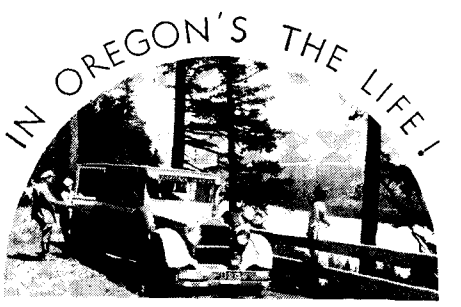

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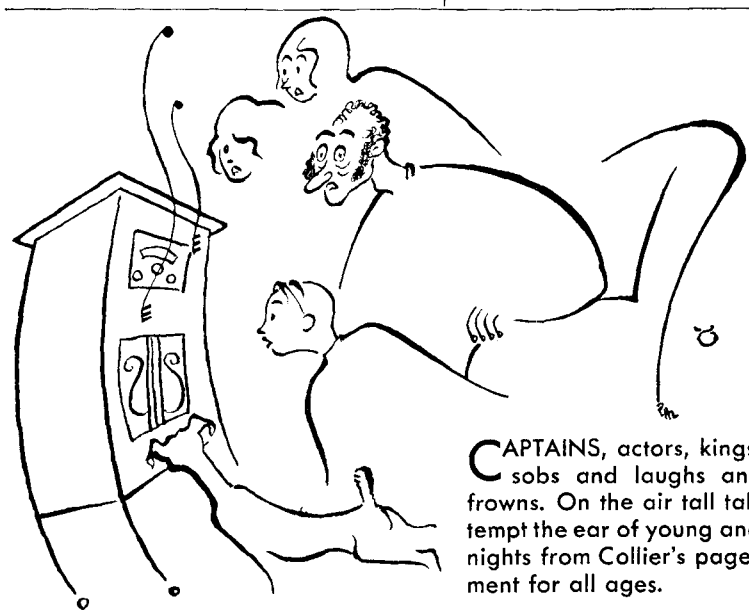

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Collier's Radio Hour

Every Sunday Evening

(Continued from page 55)

"This letter, Captain, is addressed to Miss Katie Dowd."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I give up," said Miss Baker, sighing. "This way, Captain."

She led him down an interior hall and ushered him into a stately chamber furnished as for conference. "Sit down, Captain, Sylvia will be off the air directly, and then we'll give you an audition."

She went out, and was gone about fifteen minutes; she returned, nodding encouragingly.

"Right away," she said, going to a radio cabinet in the room. Then—"Hello—hello, Sylvia. Go ahead, sweetheart."

And the voice of the peerless announcer floated into the room:

"Miss Katie Dowd,
"Wherever you are.
"Dear Katie:

"This is from the Captain. Katie, I've been hunting for you far and near since you left 124th Street. Mrs. Cash didn't know where you went and they wouldn't tell me down at your office. Katie, write me care of this station, will you? Katie, I'm high and dry and breaking up for want of seeing you. I am not on the lightship any more, as I gave it up so I could try and find you. This is a queer way to tell you I love you, but how can I do it otherwise? Write, Katie, will you? Signing off,

"THE CAPTAIN"

The voice was still. "How'd you like it?" asked Miss Baker.

"Like what, ma'am?" countered the client, starting.

"The letter."

"Oh, I guess it's all right," said the captain modestly. "The best I could do, at any rate."

"The reading wasn't so much, eh, Captain? I see you are an author. I'm sending Sylvia in, and you can show her how to read." She paused in the doorway. "Honest injun, Captain—you don't know who Sylvia is?"

"I sure do, ma'am. That's why I'm here. She's that crackerjack announcer everybody's talking about."

"Gosh," breathed Miss Baker, going out. The door opened and so did the captain's jaws. "Katie!"

KATIE raised her hand, halting his charge. "I want an explanation of that letter, Captain Higgins."

"So do I," gasped the captain. "I was hoping to hear from you soon, but—Well, Katie, this radio is considerable invention!"

"Didn't you ever hear me speak?"

"Hear you—" He shrugged and looked aside. "You know I can't, Katie. That's why you turned me down, wasn't it? Yes, I couldn't hear anything much less than a six-inch gun. Well, that's how I am and I can't help it. Maybe I got no right to ask a girl to marry a man as deaf as I am, but—I'm doing it again, Katie. Oh, Katie, it won't be so bad if you just remember that I got to see your lips."

She approached him; and, if the gentlemen who swung from limb to limb in the hall below had seen her then, they would have known their Sylvia.

"You can't hear me? You don't hear me now? You didn't hear me that night when I asked you to meet me in Times Square and—"

"But you know it, Katie! Right now I'm asking you to marry me, but if it wasn't for that light over our heads I wouldn't know what your answer was."

"Oh, yeah?" laughed Katie, putting out her hand to the switch. And the light went out.

A Man Must Fight

Continued from page 26

1917 while working for the J. G. White Engineering Corporation at Erie Pier No. 2. Jim has been an immeasurable influence in my life. His friendship has been dependable and steadfast. His is the enthusiastic quality of spirit and nature that is very rare.

When I returned to New York from Poland Springs, I saw Jim and confided to him that, though I was not yet quite sure whether my hands would stand the strain of fighting, I had decided to leave Poland because I had gotten very slow from the heavy work I was required to do.

In the Ring Again

Jim offered to finance a private camp in Maine, where I could cut trees and at the same time do enough gym and road work to keep myself in fairly good boxing condition. Jim had visions of me as champion some day. He wanted nothing to interfere. Naturally, I could not accept his offer. I advised him I would rather take the chance of fighting.

Accordingly "Doc" Bagley matched me with Young Ambrose on June 29, 1921, at the Pioneer Athletic Club in New York.

This, by the way, was my first fight in my home town since 1917. Ambrose was a stocky fellow with a heavy jaw, which made a beautiful target. The first shot I let go, with my increased weight (I now weighed 189 pounds) and strength, knocked Ambrose into a somersault. He was counted out. My hands did not get a real test.

Bagley persuaded Tex Rickard to put me in a semi-final match at the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, which was three days later at Boyle's Thirty Acres, in Jersey City. My opponent was Soldier Jones of Canada. Though the referee stopped the contest to save Jones from further punishment, it was a sorry exhibition that I gave at Boyle's Thirty Acres that afternoon. It was particularly disappointing to me because of the number of people who saw it.

I found my extra fourteen pounds, after the first round, a most difficult load to carry around. I was so slow that I could not get out of my own way, much less out of the way of the wild swings that Jones was pitching at me. Several of them landed on either side of my jaw. Had I not possessed a rather tough chin I am convinced that my career would have ignominiously ended that day before the 90,000 spectators who were forced to sit through our spectacle while waiting for Georges and Jack to start their "Battle of the Century."

In my opinion there were not three people among those 90,000 who would have said that the light-hitting, slow-moving Gene Tunney, who boxed in the semi-final, would later defeat both principals of the main bout. After all, it is very difficult to judge a gladiator from one fight. It is not until a man has met fighters of all styles and come through each test victoriously that he can be called a finished fighter. Finished fighters are about as rare as transpacific flyers.

Mr. Tunney will continue his story in next week's Collier's.

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"Here you are, sir, the 'Little Marvel' bridge table for husbands whose better halves are inclined to bid with their feet"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

	North S. 8-2 H. A-Q-10-9-8-3 D. Q-10-9-4 C. Q	
West S. Q-J-9-6-3 H. 7-5-4 D. 5-3-2 C. J-8		*East* S. 10-4 H. K-J D. K-7-6 C. 10-7-6-5-4-2
	South (Dealer) S. A-K-7-5 H. 6-2 D. A-J-8 C. A-K-9-3	

THE above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, was played in an Individual Masters' Championship. The deal in question attracted considerable attention because of the remarkable score made at one table.

All the South players reached a contract of three No Trumps, of course getting there after North had bid Hearts.

At all the tables except one, South as Dealer succeeded in making five or six-odd (eleven or twelve tricks) at No Trump; but at one table the Declarer was defeated. The bidding at that table, West and East always passing, was South one Spade (the Official System would dictate an original bid of two Spades but at that time it had not been introduced), North two Hearts, South two No Trumps, North three Hearts and South three No Trumps.

West led the Queen of Spades (the recognized conventional lead from a Queen-Jack-Nine suit), the South hand won with the Ace of Spades, and to trick 2 led the Deuce of Hearts. West played the Four, dummy finessed the Eight, and East, appreciating that South probably had only two Hearts and that it was important for him if possible to deceive the Declarer as to his holding, won with the King instead of the Jack.

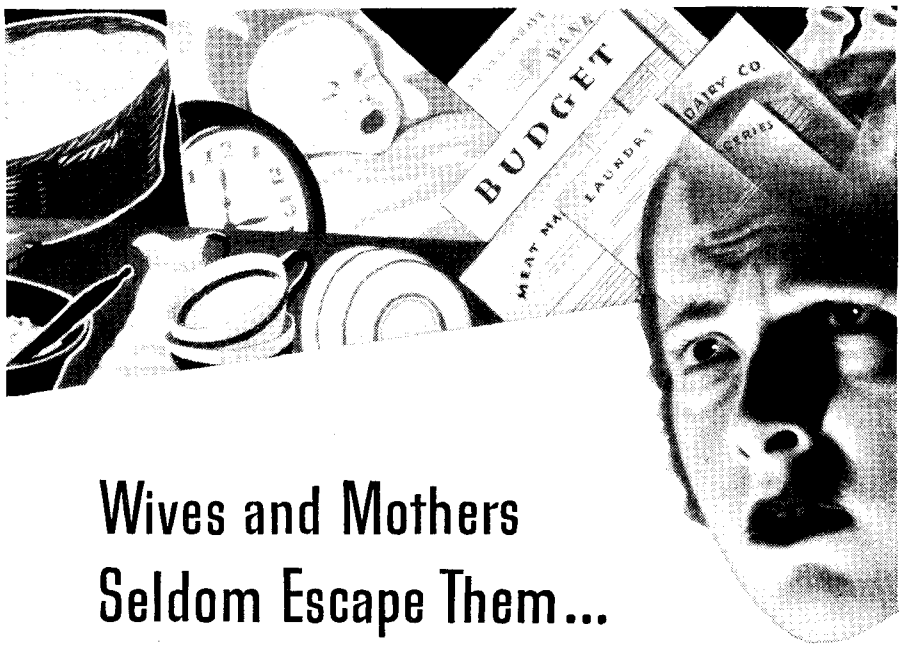
East's troubles would not be solved, however, by capturing two Heart tricks. While he felt reasonably sure that South could not put North in with a Heart on a third round, it would be equally effective if he could do so in one of the minor suits. East knew that the King of Spades was in the closed hand, and could not hope to establish his partner's suit. His King of Diamonds would take care of the first round of Diamonds if led from the South hand, but the Queen of Clubs might be a sure winner for the dummy. So to trick 3 East led a Club, South of course played small, and dummy's Queen won.

The Declarer now led the Four of Diamonds from dummy, and when East played small the Jack was played from closed hand, that card winning the trick. All now seemed to be smooth sailing for the Declarer; he failed to catch the significance of East's Club lead instead of returning his partner's Spades, probably supposing that East had no more Spades. A Heart was led by South, and when West played small dummy finessed the Nine, with the intent of surely catching the Jack, as the Declarer reasoned that East might have held the King singleton, and if so, West's Jack would be guarded. East won with his singleton Jack, and then led a Spade which was won by South with the King.

South was now not able to reënter his dummy, and he appreciated that he did not dare to lead a Diamond (the guarded King undoubtedly being held in the East hand). He determined to put West in with a Spade, hoping that West's original holding had only been four Spades and that West would be obliged after the fourth Spade trick to lead a Heart or a Diamond or that a discard would make South's Clubs all winners. West, however, had three Spades remaining and ran them all, making a total of five tricks for the adversaries, which defeated the contract. But while West was taking home his winning Spades he was subjecting East to a suicidal squeeze. East had five Clubs and two Diamonds and to take another trick he must hold three Clubs and two Diamonds; of course that was impossible as he had to discard three times, and South could make his one discard after East had made his third. East let three Clubs go and South bared his Ace of Diamonds, so Declarer took the four final tricks, but they came too late.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. 5-2 H. K-2 D. J-10 C. A-K-J-9-8-7-2	*East* S. 6-4 H. 10-7-6-5-3 D. 6-5-3 C. Q-5-3
West S. Q-J-10-9-7-3 H. Q-8-4 D. K-9-2 C. 6	*South (Dealer)* S. A-K-8 H. A-J-9 D. A-Q-8-7-4 C. 10-4



Wives and Mothers Seldom Escape Them...

"BANKRUPT NERVES"

Why Millions of Women, Struggling with Household and Family Cares, Suffer from Over-strained, Underfed Nerves

This Simple Food Now Known to Supply Substances Absolutely Necessary to Make Nerves Strong, Steady

IF YOU are the woman of the house in the average American home, you don't "keep hours." Your cares and duties, your work, worries and responsibilities continue through *all hours*. The high pressure of modern living, increasing from year to year, puts added strains on you . . . saps your muscular as well as your nervous strength and energy.

When your nerves start upsetting you by day and robbing you of sleep by night, *look to your food*. Most common, everyday foods are very poor in Vitamin B and some of them are *entirely without it* . . . and as scientists now know, the lack of Vitamin B or *lack of enough* of it results in a nerve disease and inflammation called "polyneuritis." To prevent and correct this condition, simply eat the pure wholesome food—Yeast Foam Tablets. These tablets are made entirely of yeast. They are easy to eat, palatable and they are the *richest known* natural food source of the B Vitamin. Hence they supply food elements, in generous quantities, which are *essential* to strong, steady nerves.

ON THE AIR *Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.*

Remember that Yeast Foam Tablets are pasteurized and *cannot* cause gas or fermentation. They are *safe* for all ages. They are *non-fattening*. As you may know, this is the yeast which is used in the vitamin research and studies of the U. S. Government and leading American Universities.

Yeast Foam Tablets have been used, widely and successfully, for nearly ten years, for skin and complexion disorders, constipation, indigestion, lack of strength and energy . . . for, of course, all of the organs and tissues, involved in these conditions, have *one basic* control —The Nervous System.

Your druggist sells Yeast Foam Tablets—50c for the 10-day bottle. Thus, for only five cents per day, this yeast protects your nerves, your health and vigor, against serious disorders arising from lack of the B Vitamin. Get acquainted with this tonic and corrective food today!

Note: *If your nervous trouble is in an advanced stage, see your doctor. He knows the truth of above statements and the benefits of prescribing* YEAST FOAM TABLETS *for the nervous condition described. But in any case, follow his advice.*

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular. c2

Name.....Address.....

City.....State.....

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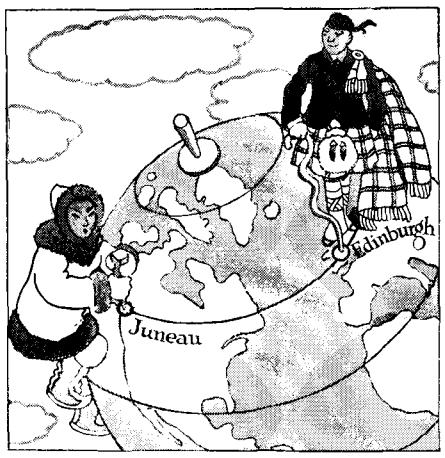
Editorial Director

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor



Learning on the Wing

AIRPLANES shrink maps. Cameras facilitate learning because they unfold a maximum of knowledge with a minimum of study. Allied, these mediums have lifted dullness from at least one school hour—the geography class. Lindbergh and the pictures of his flights did more to familiarize our children with Central America than Balboa did for us.

This is a good thing. For we older Americans, possessors of a country that runs more spectacularly than any other the whole gamut of physical geography, have been far too ignorant of its beauties. Men who meet the traveling American public come most strikingly into contact with our adult ignorance of our own lands. Each has his pet story. Captain Thompson, who runs an Admiral Line ship to Alaska the year round, has a whole collection, of which this one is typical:

An American woman, a resident of Juneau, was visiting friends in Santa Barbara. She wrote a letter to her family and presented it to a postman. He refused it, saying she couldn't play such a joke on him; he knew Alaska was in the Arctic regions, inhabited by Eskimos and polar bears, and nothing else.

Juneau, of course, is on about the same latitude as Edinburgh, Scotland. Look it up. You will see some other interesting things.

Governor's Delight

EAGERLY we listen to the Honorable Alfalfa Bill Murray define a word that has always defied us—dictator. Says he, speaking of the current governor of Oklahoma, a dictator is one who interferes in the private lives of the people, but a strong executive is one who upholds the law.

Flabby, Mr. Murray, and inept. Clearly we cannot look to you for the meaning of other words that tie our tongues—statesman and politician, for example. We suspect that the material difference between them is that last wad of excelsior, or whatever it is that public shirts are stuffed with. Mark Twain could have helped us. He was the man who said that a genius was an ordinary man away from home.

The Blight that Failed

THE liquor interests for the past six or seven years have purchased news writers who have poured veiled poison into their stories."

Raymond Robins, one-time Chairman of Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose convention, said that at a recent dry meeting. Mr. Robins is not a blatherskite and yet it would be hard to recall a cheaper or a more foolish remark.

If Mr. Robins has any definite knowledge of the purchase by liquor interests of any writers for the American press, he is in possession of facts which he should make public. What liquor interests was he talking about? What news writers? What papers have published stories colored by liquor propaganda? If Raymond Robins, or anyone else, can answer any of these questions, it is his duty to do so. If the springs of public information are being polluted at their source, the nation should know it.

If, however, Mr. Robins has no facts in this matter, if in truth he has stooped to the ancient political trick of impugning the integrity of those whose opinions differ from his, he should admit his folly.

Nothing certainly is to be gained by a campaign of baseless abuse. The people of the United States are in fact reconsidering the entire subject of national prohibition. Honest and intelligent men and women are to be found in both camps. Rascals, demagogues and irresponsible blatherskites can also be found among the wets and drys. The issue won't, however, be decided by cheap skates or by cheap-skate talk.

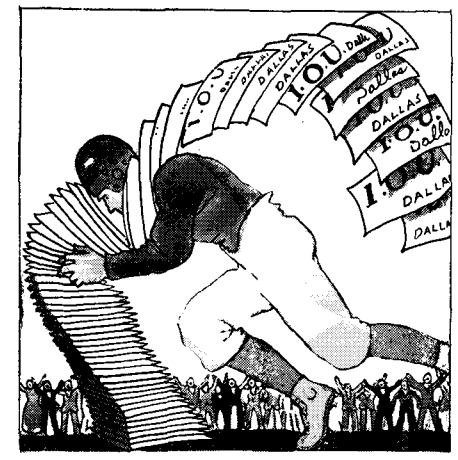
The most serious attack upon national prohibition came from the Wickersham Commission. That group was appointed by a dry President. It made the most favorable report possible. Yet the facts it assembled were overwhelming. By every test that it set up the Wickersham Commission found that prohibition had failed.

If we want to get a just picture of how completely prohibition has failed, we have only to recall the promises held out by its advocates when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect.

In January, 1920, the Anti-Saloon League forecast a happy future with these statements:

1. "The saloons will be closed.
2. "Drinking will be reduced.
3. "Drunkenness will disappear.
4. "Crime will be reduced at least one half.
5. "The constantly increasing cost to the taxpayers in providing for saloon-made convicts, insane, imbeciles and delinquents will be stopped.
6. "Liquor is a corrupter of politics. The United States will be made safe for democracy through the removal of the liquor menace to clean politics.
7. "National prohibition will result in team work between the states and the nation in fighting a great evil."

The tragedy is that these hopes have not been fulfilled. The saloon changed its name and the speakeasy takes care of the trade. Drunkenness, instead of disappearing, has spread. Crime has increased. Penal institutions were never so crowded or so costly. Politics have been corrupted, not cleansed. The states, even the formerly dry ones, do little or nothing to enforce the law. Manifestly this cannot and will not continue. The use of liquor must be controlled in our complex civilization. Temperance and restraint are still virtues. Other experiments must be undertaken now that prohibition has failed.



Signal Success

WHEN we were young and easily pleased we laughed a thousand times at that joke in Hostetter's Almanac (it was probably in all almanacs), which revealed a vigorous-looking tramp at the back door of a farmhouse. He was seeking a hand-out and pleading that in better days he was not only a college student but the best tackle on the football team.

"All right," was the lady's cruel reply, "tackle that." And she pointed to a mountainous woodpile.

Last year a stout lad named John Edy knocked on the door of Dallas, Texas. He was neither a tramp nor was he asking for food. But he did let it be known that he had played football. And Dallas, thinking perhaps to discourage him, pointed to its political woodpile and told him to tackle it.

Chips flew in all possible directions and today Dallas is boasting that it is being run by a quarterback and is glad of it. The woodpile was a municipal debt of $1,200,000, the legacy of the gay and festive administration of the picturesque Hot Dog Waddy Tate, John Edy's predecessor.

Mr. Edy, one-time quarterback at the University of Missouri, is now barking the signals for Dallas. By straight football he has demoralized the opposition, instituted reforms that save the city $2,000 daily, reduced the debt by nearly $500,000 and has thrown about a hundred office-holding drones for a permanent loss.

Quarterback Edy is making Dallas live within its income for the first time in many years. Our latest advices from Dallas are that she is looking for a good fullback and a couple of guards.

Glad

WHEN Calvin Coolidge sent his annual dues to the National Press Club this year he had to fill out the usual card giving his name, address and occupation just to keep the records straight. His occupation, he wrote, was "retired." The remaining few lines, invitingly blank, were headed "Remarks," and Mr. Coolidge, who makes remarks with impunity now that the government is off his shoulders, wrote "Glad of it."

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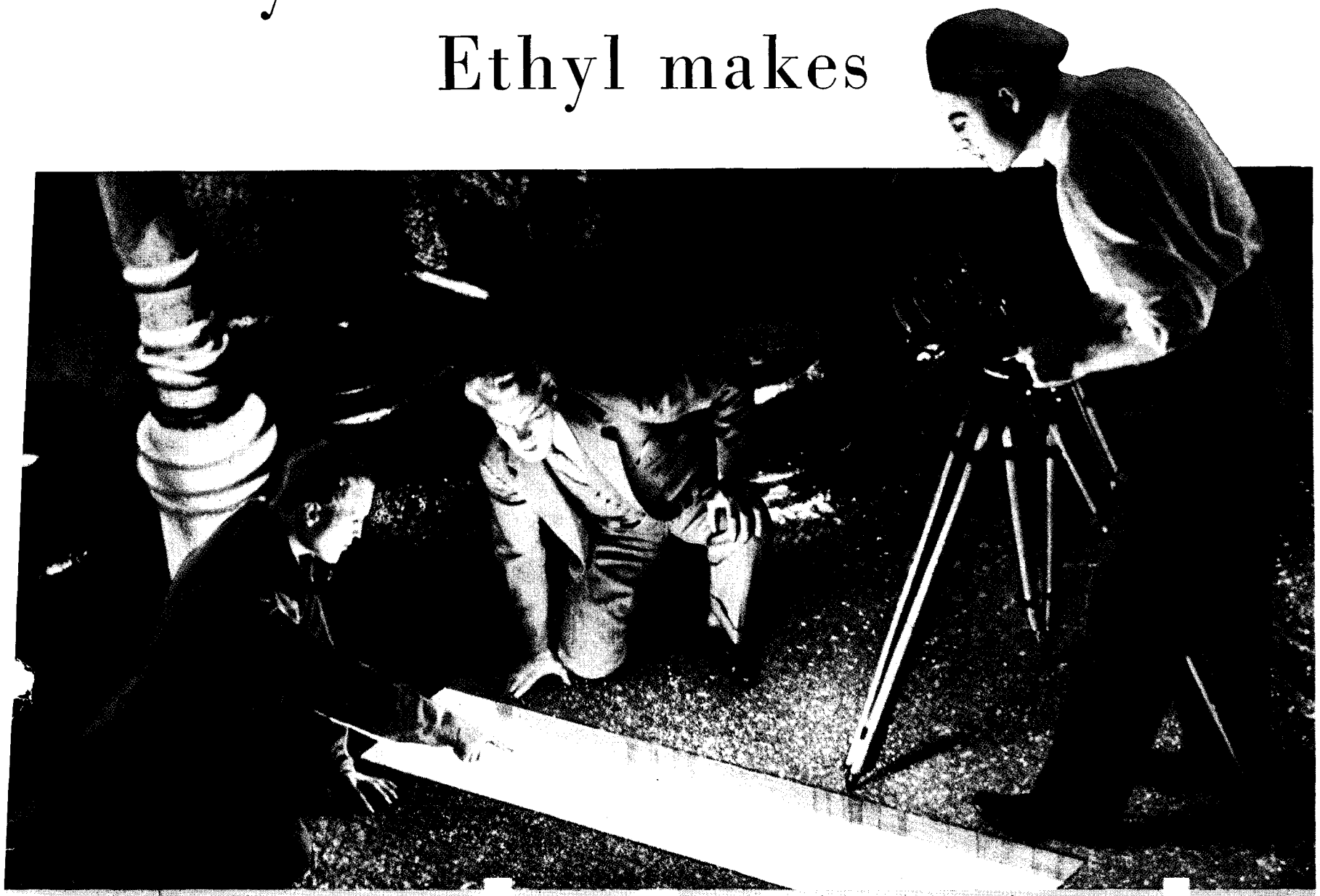
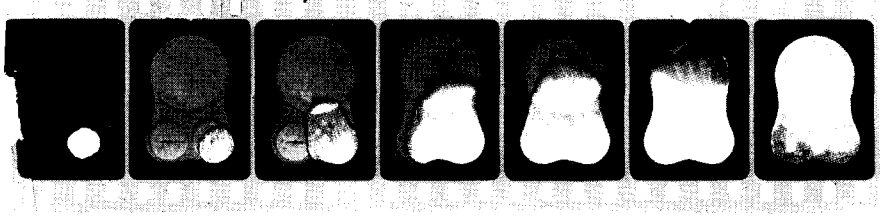
Now you can *SEE* the difference Ethyl makes





ORDINARY GASOLINE burns *unevenly*—wastefully. Follow the pictures above from left to right. First the spark. Then the gasoline starts to burn. Its flame spreads farther and farther. Notice the yellow color behind the flame. Engineers call it "*carbon yellow*." It is caused by glowing particles of free carbon. The sixth picture shows what is left of the gasoline exploding *all at once*. This is knock. The last picture is just afterglow. Knock wasted the gasoline that should be working now.

ETHYL GASOLINE burns *evenly*—completely. Compare the pictures above with those of ordinary gasoline. Notice the absence of carbon yellow even in the first three pictures. As combustion progresses, the difference becomes still greater. Observe, especially, the next to last picture. Ethyl does not knock. It is still burning in the last picture. This means that its greatest power is delivered when the piston is going down—the time when power counts most in the performance of your car.

WITH ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION NEW YORK, U.S.A. Controls Combustion

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE

The quality of Ethyl Gasoline is maintained by laboratory inspection of samples collected daily. Ethyl fluid contains lead.

YOU HAVE FELT the difference Ethyl Gasoline makes in your car. Now you can SEE that difference *inside the engine*.

Engineers in General Motors' research laboratories fitted a quartz window in the cylinder head of a modern high compression motor, and through it took photographs of the actual combustion of motor fuels.

The photographs show that ordinary gasoline burns *unevenly* and *incompletely*, causing "carbon yellow," harmful knock, overheating and loss of power. The same photographs prove that Ethyl Gasoline delivers its greater power *smoothly*—at all times.

Seeing is believing. Look at the pictures above and you will understand why nearly every oil company now sells Ethyl Gasoline and why car manufacturers are taking advantage of Ethyl's nation-wide distribution by offering high compression engines either as standard equipment or by optional cylinder heads.

The even burning of Ethyl Gasoline gives *new life* to older cars; another reason why it is the biggest selling brand of motor fuel in the country today.

Stop at the pump that bears the Ethyl emblem. It is your assurance of value for your gasoline money. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

Buy ETHYL GASOLINE

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"There's none so good as LUCKIES"

SHE'S MISCHIEVOUS, RESTLESS AND 20, WEIGHS 112 POUNDS.

Miss Harlow has smoked Luckies for two years . . . not one cent was paid for her signed statement. She rose to stardom in "Hell's Angels" . . . and if you've seen her new COLUMBIA PICTURE, "THREE WISE GIRLS," you'll understand why thousands of girls are trying to match her riotous platinum blonde locks. We appreciate all she writes of Luckies, and so we say, "Thanks, Jean Harlow."

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection - against irritation - against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

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